

November 4, 1964

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 4, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 23

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WORTH REPORTING

CLOTHES are on our mind this week. But at this time of year breathes there any woman with soul so dead that she doesn't think of them—and new clothes at that.

Inevitably, there follows the awful question "And am I going to fit into them?" At such a moment the yoga

book in this issue will be a booster shot.

Husbands are bound to snort at the yoga idea; and we admit that initially the very thought of snaking round on the carpet made us cringe.

But one day when the sun shone brightly we had a furtive go at the first, Miscellaneous Poses, and arose,

feeling, if not like a giant refreshed, at least like a W instead of our usual O.S.

THAT clothes needn't be expensive was brought home by a letter we received about our make-it-in-a-minute dress (Oct. 14 issue).

It is from American reader Patricia Pedersen, who is married to a Dane, Niels Erik Pedersen, and lives in Townsville, Qld.

She writes: "In the Deep South of Louisiana, where I come from, we call this a patio dress. Your clever article deems it a Minute Dress."

"Well, in a not quite so speedy time I enjoyed the article; decided to use materials handy (a simple gathered cotton skirt in color swirls of persimmon, gold, and tobacco, from which I detached the waistband, and attached to the hem the bottom half of some dotted Swiss white curtains); and finally was photographed by an interested friend's camera (see picture below).

"My husband's comment was, 'Det er dejlig!' ('It's delicious!')."

"Living in Denmark, as I did before coming here, didn't provide the opportunity to wear such an outfit. It is much too cold."

"How lovely to be so casual and carefree in dress again here in the tropical north!"



● Patricia Pedersen in her Minute Dress.

Steaks—and Harbor Bridge

TWO interesting recent rivals for short visits to Australia were Prince William of Gloucester and Ethel Merman.

Ethel, star of stage and films, here for a simple engagement, looked a remarkably chipper 56. Her speaking voice rattled the glassware, as expected; it just hinted at possibility.

She wasn't to be distracted about her 35-day marriage to Ernest Borgnine. (In New York the break-up was referred to as World War II.)

Would she comment on marriage generally?

"Not with my record," said through a good-humored laugh.

Her first marriage, 1940, to Bill Smith, an actor, lasted two months. Her second, to newspaper executive Robert Levitt, brought her two children but ended in divorce in 1952 after years.

Ethel's interests are rummy, collecting Impressionist art and some Picasso. She candidly prefers "stuff" to serious reading.

What delighted her about Australia was the steak.

"A couple of hours before each performance I also insist on a good steak," said.

She likes it sizzling, medium-rare.

Prince William, who was visiting his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, after the term of office as Governor-General.

His memories of Australia, he said, were understandably hazy.

But he did remember Sydney Harbor Bridge.

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Regular Features

Social
TV Parade
Beautiful Australia
Letter Box, Ross Campbell, Dorothy Drain
Stats
Mandrake, Crossword
Teenagers' Weekly

Fiction

The Girl Who Collected Teapots, Susan Shea
To Mary With Love, Laurence Williams
Do You Remember Yucatan? Robert A. Knowlton
The Year of the Angry Rabbit (Serial—Part 3)
Russell Braddon

OUR COVER

● Congratulations! Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Cuthbert, of Ermington, N.S.W., kiss their daughter, champion runner Betty, at a party in Japan after her win. All Tokyo pictures in this issue are by Keith Barlow. (Other Olympic Games features, pages 3, 4, 8, 9.)

LITTLE girls can hardly wait to reach school age on Hayman Island, Great Barrier Reef, where these red-and-white Mother Hubbards are the uniform. Well, the costume is not exactly listed as regulation wear, but it is the accepted form, decided on by all the mothers.

Boys wear Hawaiian shirts over their shorts at the one-teacher school, which is about the size of a double garage and has 14 pupils.

Marie Maestracci, 7, was setting out for school when the picture was taken, accompanied by her 3-year-old sister, Monique, who is too young for school but insists on dressing just like her big sister.

All the children go home for lunch, as all their parents work at Hayman Island Hotel.

Many of the parents met and married on the resort island and are now raising their families there.

Marie and Monique's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andre Maestracci, are no exception.

Andre went to the hotel as a wine steward in 1950 and met a working-holiday girl who soon became his wife. A few years ago he became manager.



"The greatest day of my life"

● Burly Bill Northam, skipper of the first Australian yacht ever to win an Olympic gold medal, was both the toast and the enigma of the yachting village.

YACHTSMEN were delighted by his victory, but puzzled at the energy and skill of "Ogesan" (The Old One), as Mr. Northam, a grandfather, was affectionately known at Enoshima.

"Some of these lads of about 30—just half my age—can't work out how an old character like me could even get into an Olympic team," said Ogesan, with a deep-throated chuckle.

"They can't see how an old guy who enjoys a few drinks, etc., could possibly defeat strapping young men like themselves.

"But I did it, and it's certainly been a thrill. With-

out a doubt this is the greatest day of my life."

Ogesan paid tribute to his crewmen—Dick Sargeant and Peter ("Pod") O'Donnell—who sailed with him in his 5.5-metre Barranjoey.

"They were the secret of my success," he said. "I picked the two best crewmen in the world, and they certainly did the job."

The presentations of medals are usually rather solemn affairs, but not so in his case.

As soon as the Australian flag had been hoisted into pride of place and the National Anthem had been played, other members of the Australian yachting team broke into an off-key version of "Why was he born so beautiful."

When this was over and

the yachting village's farewell party had begun, Bill had a non-stop job signing autographs.

"I feel like some sort of film star," he said.

As he acknowledged the congratulations of the crowd, including Crown Prince Harald of Norway (who sailed against him), his wife and son Rod looked proudly on.

By Cynthia Robinson

They'd watched the final race from a launch.

"When Bill said he intended trying for the Olympic team we thought he was joking," said Mrs. Northam.

Mr. Northam began sailing in the 5.5-metre class only at the beginning of this

year. He told me, smiling:

"Everyone said I was too old and too green to get anywhere, but I made up my mind to prove them wrong."

What about Mexico City in 1968?

"Well, I'm still too excited about Tokyo, 1964, to think straight about that, but I might try another sport then," he said with a grin.

"Why, it might be cycling.

"Seriously, though, this boy of mine will have to start collecting gold medals," he said, giving 21-year-old Rod a pat.

Rod, who was a rowing reserve in the Australian team, said: "Well, I've got nearly 40 years to go before I'm in your class."

"Yes, but if you start now you can get a bracelet of

these things," his father said, fingering the gold medal hanging round his neck.

"That's what I kept saying to these young men in other crews.

"They can afford to wait. But I had to win this time."



SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY. Bill Northam at his birthday party in Japan just before the start of the Olympic racing. His yacht took the 5.5-metre event.



SKIPPER Bill Northam (inset) and his 5.5-metre yacht Barranjoey on Sydney Harbor before the Games. Mr. Northam is a company director and Sydney City Council alderman.

NEXT WEEK

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

... eight-page liftout

● It's an ideal Christmas greeting to friends overseas

Eight brilliantly colorful full-page pictures in this book represent each Australian State and the Federal Capital.

It's a marvellous souvenir of Australia, and you can catch the overseas mails in time to wish your friends all over the world a very Australian "Happy Christmas."

How to wrap a sarong

Fashion editor Betty Keep tells you how to wrap two Tahitian sarongs: very chic (and no sewing needed!)



● Our new serial, with its background of an American election, is both timely and suspenseful; the author is famous Mignon Eberhart, the story is called—**RUN SCARED**

And:

35 ways to cook STEAK



AUSTRALIAN MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER

Princess competes at Games

● In Olympic Tokyo, the Prince and Princess munched a lunch of peanuts and seaweed as they watched a few events, then kissed a fond "Sayonara" before the Prince returned to his luxury hotel and the Princess to her austere Village dormitory.

AND though they hated being separated, both Prince and Princess agreed it was "a wonderful way to spend the Olympic weeks."

For the Prince is Frenchman Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, and his wife, the Princess, a member of America's equestrian team, better known in Australia by her maiden name of Patricia Galvin.

She's the daughter of the Australian-born multimillionaire John Galvin, who while he lived in America had a ransom-size income tax bill. He has now moved with his family to Loughlinstown, Ireland.

Pretty and petite, 25-year-old Patricia, the eldest of the five Galvin children, was born in Singapore but spent part of her childhood in Australia.

"I was there for a few years when the war pushed us out of Singapore, then again when I was 12," she said.

"I attended Narrabeen



PRINCESS — Australian millionaire's daughter.

Public School and the Rose Bay Sacred Heart Convent. "And I hope to get back again for a visit soon."

"I have many friends in Australia, and my grandmother, Mrs. Frances Galvin, lives in Melbourne."

"I'm afraid we can't come after the Games, though, because my husband has his work, and after a few days seeing what Singapore is like now, we fly home to France."

The Princess was a mem-

ber of America's dressage team at the 1960 Olympics, too, but as plain Miss Patricia Galvin.

She didn't meet the Prince until a year ago, when she went to Paris partly to study, but mainly to train for the Pan-American Games.

She was riding in the Bois de Boulogne when she literally collided with the Prince.

On July 4 this year, Prince and heiress married, planning to settle happily ever after in France.

But so far they really haven't had a chance to settle at all, the blue-eyed, black-haired Patricia told me as we travelled by bus from the Olympic Village to the equestrian park.

She explained: "The American selectors had selected me for Tokyo."

"So after our wedding we hopped into a little car and had a quick honeymoon through France, and I had just a couple of months then to train for the Olympics."

"In Tokyo, Henri has come to watch me practise every day and has taken movie film."

Apart from having an

occasional meal together at night, and watching whatever Olympic events they could, the training sessions were the only times they met.

But the Princess was really enjoying Village life.

"And eating bucketfuls of the free ice-cream in the Village's International Hall," she said.

"The Village hairdressers and food are better even than those at the plush hotels."

"We're trying to eat our food with chopsticks, but I find it a bit hard with scrambled eggs at breakfast."

— Cynthia Robinson



THE PRINCE

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK:
A mining giant

By MARY BROKER

● Well, the sharemarket has certainly been taking a beating lately! What with the Labor party winning the British elections, Mr. Khrushchev deposed in Russia, and the Chinese emerging as a nuclear force, caution prevails, and it seems no company announcement can break the steadily sliding trend.

ACTUALLY, some months ago financial writers were exclaiming it would be wonderful if Labor did win—that investors in Britain would liquidate their investments and buy into Australian equities.

However, the financial writers now think this was rather too easy a conclusion to draw, and that this flow of money into the Australian market is not likely to take place in large dimensions.

And what, you may well ask, do affairs in the two great Communist countries have to do with Australian stock markets?

Directly, nothing. However, people get scared, especially where their savings are concerned. And people are scared that these two events constitute a direct threat to world peace.

Hence, together with the tightening of credit in Australia, these factors have caused a decline in prices on the share market.

The all-ordinaries index is falling, and at the time of writing, this trend shows no sign of doing an about-turn.

(I think I have explained that the "all-ordinaries" in-

dex is a guide to the market generally, if not a really reliable one. It is made up by the Sydney Stock Exchange of the day-to-day movements of a group of varied stocks such as B.H.P. and C.S.R. and published every day in the financial pages.)

On the other hand, the base metals index (made up of movements of selected mining stocks) is going up by leaps and bounds. On October 20, for instance, it rose by three points, from 1035.75 to 1038.75.

Which brings me to one of the giants among Australian mining stocks, Conzinc Rio-tinto of Australia Ltd.

C.R.A. is actually almost a complete subsidiary of a huge company based in England—the Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation Ltd.

Rio Tinto-Zinc owns mining operations all over the world with about 40% in Australia and New Zealand, through C.R.A. which it owns as to 90%.

The remaining 10% is held by Australian investors, either through their previous holdings in R.T.-Z.'s Australian subsidiary, or by taking up shares in the offer of

2,500,000 shares at 14/6 in September, 1962.

(These people, by the way, have since made 23/- per share, since the 5/- units are now worth 37/6.)

You will see that the shares have a very real scarcity value, just like Placer Development which I talked about last week.

The interests of C.R.A. are many, varied, and vast.

The basic operation, lead and zinc, is carried out both by the wholly owned subsidiary, The Zinc Corporation Ltd. (which, incidentally, is one of the most valuable lead-zinc mines in the world), and by New Broken Hill Consolidated Ltd., owned as to 30% by C.R.A.

The latter is highly regarded on the Stock Exchange, as is evidenced by the price of the shares, which sell at about 21 times par 5/-, and pay an 80% dividend.

This lead and zinc is smelted by the Broken Hill Associated Smelters Pty. Ltd. (50% owned by C.R.A.) and by Sulphide Corporation Pty. Ltd. (75% owned by C.R.A.

and 25% owned by New Broken Hill).

Another activity which has great potential for the future is aluminium. C.R.A. owns an immensely valuable bauxite deposit at Weipa, Queensland, and has interests in the total processing of the bauxite to aluminium.

You only have to look around to see the tremendous prospects here.

Just as exciting is the £10 million agreement recently signed in Western Australia for the development of large iron ore deposits about 30 miles north of Perth.

Profits since listing of the shares have been excellent and last year rose by £3.6 million, earn 33.2% on ordinary capital.

With high lead and zinc prices now prevailing, and other good result is expected for the year to December 31, 1964.

At the current price of 37/6, the 5/- shares are certainly not for the short-term investor, one hundred cost £190, for a dividend of £3/15/- at the 15% rate.

However, I feel they are a good buy for the old chest.

JACKIE KENNEDY'S NEW LIFE

By JOSEPH KRAFT

● Now that Jacqueline Kennedy has moved from Washington to her new home in New York, the final and undoubted end has come to a fabulous era.

WITH her she has taken the one quality the Administration of Lyndon Johnson had not been able to outdo or make anybody forget.

For with her went the Kennedy style.

In the White House years she had been its exponent as much as the President.

She was beautiful and young and rich and famous. She rode, she painted, she skied, and in French, Italian, and Spanish she had the gift of tongues.

Behind the little-girl voice that she gave to the public, she was witty, even sharp.

She banished from the White House the dowdiness of the Roosevelts, the folksiness of the Trumans, and the sentimentality of the Eisenhowers.

She put cut flowers where once there had been glass ones; chamber music where there had been Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

In place of the makers of Cadillac cars, she invited the makers of Paris revues.

She gave status to excellence.

What is more, she took all her fences with ease. She was cultured without having a "thing" about it.

She brought swells to the White House without giving offence to the invincible American strain of anti-snobbism.

Her presence made sophisticated gaiety a norm; and chic seem old shoe.

In a nation forever on guard against affectation, she could welcome the King of Morocco with excerpts from

"Brigadoon," while having "The Magic Flute" played for the President of India, and Shakespeare done for a Sudanese field-marshal.

She summed it up once when a friend was groping to express the thought that nowadays paying a visit to the White House had ceased to be either awesome or infra dig.

"Yes, I know," she said. After the President was murdered, two considerations—obsessions, almost—came to govern her existence.

She wanted to keep green her husband's memory; to that end she has worked tirelessly organising and raising funds for the Kennedy Library at Harvard, which will house the archives of his Administration.

"Jet Set"

She also wanted to bring up her children—Caroline and John—in normal circumstances; that is, not at the centre of public attention or in the midst of the Jet Set.

For both purposes Washington seemed a good base. And so she tried to take up her life where she had left off before going to the White House.

She bought a Washington home, 3017 N Street, just three blocks from the Georgetown house she had left after the 1960 election.

It was a stable and peaceful neighborhood, seemingly ideal for private lives.

She could shop at the same old markets she used to patronise, solid stores with solid names—Weaver's, Magruder's, Pearson's, Morgan's Drug Store.

Like other children in the



DAUGHTER Caroline on pony, Macaroni.

neighborhood, John and Caroline could play in a nearby park.

Like other families, she and they could go away riding in Virginia at weekends.

Just as before, she could stroll through the neighborhood in slacks, nodding and smiling and pausing to gossip.

IT was a brave try, but it never really had a chance. Washington, for one thing, is a city of sepulchres.

In season and out, from all quarters of the globe, the sightseers come, with cameras, autograph books, camp stools, and box lunches.

They come to see the Lincoln Memorial, the White House, the Congress, Arlington Cemetery, the Pentagon, Mount Vernon, and the F.B.I.

Of these shrines they can never get enough.

And of the house at 3017 N Street they made still another public monument.

Traffic choked the tiny street.

The tourists came by bicycle, and in cars, taxis, hired limousines, and giant buses.

By the hundred they would stand for hours in the sun, waiting outside the house for a glimpse of the family.

They were affable and easy, and they meant to pay tribute, not do harm.

But when John and Caroline appeared, they would sing out the name, hoping one might turn for a snapshot.

And in the end, the children were running, fright-

ened, up the stairs of their own home.

Public attention made it impossible to sever official connections.

Police and secret service men guarded the home. Phone calls came through the White House, and letters by the thousand.

Together with a corps of friends who had volunteered to answer the mail, Mrs. Kennedy's secretaries worked in an office attached to the White House.

Not only was she dependent upon the President, but it became something of a problem.

For reasons not entirely clear, the new President wanted to draw her openly into his camp.

Repeatedly he asked her to the White House; repeatedly she sent regrets.

He asked her to be Ambassador to Mexico; she said she was not interested.

He invited her to head the White House cultural programme; she declined.

"A strain"

There was a strain. Some White House aides actually came to believe that she was goading her brother-in-law, Attorney-General Robert Kennedy, to force himself on the President as running-mate for the 1964 election.

When the President, at the end of July, announced that he did not want the Attorney-General as Vice-President, the White House offered as one of the reasons for the announcement the fear that Mrs. Kennedy might come to the convention hall in Atlantic City for the purpose of stampeding the delegates.

It was absurd, of course. She didn't care two raps about politics and she had already planned a European trip that would take her out of the country at convention time.

Between the President and

the tourists, of course, there was a broad middle ground.

Like all other major cities, Washington has a life of its own.

There are painters and writers, journalists and foreign visitors, a fashionable social set, and parties and dinners galore. There is ballet and theatre.

And in the past Jacqueline Kennedy had mixed easily and spontaneously in all the groups and their activities.

But for all this, Washington remains a company town. In the end, everything leads back to a single industry—the Government.

Even the arts and society are, at bottom, only another way of expressing political status. And for a First Lady widowed at 34 there was no obvious place.

At social events she was plainly an outsider.

People talked at and for, but not with, her.

When conversation turned back, as it almost always does in Washington, to politics, she was bored.

If she made a few friends, they were afraid to intrude.

About all that was open was the role of Grande Dame. But from that she recoiled. In the end she was forced back upon herself.

The Attorney-General came to see her almost daily.

She drew close—for perhaps the first time—to her husband's former colleagues.

She did some travelling,

on behalf of the library, interviewing architects and arranging benefits.

But most of the time she was alone with the children and the ghosts of the past.

No one will ever know, probably, how many times she relived the terrible hours of Dallas. But it could not have been seldom.

IN New York, undoubtedly, it will be different. She has an uptown apartment, far away from the crowds. Apart from Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, New Yorkers stop to stare at nobody.

Politics is a distant thing, far less important than theatre and television, and the arts there have an independent existence.

Old friends from her earliest years, and from school, abound.

It can be, as she said recently, "a fresh start."

Already the summer at Cape Cod, swimming and riding with her children, and then her cruise in the Mediterranean have changed the outlook.

Still, if the move to New York makes sense, Mrs. Kennedy will be more than missed in Washington.

She has left behind her a void that may never be filled. The boldest and most brilliant effort to establish the city has ended—prematurely and in failure.

— Observer Foreign News Service



RECENT picture of Jackie Kennedy with her son, John, in New York.



JACKIE'S new home, at 1040 Fifth Avenue, New York, is a 5-bedroom apartment on the 15th floor of the building pictured at left.

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When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it! 

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1961

He'll try to win the Melbourne Cup

Ace jockey to come home from England

By MIKE GIBSON, of our London Staff

● Arthur Edward ("Scobie") Breasley, the son of a Wagga cattle drover, has done pretty well. He has become one of Australia's most successful jockeys, famous in horsemanship all over the world.

SCOBIE BREASLEY is due to return to Australia on October 28 for the "plum" he has chased all his life.

At 50 years of age, Scobie wants to win the Melbourne Cup.

You have to live in Britain to have any idea how "big" Scobie Breasley is.

When he won the English Derby at Epsom in May, his name was on the front pages for days.

Like many Australian sportsmen who have settled and made a success of themselves here, Scobie is regarded by the British as one of their own.

He's more popular than even their own leading rider, Lester Piggott.

The days he gets among the winners he's likely to send the betting shops broke. The days he misses out Britain's punters hit the depths of despair.

Since arriving here 14 years ago, Scobie Breasley has become a living legend.

He has won the jockeys' premiership five times, landed almost every race from a maiden at Brighton to a Derby at Epsom, and kept more punters off the breadline than any other rider in the country.

Success has made him into what Britons call a "gentleman jockey."

His all-white home in the London suburb of Putney is a showpiece.

He employs two servants to save his wife, May, from housework, and has his own personal secretary and a valet to clean his riding gear.

And he has a chauffeur to

drive him to the races each day in his "Silver Cloud."

Each summer Scobie Breasley and his wife fly for their holidays to their house in the West Indies paradise. They're building another one out there—to retire to.

For other holidays Scobie has gone skiing to St. Moritz with former top jockey—and now trainer of the biggest stable he rides for—Sir Gordon Richards.

Why, then, does this 50-year-old grandfather keep going?

"I don't know," he'll tell you in a slow but friendly drawl.

"But racing means more to me than I like people to know. It's not the money any more. It's my life."

"Once upon a time back in Australia I thought about the best thing that could happen to me would be to get a ride in Britain."

"I got that. Then I wanted to win the big races, right up to the Derby."

"Now I've done that."

Won Derby

And he smiles and says, "I never did win a Melbourne Cup, though."

His wife, May, summed up this unassuming little man when she told of his first words the night he came home from the races after this year's Derby.

She said, "He sat himself down in his favorite chair in the lounge-room, put up his feet, and said, 'Well, love, I won the Derby today.'"

Now, she said, she can't see Scobie retiring till he's 60.

She smiled down at him

—she's a good few inches taller—and said, "In fact, I can't see him giving it away until they have to start carrying him over to his mounts."

"He'll give that jockey's premiership lark away now, though. These days he can afford to sit back and leave it to Piggott and the rest."

It is this "premiership lark" that for the past six or seven years has been the high spot of the British flat-racing season.

Scobie's battles with Lester Piggott have also become legendary.

Last year, in what was described as the most thrilling championship battle of all time, he pipped Piggott's 175 winners to win the crown with 176.

It was Breasley's equal best since he began riding here.

Breasley wins his jockeys' titles with the same matter-of-fact coolness that he rides horses.

While Piggott will ride at two meetings a day, taking helicopters from course to course to try to beat him, Scobie hardly ever rides at an evening meeting.

He takes days off from racing to play golf or go shooting pheasants.

And after Piggott had gone to fantastic measures to beat him last year, one of his close friends said, "Thank heavens for poor Lester it's all over."

"That title has put years on his face. All his friends are glad each year when it's all finished."

Piggott prefers not to talk about his title tilts at all.

He'll tell you, "It worries

me. It means a lot to me. I don't like talking about it."

On analysis, Breasley's record last season is amazing. From 724 mounts, he was unplaced only 321 times.

"Almost as good as 1958," he grinned.

That was the year of Ballymoss, the horse he rates the best he has ever ridden and on which he won over £40,000 sterling.

Despite the grind of a racing life, the Breasley family is a close-knit unit.

Grandchildren

Scobie's 23-year-old daughter, Loretta, is a constant visitor to the house in Bowling Green Place with her little daughter Zonda, two, and Kelly, five months.

She is married to a jockey herself, Brian Swift, whose father, Jack Swift, owns one of the biggest strings of betting shops in London.

Except for a bout of pleurisy which kept her from seeing Scobie clinch the riding premiership, May Breasley has seen most of his big race wins and watched every Derby he has ever ridden in.

In 29 years of marriage—they were married on the day Lester Piggott was born—she has seen his happiness and his bad times.

Times like the day in 1954 when he went over the rails in a race and fractured his skull.

And in 1961 when a horse fell on him. Last year, too, at Hurst Park when he was involved in a nasty spill.

According to Britain's racing experts, the Breasley success lies in "nothing but the old man's hands."



FAMOUS jockey Scobie Breasley pictured with his wife, May. They have been married for 29 years and have a London show home.

His touch with a horse has been called sheer delight. He is a treat to watch in a finish, and never draws a whip till the last resort.

He says, "I've always found that if you thrash a horse he goes no faster. Frequently he goes a lot slower."

It is this genius for being "tough but oh so gentle" that has led Breasley into his only riding fault. After 35 years in the saddle he still gives goose pimples to punters by dropping his hands in a finish.

"By a nose"

On a red-hot favorite he'll "coast" past the post and win by a nose, then look at the still white-faced crowds as he comes in as much as to say, "What was all the worry about?"

He says, "I still don't know why I drop my hands like I do. I shouldn't—I've had enough rebuffs about it."

Scobie claims the habit cost him a Derby in Australia and a Melbourne Cup.

Once it earned him a

month's suspension when he was caught on the line riding Chanak in the Guineas.

In a profession riddled with spivs and no-accounts in Britain, a feature of Breasley's career has been the lengths to which he has gone to keep his name clean.

Last year he won a libel case against the "Daily Herald," whose turf writer Don Cox (Breasley alleged) suggested he had "pulled" a horse to benefit bookmakers.

He won £250 sterling damages.

Litigation cost him £2500 sterling.

After the case he said in the High Court, "I am very happy, despite what all this has cost me. A jockey's reputation is the most important thing in the world."

With 1700 winners on the board since coming over to Britain, one would think now that Scobie Breasley might play a little more golf and ride fewer horses.

May has taken up golf, too, and they play together.

Ask her what's her handicap, and she'll jokingly tell you, "Scobie."

The last time Scobie Breasley was in Australia was in 1962.

You won't find him much changed.

Success never will spoil Scobie Breasley... not even if he wins the Melbourne Cup.

BREASLEY and his wife, May (second from left), his daughter, Loretta Swift, and granddaughter Zonda. Loretta is married to a jockey in Britain, Brian Swift.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964

Olympic women medallists



BRONZE MEDAL. Sydney schoolteacher Marilyn Black, who ran third in the 200-metres sprint. Marilyn's fiance, Peter Vassella, a 400-metres athlete, hugged her as she came off the field. She said they plan to marry in January, that she would probably retire, "settle down and be a housewife."

SILVER MEDAL for the foursome (left) in the women's 400-metres freestyle relay. Robyn Thorne, Jan Murphy, Lyn Bell, and Dawn Fraser. In the last leg of the relay, Dawn clocked 58.6 seconds, clipping three-tenths of a second off her own record. The time will not be recognised because it was in a relay. The U.S. team won the event.



SILVER - MEDALLIST Michele Mason-Browne. The high jump lasted all day. "I was dying of hunger," said Michele, who is a clerk in Sydney. "All I had from breakfast on was a piece of sausage."



GOLD, BRONZE. Runners Betty Cuthbert (winner, right) and Judy Amore (third) in the 400 metres celebrate at dinner with their parents, who were passengers aboard ship at Yokohama. The liner was a floating hotel during the Games. Betty, a four-times gold-medallist, says she'll retire happily now from athletics. When a friend asked her about a possible marriage, she said, "I've devoted myself to running, with no time for romance. But I'm 26, not 66, you know." Judy, a Melbourne girl, will marry on December 19.



BRONZE - MEDALLIST Pam Kilborn, 25, a Melbourne schoolteacher, was placed third in the 80-metres hurdle although she clocked the same time as winner and second. Slow-motion film decided the placings, only inches apart.

...and three Golden boys

● Swimmers Ian O'Brien, Kevin Berry, and Bob Windle each defeated terrific opposition in their events to win Australia a gold medal apiece.

IN one of the most thrilling events in Tokyo, Ian O'Brien, 17, of Wellington, N.S.W. (pictured below), proved to the world that Australia is still capable of producing wizard "water babies."

Ian, who was speechless with excitement after the race, created a new world record when he rocketed through the water to win the men's 200-metres breaststroke final in the amazing time of 2min. 27.8sec.

In a year when Australian swimming was being described as an almost spent force, his victory was a shot in the arm to other team members, who were a little disheartened at the way America was scooping practically every gold medal in the pool.

Describing himself as "the country boy made good," Ian said he wanted to continue swimming until he was 21 or 22, and his next object was to win in Mexico City in 1968.

"My ambition? To win more of these beautiful things," he said, smiling as widely as if he'd just won a million

dollars, and kissing the gold medal clutched tightly in his hand.

Ian, who left Wellington High School last year, hopes to be a photographer.

"At least I did," he said, looking round rather warily at the dozens of photographers trying to get pictures.

"I suppose I still do.

"But it looks tougher — and more hazardous — than winning a gold medal," he said.

Excited

Asked how he felt when he reached the finishing line first in his spectacular race, Ian said: "It was just too much ... too much altogether."

Though too excited to say much, he handled his Press conference like a veteran.

The only time he faltered was when a Japanese TV interviewer said: "And tell me, do you like swimming?"

For a minute, Ian looked as though he couldn't believe his ears.

Then he grinned, looked at his gold medal, and said with feeling: "Yes, I like swimming very much."



KEVIN BERRY, wearing his gold medal, dances in the Tokyo rain. Kevin, aged 19, from Marrickville, N.S.W., put in a wonderful swim (racing between crack Americans Fred Schmidt and Carl Robie) to smash his own 200-metres butterfly record in 2min. 6.6sec. and collect Australia's fifth gold medal for 1964. He said afterwards: "I think the big thing was I was determined not to panic." After a holiday with his parents Kevin is returning to Indianapolis University (U.S.) to complete a course in business administration. He hopes to swim again for Australia in 1968.



IAN O'BRIEN, 17, of Wellington, N.S.W.

BOB WINDLE and Kevin Berry (right), room-mates at the Olympic Village, with medals. Bob's great win in the 1500-metres freestyle pushed a truly magnificent swimmer, John Nelson, of the U.S., into second place. The pace was sizzling, and Bob, already in the lead by the 500-metres mark, was never headed. He created a new Olympic record, 17min. 1.7sec., and the world record-holder, American Roy Saari, was seventh. Bob Windle comes from Bexley, N.S.W.





CLAN MEETING. Mr. Bruce MacLeod, guest of honor Dame Flora MacLeod, Miss Eileen McLeod, and Pipe-Major Ron Clement at the reception at Menzies Hotel for Dame Flora, who is Clan Chief. Dame Flora, who came from her home on the Isle of Skye, opened the 10th annual MacLeod week, which included a clan service at St. Stephen's Church.



JUST ENGAGED. Miss Elisabeth West, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. T. J. West, of Watsons Bay, and her fiancé, Peter Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Napier Brown, of Adelaide.



THEATRE PARTY. From left: Mrs. Terry Jones, Mr. Albert Bower, Miss Margaret Partridge, and Miss Lynn Rainbow at the gala charity preview of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical "Carousel" at the Theatre. The preview was arranged by the ladies' committee of the Waifs of Kure, of which Mrs. Ian Jacoby is president. Proceeds from the evening will go to the A. J. Ferguson Memorial Appeal.



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Social Roundabout

By Mollie Lyons

● News this week of a new appointment for the British High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, means we will soon lose one of our most popular diplomatic families. For Lady Oliver it means her 19th move since the end of the war.

Their five-and-a-half years' stay here has been the Olivers' longest spell in any country.

As a constant reminder of their Australian life, with them will go a wide selection of contemporary paintings which they have been collecting over the past few years.

They will probably leave for England in June and spend twelve months there before going on to Canada, where Sir William will take up his appointment as Commissioner-General for Britain for the Montreal Exhibition of 1967.

Their stay in England will give them a chance to see their son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Nicholas Eveleigh, who sent word recently of the christening of the Olivers' first grandchild, James.

POOR Mrs. Armand George found her packing temporarily halted when she had to lie to bed following her typhoid injections. With her daughters Nathalie and Caroline she leaves on December 28 in Galileo for six months abroad. Mr. George will join them in March in Brussels, where his family live.



ABOVE: At the party which Lady Lloyd Jones gave at her home, Rosemont, Woolahra, in honor of the Hon. John Siddeley and Mrs. Siddeley, Mr. Leslie Walford chatted with Mrs. Robert Simpson, of Heidelberg, Victoria, who is visiting Sydney with her husband.

AT RIGHT: Hostess Lady Lloyd Jones and Lady Owen (right) with the Hon. John Siddeley and Mrs. Siddeley at the reception at Rosemont. Mr. Siddeley, the noted English interior decorator, is here on a lecture tour of capital cities.



A BRIEF stopover at "Havilah," Mudgee, will enable Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath to leave their children, Hugo and Emma, with Mrs. Heath's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Denis White, before they go on to the Boolerong Park Inn at Maloolaba, for a three-week holiday. By the way, after seeing how chic Mrs. Heath looked the evening she and her husband dined with Prince William at Prunier's, I would say "the little black dress" is still very much IN.

THE most stunning outfit of the week I thought was the full-length black-and-silver theatre ensemble worn by Mrs. Stefan Haag. The voluminous coat over a slim sheath dress had a slight train.

A FLAT in London is headquarters at present for Mrs. Malcolm Stening and her daughter, Wendy, who have just completed a tour of Europe. Dr. Stening leaves for air on November 5 to join them.

BUSY time ahead for members of the Women's Pioneer Society, who plan three parties in a fortnight. The first of these is a buffet dinner on October 30, the second a Cup Day party, and the third, on November 13, a wine-tasting. One of the busiest workers is sure to be deputy-president Mrs. J. R. Strang, who always keeps her lovely garden at Pymble for those magnificent floral arrangements she does which are a feature of the parties.

FRIENDS and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. John Benson, of Denistone, will be invited to a celebration party to hear a tape-recording of their daughter Nerida's September marriage to Dr. Michael Mandl, in Denver City, Colorado, when it arrives. Nerida and Michael, who both graduated in medicine from the University of Sydney in 1962, plan to work overseas for a few years before returning to Australia.

A DAY AND NIGHT OUT AT WARRAWEENA

GUESTS flew in from distant properties, came up from Sydney, and travelled from other States to Warraweena Station—27 miles "back of Bourke"—for the annual woolshed dance and sports, which this year included an aerobatics display. A barbecue, served outside the woolshed, rounded off the day's festivities.

TWOSOME. Mr. Graeme Holland, of Moulamein, and Miss Jenny Holmewood, of Bourke, paused between dances in front of a gaily decorated wool press. Modern and old-time dance bands played throughout the night.

AT RIGHT: Sydney guests (from left) Mr. Bill McCabe, Mrs. Alan Taylor, and Mr. Colin Davis travelled to Warraweena Station for the day. Mr. McCabe was one of five pilots who flew in the aerial pageant.



CORNET PLAYER Mr. Ian Bathgate, of Bourke, played for Miss Kay Gers, of Bourke, and Warraweena jackeroo Mr. John Jackson during an interval in the dancing. Hundreds of saplings trimmed with crepe paper decorated the woolshed for the informal dance, which lasted well into the night.



AT SPORTS (from left): Mr. Peter Luffman, of "Nangara," Louth, Mr. John Major, of "Minetta," Bourke, Miss Lalla McGregor, of Blackheath, Miss Joan Major, of "Minetta," Bourke, and Robert Fisher, of Warraweena Station, admired Robert's horse, G.I., which he rode in the events. Dress for the day was informal, and later girls changed into light summer clothes for the dance.

AT LEFT: Foursome (from left) Mr. Paul McCarthy, Miss Barbara McIntosh, Miss Kay Skeggs, and Mr. Murray Norman, all of Bourke, cooked their own steaks at the barbecue set up close to the woolshed.

AT RIGHT: A strong breeze was a problem for Mrs. David Chapman (left), of "Lila Springs," Bourke, and Mrs. John Ridge, of "Warrella Plains," Bourke, who both wore large, shady hats. Pictured with their husbands, they were among enthusiastic spectators at the sports, which were held on the station's racetrack.





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MINING MUSICAL

"THE ROARING DAYS!"

By PENNY LYE

● The dramatic history of Australia's greatest mining field, Broken Hill, N.S.W., will be brought to the stage in a grand new musical, "The Roaring Days!"

"THE ROARING DAYS!" has been written by two residents of Broken Hill, radio announcer John Pickup and nightclub pianist Roy Mitchell.

It will have its premiere with Broken Hill's amateur Repertory Society on October 31.

The romance of the great silver field of the Barrier range has been interwoven with the history of Australia for more than 80 years.

From the mines of Broken Hill has come the wealth to build and finance a multitude of nationwide industries, industries that have changed Australia from a pastoral to an industrial community.

The story of the prospecting and development of these fabulous riches is full of personalities, and it is about these people that the musical is written.

The early days of the Hill were a drama in which a few men—a German boundary rider, a Scots station manager, an English mining surveyor, and station-hands—played the leading roles.

Boom town

These characters, appropriately bearded and costumed, have now stepped out of history and on to the stage of the Broken Hill Repertory Society's new modern Playhouse.

How did the idea of the musical begin?

Writer John Pickup said: "Here under our noses was Australia's least-known but greatest success story, the story of a lone boundary rider, Charles Rasp, who in 1883 pegged a claim on the rocky outcrop rising from the dusty plains of western N.S.W."

"That outcrop, known as the Broken Hill, later became the world's largest producer of lead, silver, and zinc, and gave birth to Australia's largest industrial organisation, B.H.P."

The story of the discovery of the Hill is well known to local residents.

The musical starts in the boom silver-mining town of Silverton, where the news is heard of Rasp's discovery and pegging of the Broken Hill, 17 miles away.

The action takes the audience from that day to the formation of the famed Syndicate of Seven, when Rasp, station manager



EARLY fortunes were made by George McCulloch (seated) and Charles Rasp.

George McCulloch, and five others formed a syndicate to work the claim.

"Let's band ourselves together, And struggle with a will, And call ourselves the syndicate of seven, seven, seven. We'll call ourselves the Syndicate of Seven."

After months of frustration and disappointment, the discovery of phenomenally rich silver lodes touched off the boom, during which scores of men made their fortunes.

The story of the musical follows history closely, and even includes the eureka game when George McCulloch gambled one of his shares in the syndicate and lost it for a mere £120.

This same share, six years later, was worth £14 million, and today its value would be impossible to calculate.

The writers have taken some liberties with history to introduce romance, although one match—between McCulloch and his housekeeper—actually did take place.

Romantic

One of the feature scenes is the re-enactment on stage of a travelling burlesque show—Hypnos, the famous hypnotist.

The people of Broken Hill who are to re-enact the romantic story are from all walks of life.

In all there are more than 50 players in "The Roaring Days!", and the cast includes an undertaker, a chiropractor, and an amateur prospector.

Many of the roles are taken by men who work in the mines—Jack Bennett, an underground driller at the Zinc Corporation mine, and a well-known local

ROARING DAYS!"



TYING the ribbon of Mavis Smith's hat before rehearsal is Maxine Schuller. In "The Roaring Days!" Mavis plays Mrs. Hamlyn, wife of the manager of Hamlyn's Assembly Rooms in Silverton. In early droughts water from S. Australia sold for 1/- a pail.

actor, plays "Whispering Jack" (a miner who lost his voice).

Others are Harold Bruggy, an electrical fitter at the mines and a prominent local unionist, and John Fairfield, an English mining engineer who once climbed the Matterhorn and who is a past winner of the local caber-tossing competition.

Harold Bruggy plays J. S. Reid, editor of "The Silver Age," and John Fairfield the part of a miner.

Juvenile lead

In the tent town of the 1880s, women played an important part, although they are well outnumbered in the musical.

Mrs. O'Hara, the Irish housekeeper, is played by Phyllis Crowley, wife of a local doctor who spent many years as a missionary in India and later became Broken Hill's Flying Doctor.

Mildura - born school-teacher Diane Webster plays the juvenile romantic lead, and photographer Rhianon Jones (cast as Estelle, the daughter of a travelling stage hypnotist, Professor Hypnos) and Devon-born Winifred Crosland (in the role of a barmaid) act miners' women.

And the people who wrote "The Roaring Days!"?

John Pickup, Sydney-born, works as district representative for Broken Hill's A.B.C. station 2NB.

Aged 33, John had worked for Sydney radio stations before coming to the Hill 24 years ago.

He has had some experience in amateur theatre in Sydney and has been closely associated with the Broken Hill Repertory Society since his arrival.

John was scheduled to produce the Society's end-of-the-year musical, and he decided to present an Australian show.

"It was at this stage that I started re-reading books on Broken Hill's early history. The dramatic story seemed ready-made for the stage," John said.

John went to the city's

librarian, who keeps the most complete archives on the West Darling district in Australia and has files on the old "Silver Age" newspaper, which was published in Silverton early in the 1880s and later in Broken Hill.

"I soon knew that I was going to write a musical myself — one in which Broken Hill people would be vitally interested."

At that stage John went to see Roy Mitchell, local pianist. "I asked him straight out whether he'd like to help me write a musical. 'Sure,' said Roy."

Roy Mitchell was born in Broken Hill.

Now 28, he has played in nightclubs in Sydney and travelled overseas as a pianist on an ocean liner.

Back in Broken Hill, Roy is concentrating on being the city's Tourist Officer at the Town Hall.

Once the idea had developed, both men began work in earnest.

In April, after John had written a précis of the story, script and lyrics were started, and by the end of June the musical was nearly finished.

Song-writing

Also, repertory board members had enthusiastically approved of the production.

"We had no set pattern for combining words and music. Sometimes Roy wrote the music first and I added words, and sometimes the opposite applied," John said.

"I had to be guided by Roy for the words, but sometimes it was easy. I wrote the lyrics for 'Chorus Girls' in ten minutes."

The finale song, "The Roaring Days!", was finished well after rehearsals had started — Roy's composition was not helped by the arrival of his third child on August 13.

Both wives, Bobbie Pickup and Vee Mitchell, have been supporters of the project. Bobbie, mother of three girls, will appear on stage on opening night — she is a member of the chorus.

Rehearsals started late in July, and both John and Roy agreed that it was a thrilling occasion.

"To hear the chorus singing the songs we had written — it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me," said Roy.

The combination seems likely to prove winning. The show is full of catchy songs and quaint characters and has captured the imagination of the cast and the town generally.

Repertory's chairman, Bob Cawdle, is thrilled with the response to the show.

"We plan to run for 11 nights and extend if needed. Our Playhouse holds 275 people, so nearly 3000 people will see 'The Roaring Days!'"

The Society's production of "Oklahoma!" last year drew more than 3000 of Broken Hill's 30,000 population.

The Repertory Society, which was started in the war years by enthusiastic amateurs to raise funds for the Forces, has blossomed into a full-scale theatrical group.

Their new Playhouse, which was built last year at a cost of £16,000, is a splendidly equipped intimate theatre, the only purely live theatre in the city.

First night

The Society produces six plays each year, one of which is a musical, and has a regular membership of nearly 800.

For opening night, on October 31, the Playhouse will be ablaze with lights and bunting. As the curtains open, Repertory's experienced stage crews will move into action.

Under the watchful eyes of musical director Hartley Williams and choreographer Brian Martin, the chorus will swing into the opening number.

"Our rough mining town, Our tough mining town, Our hustling bustling roaring silver town!"

But the most anxious men that night will be producer John Pickup and composer Roy Mitchell, who will see months of work fulfilled with "The Roaring Days!"



MUSICAL opens outside this ruin of once-proud De Baun's Hotel. From left: Diane Webster, Geoff Horne, John Pickup, Roy Mitchell.



DAUGHTER Sally admires whiskers John Fairfield grew to play role of miner. Brenda Fairfield is holding Sally in the picture.



REHEARSAL of historic euchre game in which new chum Cox won, for £120, a share which in six years was worth £1½ million. Seated (from left): Peter McLeod (Cox), John Carroll (a surveyor), Graham Still (Rasp), Ian Brooks (George McCulloch, who lost the share). Standing: Neil Morris, Brian Casey, and Bill Stevenson (syndicate members).

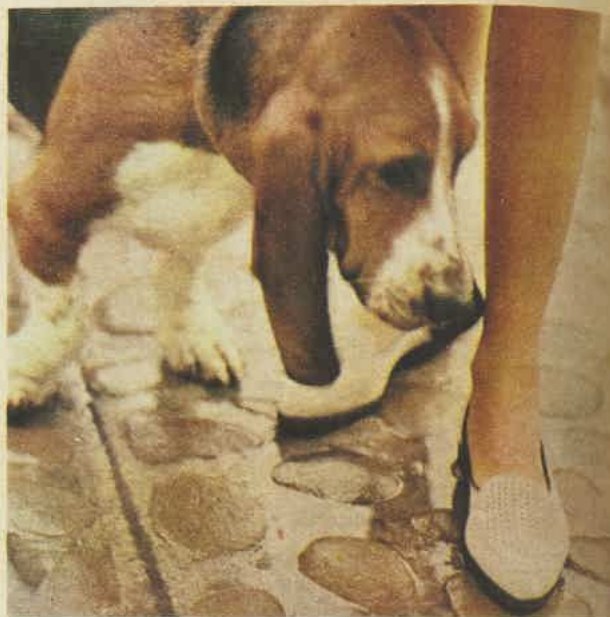
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEARER November 4, 1961

EMDEN DRAMA RE-ENACTED

By PATRICIA KENT

● Australia's first naval victory — the destruction of the German raider Emden by H.M.A.S. Sydney 50 years ago this month — is the next dramatic subject in TCN9's world-ranging "Project '64."

THE Emden story, "Baptism of Fire," will be seen on TCN9 on Monday, November 9, at 9.30 p.m.

In three months from the outbreak of World War I in August, 1914, the raider Emden, under the command of Captain Karl von Muller, ranging over the busy trade routes of the Indian Ocean, destroyed or captured 74,000 tons of British shipping.

Yet not one Allied life was lost.

Captain von Muller's efforts to save the lives of his victims earned him high esteem among his enemies.

On November 9, 1914, a landing party from Emden destroyed the cable and wireless station on Direction Island in the Cocos-Keeling group.

As the landing party was about to return to the Emden, H.M.A.S. Sydney, which had been dispatched from the first convoy carrying A.I.F. troops to Egypt, appeared.

At 9.40 a.m. on that hot November day, von Muller opened fire.

But she had met her fate. By 11 a.m. the Emden lay

battered and wrecked off the reef on North Keeling Island.

Australia's first naval victory had been won.

★ ★ ★
YOU either like Charlie Drake (Channel 2, 8 p.m. Friday) or you do not. I do.

He's a tiny little man with an impish grin and a most unobtrusive sense of humor. His show (low budget I suspect) is fast moving, occasionally slightly smutty, occasionally quite brilliant, and could show Australian producers what can be done with little money and good ideas men.

Perry Mason

clowned it

I'VE always avoided Channel 9's "Red Skelton Hour" (Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.). Red Skelton is not one of my favorite comedians. He always giggles in the sketches, and it's only when he mimes, I can really believe I'm watching a man considered one of the greatest comedians of the age.

But I must say I enjoyed a recent programme, which guest-starred Raymond Burr as George Goodbye in a

hilarious spoof of "Perry Mason." There was the initial shock of seeing Perry — er — Raymond in a bright checked coat and a funny hat.

But, after a while, he was enchanting as the reform candidate chosen to run as D.A. "In my experience," he quipped, "they never seem to win." And he fell off steps, pulled funny faces, and delivered lines like: "He's so crooked he's got to screw his socks on," with the ease of a professional funny man.

The Perry Mason show followed straight after, but somehow it wasn't the same.

I had a sneaking feeling that at any moment Mr. Mason would break into "Who Were You With Last Night?"

Television

"SAM BENEDICT" (Channel 7, 7.30 p.m., Tuesday) is one of the most unrelaxing shows on television.

Edmund O'Brien plays lawyer Sam Benedict like there's no tomorrow — dictating four letters, holding two long-distance phone calls, and interviewing a client ALL AT ONCE.

But the show is tautly directed and well produced, and Sam grows on you, especially after you discover that this hard, tough lawyer is a real softie underneath.

Loquacious

Bob

NO doubt Bob Dyer is an amiable fellow.

But he's successfully driven me away from Channel 7's "Pick-a-Box," at least until Barry Jones makes his next appearance.

Because Bob Dyer just never stops talking.

He makes jokes. He back-chats with contestants. And sometimes he takes off into



REGULAR MEMBERS of "The Munsters" (from left), Butch Patrick as Eddie, Yvonne de Carlo (Lily), Fred Gwynne (Herman), Beverly Owen (Marilyn), and Al Lewis (Grandpa).

QUITE BATTY

I JUST don't know about Channel 7's new programme "The Munsters" (Tuesday, 7 p.m.).

It's different, but I have a feeling that, after the novelty wears off, it will turn out to be just another situation comedy.

It's well-scripted and delightfully acted, but I don't think it's going to have much of a chance against Channel 9's top-rated "The Dick Van Dyke Show."

My favorite Munster is old Grandpa, who lives in the basement with his pet bat and chemical set (which includes test tubes of ground toad's horn and such) and seems to be an ex-vampire trying to kick the habit.

Nevertheless I'll be back to "The Dick Van Dyke Show" next week, whatever my children say.

the studio audience and spends as much as five minutes in aimless chatter with an ex-contestant, usually Barry, or George Black.

The whole point of a quiz show, surely, is that contestants (and viewers, too) try to answer as many questions as possible in the time.

It's infuriating to find that in the last five minutes contestants are rushed from one question to the next, making up for the minutes Mr. Dyer has wasted.

★ ★ ★
I SWITCHED to Channel 2's production of "A Local Boy" out of a sense of duty only.

And I was pleasantly surprised.

"A Local Boy," written by top Welsh TV writer Alun

Owen, was frank, outspoken, and gave a fairly accurate picture of the behind-the-scenes political campaigning.

John Meillon, who played the lead, showed what eight years of overseas experience can do, and brought realism to his role as the ambitious young Welsh barrister.

June Thody, as the wife, and Tom Farley, as the wily old politician, gave believable performances.

But one thing irritated me. Many Australian actors have not made the transition from stage techniques to the subtlety needed for TV.

Consequently most of the actors in "A Local Boy" tended to enunciate their words very clearly, and belabored when emotional exchange was called for.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said: "Well, they have hit the moon with a rocket. Next they are going to try to land a man there. And by the time they do it will have cost the U.S. Government at least a billion dollars. It seems a pity spending all that money getting to the moon when we can't even get along on earth. And the Russians long ago put a girl into space. Frankly, I don't think a woman would be any good as an astronaut." I said, "Why?" And Momma said, "Just read my moral."

Momma's moral: After two orbits a woman astronaut would want to come back to see if she had turned off the stove.



BOB DYER

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



God or Man?

"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (John 14:9)

God showed Himself to men and women when He came into the world as the Lord Jesus Christ—The Divine Human. Because of His Coming to us, we can now picture Him clearly.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God and there is none else. A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside Me" (Isaiah 45:22, 21)

In the Lord Jesus Christ there is the Trinity of Love, Wisdom and Power. In the Bible the name Father refers to the Lord's Love; the name Son to the Lord's Wisdom; and the name Holy Spirit to the Lord's Power.

"The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 14:10)

Emanuel Swedenborg's book 'The True Christian Religion,' Chapters 1, 2 and 3, and the book 'Heavenly Doctrine,' can tell you more about this subject. Borrow them and others by the same author from your Public Library, or direct from The New Church Book Room, 55/65 Clarence Street, Sydney.

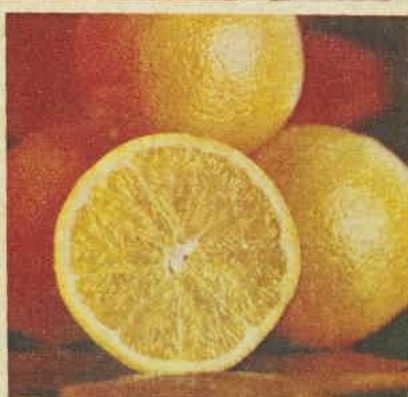
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REALISTIC DRAMAS OF A BIG CITY



"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE" pulls no punches. Here, Neil Brock (George C. Scott) grapples with teenage delinquency.

Television

WHAT type of television do you want to see —really? Escapist time-filling entertainment or strong TV that makes you think, presents you with problems to solve?

If you are for the more realistic type of TV, "East Side, West Side," TCN9's new TV series (Fridays, 8.30 p.m.) is sure to please. It is strong drama, beautifully produced.

Early this year in America it won a National Critics' Award as the best film series of TV, and its main character, Neil Brock, played by actor George C. Scott, was acclaimed.

Brock is a veteran social worker coping with the problems of the troubled, assailed with the frustrations of a man with compassion and vision who cannot solve or wrap up everyone's problems in a pretty package.

The dramas each last an hour, and are produced by Talent Associates, whose executive producer, David Susskind, has made his name synonymous with TV quality.

Producer of the show is Don Kranze, who is responsible for those two popular TV series "The Nurses" and "The Defenders."

Everything about "East Side, West Side" is good and promises first-class TV.

—Nan Musgrove

RIGHT: George C. Scott, who plays the role of Neil Brock in "East Side, West Side," as he really is and (below) in character as Brock.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964



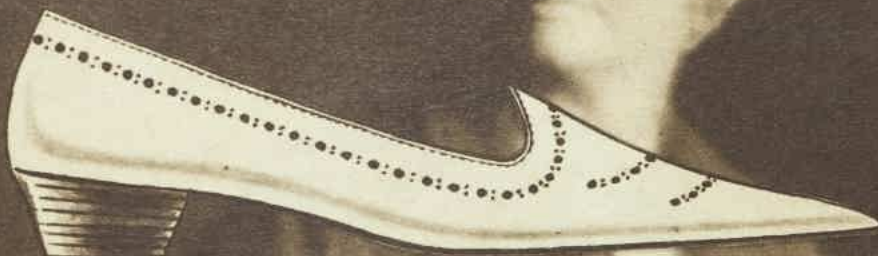
NEIL BROCK attempts to cope with any problem. In this scene he listens sympathetically to a troubled young woman who needs help.



"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE'S" Neil Brock with one of his unsolved human problems.

"Tiara Topaz." Flattering punched comfort casual in wide variety of colours, with 1½" stacked leather Cowboy heel. Village Last. Fractional fittings A-C.

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"Tiara Heaven." Interlaced apron vamp, hidden gusset court. White or poodle, with 1½" stacked leather square back heel. Modella last. Fractional fittings AA-C.

Only **89/11**



"Tiara Cupid." Open-waisted pattern-punched court in white or poodle, with 1½" stacked leather tapered heel. Sleek Last. Fractional fittings A-C.

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Tiara...by Hall

Stacked-heel fashion casuals for the mature foot

At last... fractional fittings in a fashion casual at the price you like to pay. Tiara, by Hall, is what the mature fashion-conscious woman has been waiting for. Spring/Summer courts and walkabout comfort-casuals

with the bold-punched look and the new rage stacked heels. Choose from a wide variety of sling-backed, open-waisted and laticed courts, or gusseted, plain, and the two-hole tie comfort casuals. Popular tonings include white or poodle (bone).

Available in fractional fittings at all leading stores from only **89/11**.

The swing is to stacked heels!

RH11/144/1



CLINT ("Cheyenne") WALKER

TV COWBOYS V. THE REAL THING

● The horse bucked and a cowboy flew off the animal's heaving back. When the rider landed in the dust, he picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and left the rodeo arena.

THE tired cowboy turned round as the crowd roared again. It had forgotten all about him and was cheering two horses with bright silver saddles shining in the sun as they were ridden on to the field by riders dressed in glittering outfits.

The crowd continued to scream; the cowboy stared.

"Actors!" he muttered around the lump of tobacco in his jaw. "What do they know about punchin' cows?"

TV cowboys often visit rodeos across America and sometimes in other parts of the world.

They usually run into real cowboys, discovering that some of them — especially the old-timers — are critical.

stay in the saddle half well as they can!"

Could it be some of cowboys are jealous of glamorous lives TV Western stars live?

"I imagine some of jealousy can be found James Arness, of 'Gunsmoke' fame, said.

"However, real cowboys live lives of excitement themselves. The cowboy I've run into like me and believe it is based the way cowboys lived the old days.

"Some of them have they thought Dodge was even rougher than make it out to be."

Clint Walker, a star "Cheyenne," believes TV Westerns are based fact:

"From the real cowboy I've talked with, I'd most of them believe a job has been done in television cowboys appear real.

"No one will doubt exaggerate things a little but the cowboys aren't critical. They almost always have told me they like stories."

One star who once was cowboy himself is Curtis, of "Gunsmoke."

"I grew up around dust bowl in Colorado," said. "When I was 10 years old I helped round up cattle during cold winter months many times.

"From experience in childhood, I have to say Westerns are doing a job in presenting the story of the cowboy."

"Probably the only television shows have volves around the hard cowboys do. Believe me, work hard."

Television

"We don't mind it," said Lorne Greene, of "Bonanza." "We've set records at several rodeos in the United States. We enjoy ourselves and we assume those who attend have a good time as well.

"Sure, some of the old salts like to tease us," the head of the Cartwright clan said. "But I think they realise we're not trying to compete with them. We're only interested in meeting the fans.

"On 'Bonanza' we're trying to be something other than four cowboys. We have stories to tell about people and problems.

"Real cowboys realise this, and when they see us they usually have compliments for us — despite the fact they know we can't

Elite

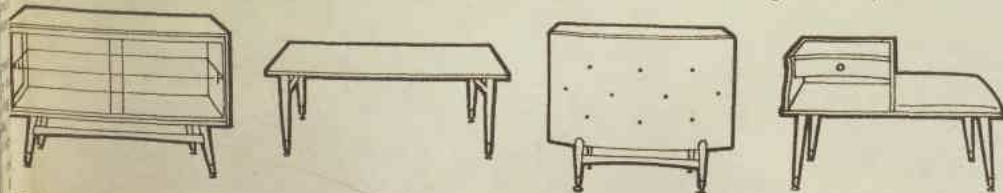
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Elite's glamorous "New" look furniture with its sparkling appearance is a must in your home. With modern laminated surfaces, it keeps its "New" look year in and year out. Craftsman made to suit your way of life, as well as your budget.

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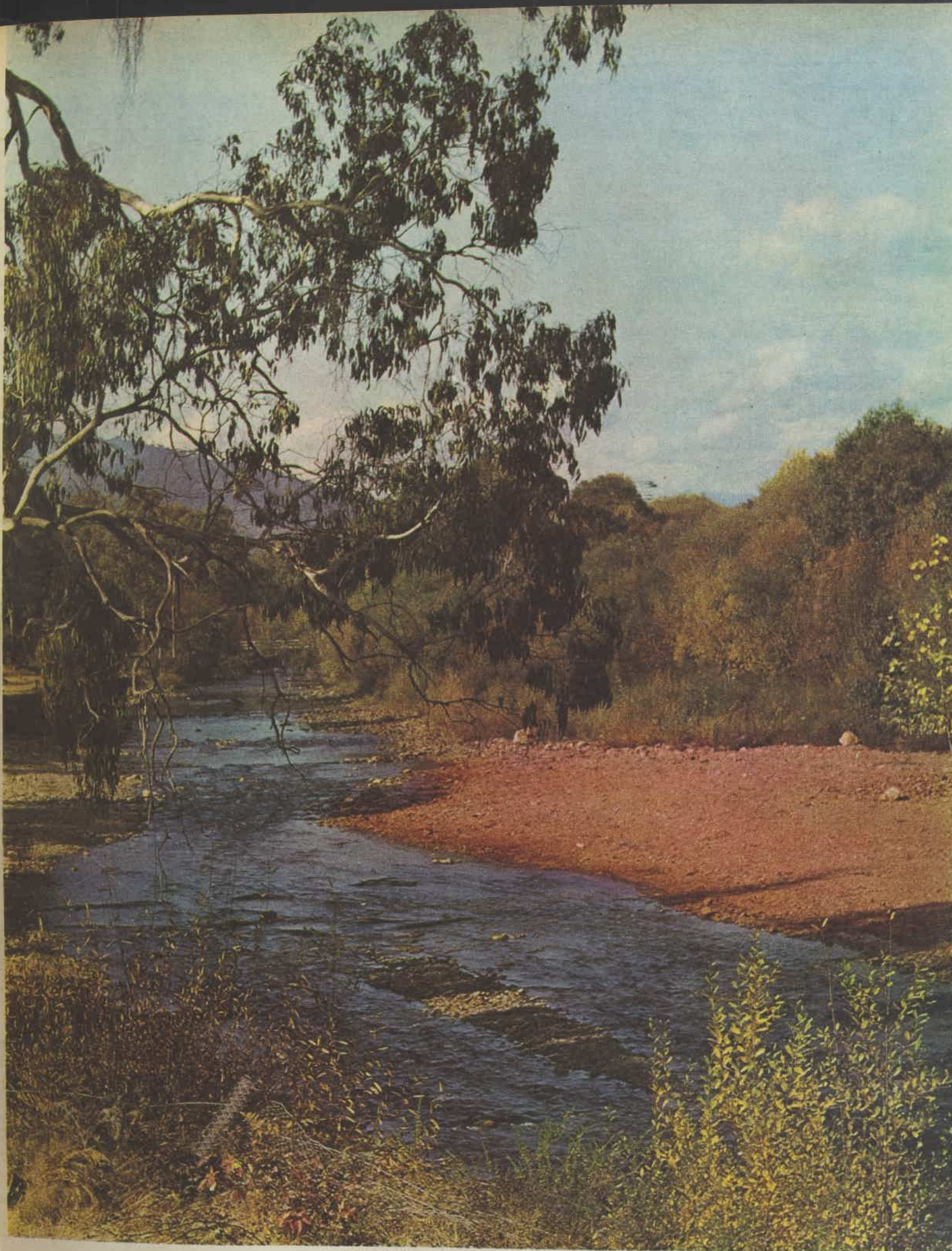


Now IN A SPARKLING NEW PACK

... with special self-opening top, Uncle Toby's Custard is finer, smoother, tastier than ever! It's delicious in tarts and on pies, delightful with fresh or canned fruits ... and boiled puddings just won't taste the same unless they're served with finely-blended, velvety-textured Uncle Toby's Custard.

You'll like the new easy-opening top, the prize recipe, and easy-to-follow directions.





Ovens River, Victoria

THE OVENS RIVER, near Bright, Victoria. Once a gold centre, Bright was saved from becoming a ghost town because of the area's scenic attraction to tourists and its potential for dairying and beef-raising. Nowadays, roads through Bright lead to the ski centres Mt. Hotham, Mt. Buffalo, Mt. Bogong, and Mt. Feathertop, and trout-fishing, horse-riding, and gold-prospecting all attract visitors.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Mr. J. O. Colahan,
Beaumaris, Victoria.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 4, 1964

COLES Golden Year

SUMMER FROCK FESTIVAL



Only the look is expensive in these lovely summer shifts of Imported American cottons and Australian printed rayons . . . exclusive to Coles Stores. Select your favourite from three styles, in a glorious range of colours and designs. Each with tie belt. Available in a popular size range from XSSW to XW.

◀ **AT LEFT:** Imported American no-iron cottons in pink, blue, yellow, sky, green, with a variety of white flocked designs.

AT RIGHT: Australian screen-printed acetate rayon in a wonderful range of designs. So easy to care for — only a light touch-up with the iron is needed ▶

Amazing Value

30%

EXCLUSIVELY
STYLED FOR



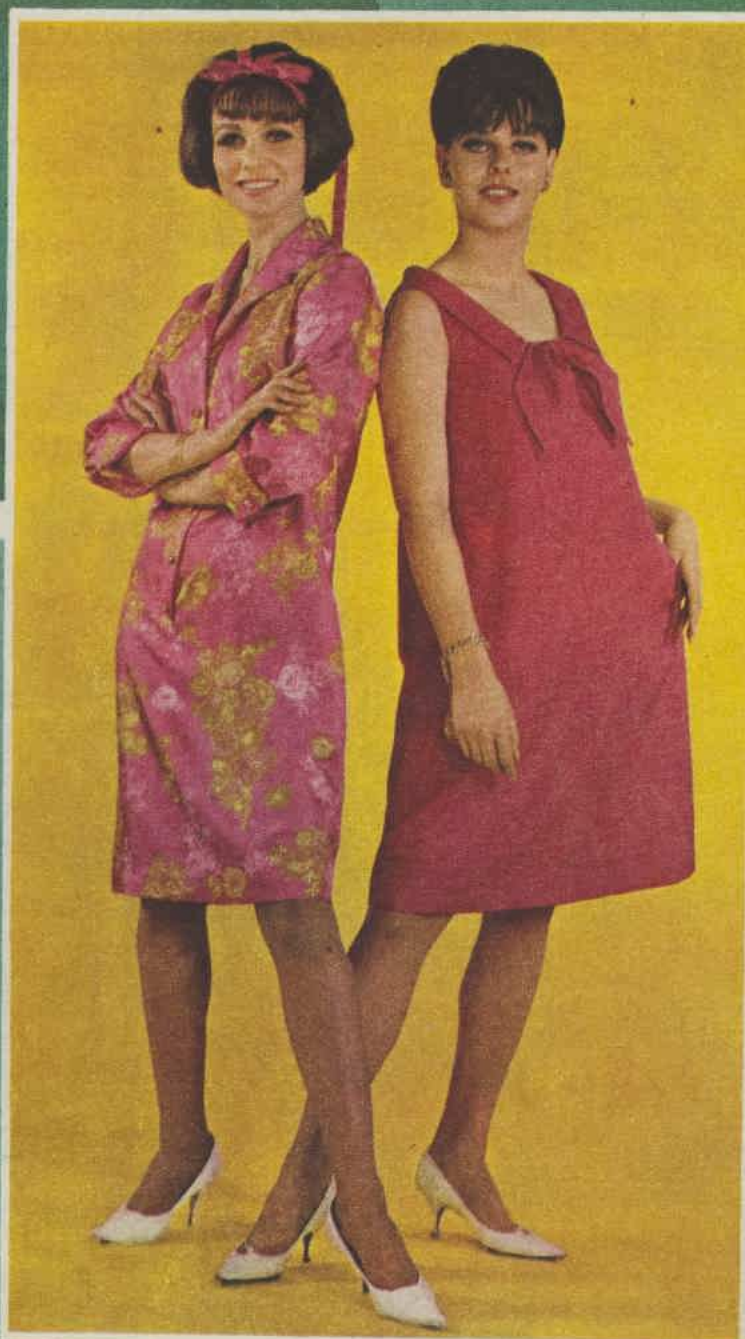
OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM COLES STORES

GAY NEW FASHIONS

MATERNITY

● The fresh, fetching summer styles in exciting colors and fabrics here and overleaf are full of fashion interest for smart young mothers-to-be. The clothes are all available in Australia.

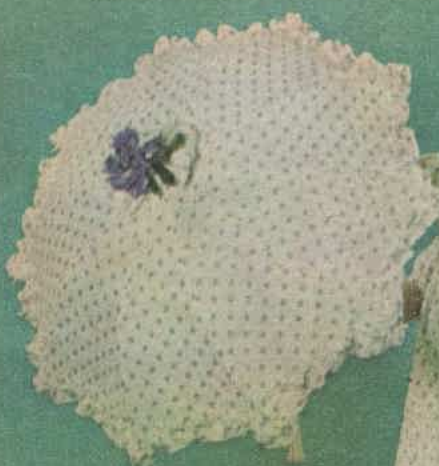
IDENTICAL Tom Jones designs (above and far right) in washable spatted dacron (pink, aqua, lilac spots on white). This pretty summer style has a pin-tucked bodice, soft-tied sleeves, and attached lace-trimmed slip.



SIMPLE white textured-cotton shell dress to dress up at night or wear over a blouse. Also in aqua, yellow, pink, and lilac.

TWO DESIGNS young mothers-to-be will love. Shriek-pink printed shirt dress (left), in a silk-look, easy-wash fabric, has a step-in front. At right is a washable Swiss lascar style with pockets concealed smoothly in side seams.

SILK-LOOK ensemble that sells as separates — a figured, step-in dress of washable rayon and collarless, silk-lined coat with the elegant look of Thai silk.



"Oh! Wouldn't it
be lovely..."



A wonderland of wonderful

Dickies

towels for EVERY-body

Fantasies of colour, wondrous designs in mix
and match sets, all with a soft touch of quality.



Designed and made
in Australia by
H. B. Dickie Ltd.
246 Hyde Street
Yarraville, Vic.

PRETTY
mine
of gold
in trim

MATERNITY FASHIONS continued from page 23

● Sleek, lean, but not clinging, are the eye-catching beach fashions, smart and practical daytime outfits, and the pretty party-going style shown in this selection of new made-in-Sydney maternity wear.

STRIPED pique swimsuit (right centre) has flirty fishes appliqued on hem. Floral-on-white silk-look suit (left) is ruched at back. White texture-cotton beach jacket tops a floral cotton style. All the swim-suits have built-in bra and foundation.



PRETTY sheath style for after-five looks feminine and envelops the figure gently. The dress, of gold-brocade-like fabric (also in pink, lime), is trimmed with self-bows on the shoulders.



SMART AND VERSATILE styles (right) dress up or go to town. Double-breasted navy linen-type fabric with a button trim has low pockets on the sides. The pale design alongside features saddle pockets with a trim of tiny self-bows.

485 lucky people like you are going to win a prize in the

€22,000

BRYLCREEM SPORTS BONANZA



10 FABULOUS 1st PRIZES

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Caribbean V14 RUNABOUT

POWERED BY 50 HP **MERCURY** OUTBOARD MOTOR

ON A FULLY TILTING TRAILER LOADED

WITH FAMOUS **SPALDING** SPORTING GOODS



Every first prize includes famous Spalding Sports Kits—Golf Kits, Racquet Kits, Batinton de Luxe Sets.

475 PRIZES OF FAMOUS

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FAMILY SPORTS KITS

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2nd PRIZES

of Spalding Golf Kits—J.Hébert Woods and Irons, Executive Bag & Buggy, Spalding Golf Improver, 1 doz. Spalding Golf Balls and Batinton de Luxe Set



50

3rd PRIZES

of Spalding Racquet Kits—Gonzales Tennis Racquets, Executive Squash Racquets, 1 doz. Spalding Tennis Balls, Practice Set & Batinton de Luxe Set.



PLUS 400

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF SPALDING BATINTON SETS
The family game 'created to be played anywhere, anytime, on any surface.'



It's easy; just follow these simple rules:

1. This contest is open to all residents of Australia. If a minor, the entrant must have parent's or guardian's consent to comply with these contest conditions.
2. No one person may submit more than one entry in the one envelope. All entries may be on an official entry form, or on a like entry form compiled by the entrant.
3. Contest closes with the last mail postmarked before midnight November 15. All entries to be forwarded to Brylcreem Sports Bonanza, Box 97, Prahran, Victoria. No responsibility will be accepted for late or undelivered entries.
4. Prizes for this contest will be ten first prizes, twenty-five second prizes, fifty third prizes and four hundred fourth prizes. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one family. Prizes will be awarded on a regional basis.
5. Initial judging will be based on the accuracy shown in completing any missing detail on the Brylcreem label in the accompanying sketch. Further elimination will be judged on the skill, style, originality and neatness shown in creating an advertising slogan for Brylcreem in not more than 10 words.
6. Judges will be a panel of three professional advertising experts and two persons representing the general public. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of Beecham Australia.
7. Entries will not be accepted from employees for their families of Beecham Australia, International Plastics, A. G. Spalding or their advertising agents.
8. All prize winners will be notified by telegram. Names of all prize winners will be published in one daily newspaper in each capital city on Saturday, November 30.
9. This contest is not intended to create any legal relationship between Beecham Australia, International Plastics or A. G. Spalding and any entrant to the contest. Enter the Brylcreem Family Sports Bonanza today. Entries close November 15.

Enter the
Brylcreem
Family Sports
Bonanza today.
Entries close
Nov. 15th

£22,000 BRYLCREEM SPORTS BONANZA

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Complete the coupon by adding missing detail on the label and writing an advertising slogan for Brylcreem in not more than 10 words.
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I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

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THE PERFECT
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Dress Sense

By Betty Keep

● Patio pyjamas in gay prints are a new and attractive fashion for "at home" entertaining.



THE fashion item above answers the reader's query below. Here is part of the letter, with my reply.

"I need a pattern for a smart unusual style to wear for informal entertaining in the home. I had an ankle-length shift last summer but I feel I want something a little newer. I am very keen on overseas designs and I notice you feature patterns for them in *The Australian Women's Weekly*."

Among the newest fashions for informal home entertaining are pyjamas made with wide-legged pants and a matching top. Pyjamas in this category look best made in a gaily printed silk or cotton. The pyjamas at left can be made from one of our Vogue couturier patterns — they are by Italian designer Pucci. Lines under the picture give further details and tell how to order the pattern.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a sleeveless shift with a low, square neckline? I have not done much sewing, so will need something simple to make."

Our pattern department includes a design for a quick and easy-to-make shift. Actually, the pattern has only four main pieces. The design includes all the fashion details in your letter. If you decide to order, please quote Butterick pattern 3136. The price, 6/6, includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you assist me in the choice of a design for a black silk cocktail dress? As I like feminine clothes, would it be possible to have a black lace trim? I am 5ft. 6in. tall and weigh 9st."

I suggest a slenderline dress with a slightly lifted waistline finished with a narrow, self-material sash, bow-tied in front.

Have the bodice made with wrist-length sleeves and a low-cut V-neckline, the latter outlined with a ruffle of fine black lace. Repeat the ruffle at the wrist and again at the hemline.

"Would it be correct to be married in a silk suit and veil? If so, please suggest a style. The wedding is informal. I would also like suggestions for the material and accessories."

A suit made in a pretty color is a perfect fashion for an informal wedding. However, I do think a small flower hat would be more appropriate than the veil you suggest.

For the suit material I like the idea of silk faille. Choose a pastel color that is flattering to your hair and eyes.

Have the hat and shoes in the same color as the suit, and gloves and bag in pale beige.

1348—PATIO PYJAMAS in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1348 Vogue couturier design by Pucci. Price 12/- includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE
'65
LOOK

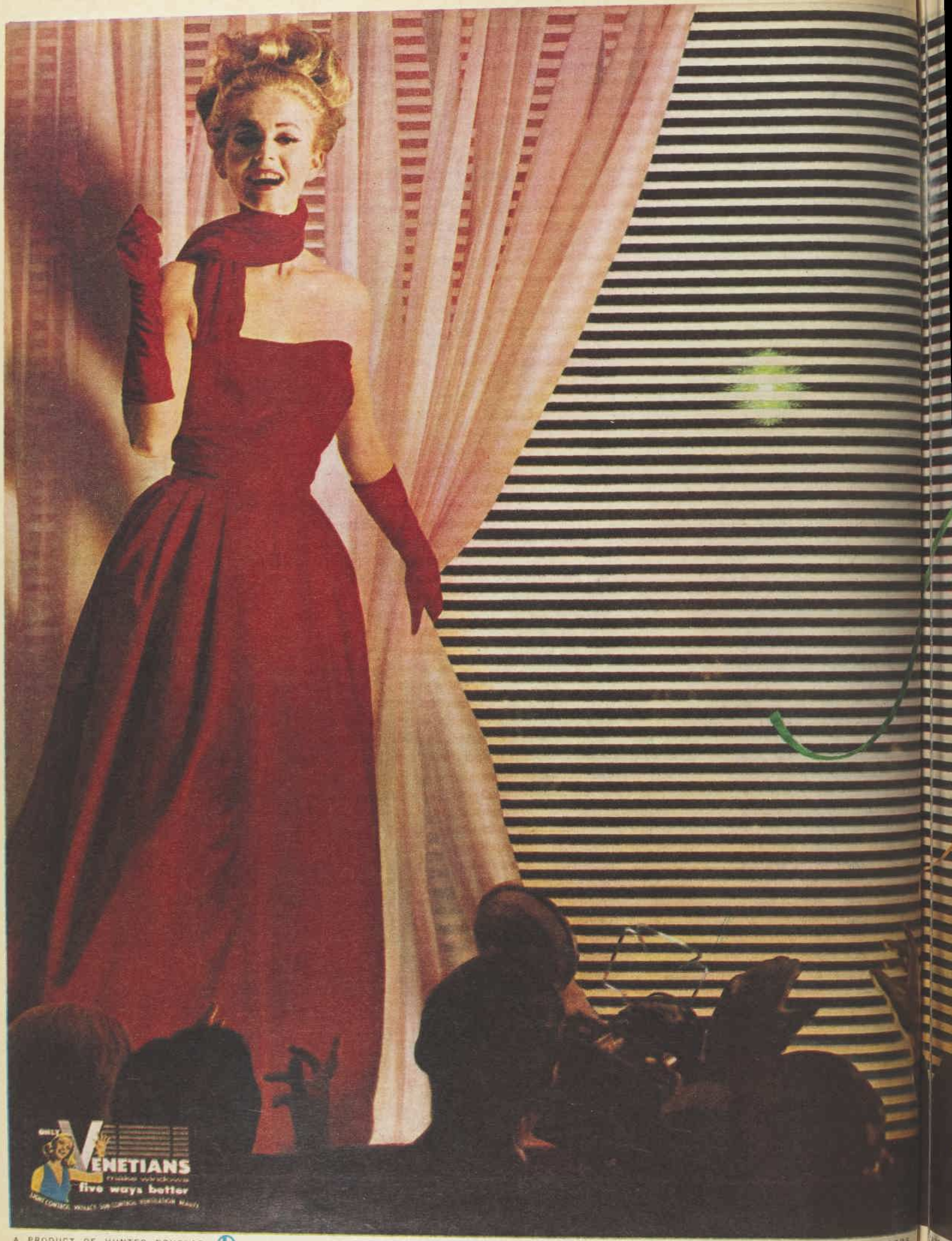


Cool stripes mean all play and no work

THE
'65
LOOK

Lady Pelaco's new stripe-happy shirts are tailored in cracker-crisp cottons that come up smiling, wash after wash! Three styles, dozens of sunny stripes and colours, from 29/11.

Lady Pelaco



A PRODUCT OF HUNTER DOUGLAS. LUXAFLEX FOR THE FINEST IN ALUMINIUM PRODUCTS. RIGID AND ROLL-UP AWNINGS, INSECT SCREENS AND DOORS.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY November 4, 1964



viva finessa!

A completely new, excitingly different venetian with a most elegant fine-line look of lightness and beauty!

No beautiful star was ever launched with such a tremendous future! "Finessa" is our pride and joy—the first really new venetian in twenty-five years. With slats one-third slimmer than standard width and their graceful line matched by new Luxaflex Slenda-tape (just an inch wide) "Finessa" is slim and lovely . . . a startlingly different venetian with a fine-line look that's all elegance and beauty.

"Finessa" is even more lovely in its Luxaflex New Look for '65: whisper-soft, lustrous satin finish on the inside in a choice of soft, muted pastels to harmonise perfectly with interior decor.

Remember: "Finessa" is a venetian by Luxaflex—and no other window treatment can give you the magic of Luxaflex privacy, light, sun, glare and ventilation control.

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The most exciting window treatment in twenty-five years!



This you must see! Ring your favourite retailer or check your 'phone directory for your Luxaflex Home Consultant.

DRAPERY TRACK AND FITTINGS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964

LXV14.DPSC
Page 29



frenzy



A brilliant new perfume—warm, exciting, feminine.
Like you—a blend of a thousand rare and
wonderful things. Frenzy,
created by Goya to be part of you.

by

Goya





KIM SETS OUT with its mistress, Miss Glenys Mathie.



THEY LEAVE the car at the shopping centre . . .

THE CAT THAT GOES SHOPPING

Story and pictures by
ANNE SCOLLAN

● A glamorous Persian cat recently blazed a trail of glory through a Sydney suburban department store—simply by walking through it, on a lead, beside its owner.

Shoppers and salespeople stopped and gasped, cooed, goggled, oohed and aahed, and rushed to pet it.

The cat enjoyed its royal progress and wasn't a whisker overawed. Its expectant stare (and occasional yawn) seemed to say, "This happens every time I go out."

THE cat's name is Craigholme Nanky Poo—Kim for short—and its owner has taught it to behave like a well-trained dog.

Kim will walk along busy streets and cross amid traffic on its lead, answer commands of "Sit!", "Stay!", and "Stop!", and come running (or walking, if it's in that mood) to a special whistle.

Yet its owner, Glenys Mathie, a 27-year-old ledger-machine operator, believes that Kim's response is nothing out of the ordinary.

"You can train cats," she says. "I've proved it."

Kim is also a great traveller, having logged hundreds of miles in aeroplanes, trains, and cars. But it's a natural sticky-beak, and is happy travelling only if it can see out of windows.

An irresistible bundle of glamor, Kim has long, thick, smoke grey fur and topaz eyes that flirt and smoulder. It's three years old, and as Glenys has had the cat since it was eight weeks old she is used to being stopped constantly on the street by people offering it admiration.

But one question really makes her mad, and it's a common one: "What kind of dog is that?"

Early training

Talking of dogs, if Kim spots one when it's on the lead it demands to be carried on Glenys' shoulders, where it hangs around her neck like a fox fur that blinks. This confuses the enemy, and strife so far has been averted.

Glenys believes that cats need not be a rarity in the public eye.

"It's just a matter of training," she says. "I've trained Kim since he was eight weeks, at first in the garden, then gradually out on to busy streets."

"I think the secret of training a cat is to get his trust. Once he knows that you won't



AND ARE SHOWN furnishing fabrics by Mr. E. Massey, assistant departmental manager at a Sydney store.

let anything hurt him, he'll go anywhere you go, and enjoy it.

"You can't train a cat by hitting him when he does wrong. This frightens him, and he doesn't understand it the way dogs do. You just have to keep showing him what you want done."

"I use a light dog's lead, a choke lead reversed, so that the pull comes on the back of the neck."

I met Kim at the Willoughby home of Glenys' parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mathie. When I tried to converse with it I was set upon by its other owner, a minute Pomeranian bitch, called Viki. The dog shrieked and bit my ankles every time I tried to approach Kim, while Kim lolled on the table watching.

Before the Mathie family got Kim, Viki was in danger of becoming neurotic, because its own mother, Del, had adopted a white Persian cat—and Viki felt it had nobody. So it was decided to let Viki choose its own kitten.

Glenys told me, "If she didn't like a kitten she would have tried to kill it. But when we let her see Kim she adored him. They play and sleep together. It worked out well."

The Mathies have five pets: the two Pomeranians; Kim; its sister Craigholme Baby Doll, an exotic white Persian, known as Pieface ("When we got her she looked just

like a little meringue pie," explains Mrs. Mathie); and a color-point, long-haired Siamese cat that kept peering around doorways at me.

"When you have so many animals in the house they have to be well-behaved," Mrs. Mathie says.

All the animals travel in the family's cars, and are accustomed to leads.

Hotels' welcome

"We wanted the cats used to leads so they could go away camping with us," said Glenys. "Then you don't have to board them, and you know they're all right. They can be treated like the dogs."

"But I prefer to travel with a cat rather than with a dog. Even people who don't like cats seem to take to Kim, and he's always been welcome at hotels or motels, where a dog wouldn't be allowed in."

"I travel a lot in my job, and I find that landladies who wouldn't dream of letting dogs into their places are thrilled to have Kim."

Glenys works for the Commercial Bank of Sydney, and has been transferred to branches at Tamworth and Canberra since she got Kim. She says she takes the cat wherever she goes, because it's good company. (Viki pines for its cat, and reunions are wild.)

After a dozen or so plane flights home to

Sydney and back to work, Glen decided to buy a car. She chose a miniature sedan—blue, which suits Kim beautifully—with a shelf under the back window where it can ride stretched out and still see the passing world. Sometimes it drapes itself over the front seat.

"I don't like him to walk around while I'm driving, so he sits and looks, or sleeps," she says.

The cat drives to work with Glenys, and stays happily in the car during the day, with a walk at lunchtime.

"You could say he's really guarding the car, because he's inclined to be savage with strangers if I'm not around," says Glenys.

Basket rejected

Kim is well-pedigreed, and as a de-sexed male is unbeaten on the show bench. Its laurels include first prizes from the Sydney Royal Easter Show.

When it travelled to cat shows by train it liked to lie peacefully along the back of Glenys' seat. But it embarrassed her by yowling in tunnels.

It began its career as a plane passenger in a basket which was firmly closed and strapped around twice. Somehow it learned to open this as soon as it was left alone in the plane.

The first time Kim got out before the plane had taken off, and found itself firmly put back.

It decided to wait until take-off.

Then, when it strolled down the aisle to Glenys, all the humans were strapped into their seats, and nobody put it back. By the time the plane was airborne it had talked itself into the passengers' cabin for the trip.

The cat became so familiar with airways routine that when it was allowed to move about after making the bus trip (in a basket) to the terminal it would make its way to the luggage counter and wait for Glenys' cases.

As befits an aristocrat, Kim has a couple of eccentricities: it spits at people it knows when they're wearing dark-colored clothes, and it adores eating lamingtons.

Its regular diet is simply raw meat or rabbit straight from the butcher's shop, with an occasional cup of tea. It takes a little milk in it, but no sugar.

Kim's vet recommended this to ward off winter chills, and Glenys says the cat stays well in spite of Canberra's cold weather, and its trips in and out of air-conditioned stores.

"He doesn't get anything special to eat," says his dark-haired owner briskly. "I don't believe in pampering cats."



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THE GIRL WHO COLLECTED TEAPOTS

BY SUSAN SHEA

CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON said to his reflection in the bathroom mirror, "Let's face it, a life without romance is an egg without salt; a salad without garlic; a summer without sunshine . . ."

Oh, he was not without girlfriends. As a junior partner in a large legal firm, he met dozens. But yet . . . Nothing ever seemed to click. No response, no "rapport" no "rapprochement," no ri-fi-fi, no rin-tin-tin . . . A deep sigh escaped him. Was he getting hypercritical?

His mind wandered over the girls he knew. It was not their looks. Gracious no! He had escorted every combination of hair and eyes, from pink-with-hazel to blue-with-blue. It was not their personalities. He knew shy girls, seductive girls; noisy and taciturn girls.

Yet one thing they all seemed to have in common — a preoccupation with the effect they were having on him. Oh, for a girl whose mind was on something else — anything — than in her own powers of attracting men . . .

You should be delighted that ladies are made this way, he told himself. Resolutely he dried his face. The bell of his flat pealed.

Outside stood a girl. Nothing exceptional — brown — with — brown. Christopher thought two things: either she's doing a Gallup poll on washing powders or — she has come to the wrong address.

"Please," said the girl, "I should like to buy your teapot."

For a suave young lawyer, Christopher found himself singularly short of words. The girl's breathless little voice was racing on: ". . . quite a fascinating hobby, and I've always coveted yours, which I think must be a Grainger Worcester . . ."

"Coveted my what?"

"Teapot. I haven't anything of that period in my collection, and—"

"Collection of what?"

"Teapots, and it's terribly interesting that, though I have several older ones, I . . ."

Christopher suddenly remembered his manners. "Look," he said, "please come in."

In two seconds she was ensconced on his grey settee, still talking teapots. Christopher tried to remember his legal training. "Now, just a moment. You mean, you collect teapots?"

She nodded briefly.

"And you want to buy mine?"

"Mm-mm."

"Now what makes you so sure I even own a teapot?"

"Well, I live just above you. Have done for a year. And several times, when I have been on my way upstairs, your door has been open and the tea things on the table. I couldn't help but notice that magnificent specimen of—"

Christopher went briskly to the sideboard and brought out an old, rather large pot. He assessed it silently for some moments. "You mean this is valuable?"

"I-I think so," tenderly the girl took the pot in her hands.

Christopher could find no beauty at all in his grandma's teapot. It looked to him as it always had, a not particularly pleasing shape, in fact, perhaps, a rather clumsy object. But the girl, in her quaint preoccupation, seemed to him lovelier every second.

"Please—" It became imperative that he should keep her longer. "I have an idea. I'll make some tea, and you can find out if the p-pot has functional v-value as well as beauty."

The girl smiled abstractedly. "Why not?"

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Madeleine held the teapot in her hands as she spoke to Christopher.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

*It was a gift which should bring joy
to a lonely girl . . . a short story*

To Mary with love...

By Lawrence Williams

THERE is a persistent belief in the land that there is not a single woman who, at some time in her life, has not dearly wished to be given one of those heart-shaped, red-satin candy boxes on St. Valentine's Day. The box is the important thing — not the candy.

The candy is soon gone, but the box is kept for ever — a repository on her dressing-table for earrings or bobby-pins, and perhaps at last a place for old love letters kept in the attic.

The reason, of course, is obvious. It doesn't take a parlor psychiatrist, or even a candy manufacturer, to point out that such a candy box represents the heart of someone who once really cared. Naturally, the trick is to find someone with an available heart. That isn't always easy. And it certainly wasn't for Mary, once she moved to New York.

New York wasn't turning out very much the way Mary had imagined it. Back in Ohio she had read two novels, several short stories, and seen a movie — all of which said a girl from Ohio, or wherever, was supposed to come to New York, get a job as private secretary to a brilliant, brooding, dashing young executive in something like advertising — who would treat her like dirt for the first three weeks.

According to the printed page and the silver screen, she and two other appealing young career girls would take an appealing apartment together. No sooner would they paint the living-room an appealing chartreuse than the joint would be over-run with eligible young bachelors.

Time fled for this girl in chic restaurants, at fashionable cocktail parties, at Broadway openings — she didn't seem to work very much — until one day the brooding, dashing executive looked up from his desk and saw his secretary as the girl . . . Oh, well — you probably saw the movie . . .

Mary Bryant's life in New York City wasn't like that at all. She had found herself a job, true; and she was secretary to an executive, true. The job was in a vast insurance office, where there were approximately three million other secretaries, and her executive not only wasn't young, brooding, dashing, her boss wasn't even a man.

Instead Mary worked for an angular woman with bright-blue hair named Miss Holmes, who wore a hat at her desk and called all females "gals."

And Mary had an apartment, as in the books and the movie. She even painted the living-room chartreuse one rainy weekend. But, since the few other girls she had met and liked at the office lived either with their husbands or their mothers, Mary lived in her three rooms alone.

And, unlike the books and the movie, ingratiating young bachelors did not nightly batter down her front door. In a word, Mary was lonely. New York was cold, heartless, and an all-round bomb — until she saw the television commercial.

One Sunday afternoon Mary sat bleakly in front of her TV set watching a movie that starred Warner Baxter, when the first commercial appeared. "Now York can be a lonely place for a girl alone," said the warm and genial voice. "It's tough to leave your friendly home town, your loved ones, and find a place for yourself in the teeming jungle of the big city. Well, we here at Third National Bank sympathise with such a girl, and we like to think we've got an answer for her." Mary sat up very straight and listened intently.

To page 80

Mary paused in her walk to look
at the gay display in the window.





DO YOU REMEMBER Yucatan?

Sometimes a dream surpasses reality
... a romantic short short story

By ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

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CONTENTS: 24 ROLLS



THE Drapers' front hall was slippery with rice and the stairs dappled with rose petals. A forgotten handbag hung from the doorknob of the coat cupboard, an empty champagne glass stood on the newel post, and on the table beneath the mirror was a batch of still unopened telegrams from distant well-wishers.

Julian and Frances Draper noticed none of this. As the last car disappeared down the driveway they turned away from the front door and walked through the dining-room toward the garden.

Julian's heavy torso sagged with fatigue, but Frances seemed tireless. Small and erect in beige lace, she moved lightly across the parquet floor, hardly glancing at the dishes of half-eaten cake on the buffet or the overflowing ash-trays along the window-sills. Even when they reached the terrace and sat down for the first time in hours, her shoulders never touched the back of the caterer's folding chair.

"I didn't cry," she said.
"Why should you, Fran? They love each other, and Tom's a fine boy."

As if she hadn't heard, she went on. "Not once, not when Ginny and Tom were exchanging their vows or when the organ began the recessional. I didn't even cry when they were leaving for their honeymoon and I knew it was all over."

Julian patted her arm. "What you need," he said, "is a glass of champagne."

Frances shook her head. "I don't really want anything, Julian. I'd just like to sit here with you and look at the garden. Ginny and I planted that white phlox three years ago, and over there are the delphiniums she raised from seed."

"I stood right in front of them this afternoon, shaking hands and trusting I could make the right and gracious answers, but all I could think was, 'My daughter is here by my side for the last time.'"

"Don't make it sound so permanent. She'll be back in a month."

"Oh, I know. But it won't be the same. She'll be a young suburban matron with her own little house and garden... I think I will cry, but first I'm going upstairs to take off this new space-age girdle. Crying's no help unless you can do it in comfort."

Frances started to rise, but Julian said, "Wait a few minutes. We're expecting a caller."

"Oh, Julian! Not tonight." "He won't stay long. Fran, do you remember Yucatan, and the Maya temples rising out of the jungle?"

"Yucatan," she repeated. Her shoulders relaxed against the curve of the chair. "Thirty years ago. We weren't even married — it's hard to imagine. But of course I remember. You wore corduroy trousers and a crew-cut, and I never went anywhere without my copy of Mencken. We were bright and free, we had the whole world ahead of us, we knew just what we wanted..."

It might have been the magic sound of the words themselves, or simply youthful restlessness, but what Fran and Julian wanted most of all that last winter in college was to see the temples of Yucatan. Julian thought of working his way on a cargo ship, and Frances was saving up to go on an archaeological expedition.

Wherever they walked, whatever they discussed, the ruins of Chichen Itza glowed like a flame on the horizon, and they saw the white stones of Uxmal and Mayapan far more clearly than the dull red bricks of the campus dormitories.

Oh, he realised that some day he'd take over his father's real-estate agency, and she supposed that sooner or later marriage was inevitable, but wasn't the present just as urgent as the future?

But by springtime they had fallen in love and were sure they wanted to spend the rest of their lives together. Their June wedding was a perfectly logical step, and although Yucatan had to be postponed, it certainly wasn't abandoned.

Two people travelling together could share expenses, and their savings grew. Passage ran high, even on cargo ships, but in three more years — four at the outside — they would travel by oxcart to Chichen Itza and stand in the Court of the Warriors and marvel at the Palace of the Priest-Emperors.

Dollar by dollar and month by month the dream of seeing the carved face of a serpent-god grinning at them through a tangle of jungle vines came closer. And one evening in April, when the south wind seemed to carry the scent of the tropics all the way from Yucatan itself, they met, breathless and laughing, at the door of their apartment.

"Wait till you hear! I just came from downtown," he began, and she cried, "Oh, Julian, I was up-town . . ."

"At the shipping company office—"

"At the doctor's—"

"And we can sail next month!"

"And we're having a baby in November!"

A smile slowly spread across his whole face, and gathering her into his arms he lifted her high into the air. "We're going to be fathers?"

"One of us, anyway. Julian, you're crushing me."

"Oh, good heavens!" He set her carefully on her feet. "Here, lean on my shoulder. You ought to lie down."

"Julian, I'm all right. I never felt better in my life." As they opened the apartment door she said, "We've got seven whole months to talk about it, so let's not say everything now. What were you going to tell me?"

"Nothing." He shook his head without disturbing the dazed but wildly happy smile.

The towers of Chichen Itza faded after that, but never completely disappeared.

Yucatan was still a talisman, to be invoked in time of stress. But the fantastic white-stone carvings gleamed a little less brightly, and year after year the vast and ruined palaces grew more remote.

Now as they sat in the twilight of the garden, she asked, "Who is this caller, Julian? What does he want?"

"I'll let him tell you." As he spoke the doorbell rang. "Stay here. I'll bring him out."

When he returned he noticed that her back was once again parallel to the back of the folding chair. For a moment he felt an overwhelming urge to lift her in his arms as he had done that long-ago April evening; but all he said was, "Fran, this is Mr. Webster from Atlas Tours."

"And I think I've got just what you folks want," said Mr. Webster. He studied a pocket notebook through rimless bifocals. "Jet to Mexico City. Connecting plane to Merida. Whole trip takes less than twenty-four hours. Taxi or rented car to the motel at Chichen Itza."

"Each room with a view of the temple. Grounds sprayed daily with disinfectant. Dancing at night under the floodlights in the Court of the Warriors. Everybody from doorman to waiters in authentic native dress. How does that strike you?"

It took her a moment to find her voice. "I don't know what to say, except — no oxcart? No temples rising out of a tangle of tropical vines?"

Mr. Webster laughed primly. "Dear me, no, not any more. Filtered swimming-pool, though,

and air — conditioned cocktail lounge."

"It was very kind of you to come," she said. "We'll let you know . . ."

Twilight had deepened to darkness. In a few moments she heard the crunch of tyres on the driveway. Footsteps recrossed the dining room, and when they reached the terrace she said, "Thank you, Julian. Thank you so much."

He sat beside her. "We're free to leave any time."

"That isn't the real point, is it?" She touched his hand lightly. "You saw this let-down coming and you wanted to help. Oh, Julian, it was sweet of you, but—"

"But no?"

"Chichen Itza has been waiting

whenever we needed it. Why take a chance on reality? The food will disagree with us, and the bed won't be our bed. Instead of marvelling at the palace we'll watch the dancers and wonder whether our garden is being properly watered."

"Do you suppose Ginny and Tom have a private Yucatan?" he asked.

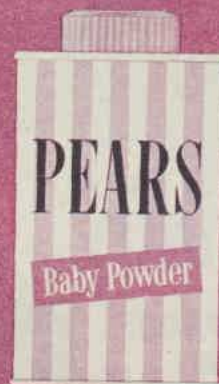
"I'm sure of it," she said. "Maybe they want to climb the pyramids or see the Taj Mahal—some place shining and far away."

"Will they ever get there?" "Of course they will. Didn't we?" She turned toward the house, saying, "I hope — it's the best I can wish them — that their trip is as happy as ours."

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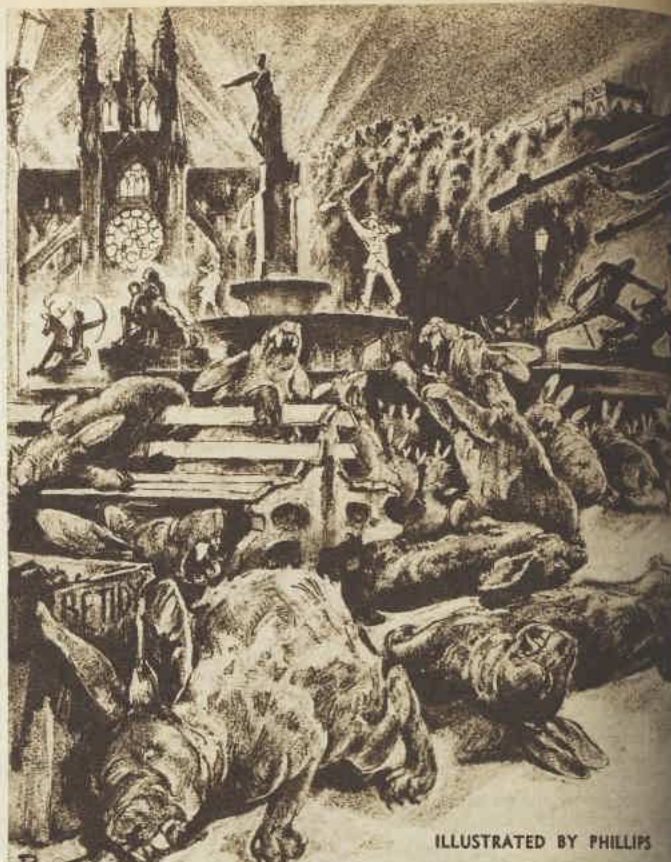


AVAILABLE FROM ALL LEADING JEWELLERS

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

Concluding instalment of
our science fiction satire

By **RUSSELL
BRADDON**



ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

On the lawns of Hyde Park, where the thirsty rabbits had gathered, they died in hundreds.

AUSTRALIA has become the most powerful nation in the world as her P.M., KEVIN FITZGERALD, in the year 1997 has forced every nation to disarm or be destroyed by Australia's Supermyx, a virus which can annihilate armies or nations in a few hours. The virus has been discovered by two scientists, PROFESSOR WELCH and LES DORFMANN, in their efforts to wipe out the rabbit plague on "Bludgerton," owned by SIR ALFRED HILL, who died when bitten by a rabbit infected with the virus.

The disarmament has resulted in a world depression and the P.M. instructs the armaments race to begin again, but every tank, gun, plane, etc., is to be driven into the sea. The peaceful world does not satisfy the nations and they clamor for men to give their countries prestige. The astute P.M. agrees they may fight, but Australia's desert will be the battlefield and each must take their turn to fight their enemies. This brings more power and money to Australia, and the other nations search for an anti-

dote to Supermyx. However, Welch has been banished to Falkland Islands and Dorfmann has disappeared with KATHERINE MILLER, a psychiatrist.

SIR ALAN JACKS, Minister for War and Defence, goes to "Bludgerton" to look for them, but returns with horrifying photos of huge rabbits. The P.M. orders Jacks to bomb out "Bludgerton" and considers the operation successful until a rabbit, the size of an albatross, is seen elsewhere. Again the Army is ordered to "Bludgerton," where another enormous rabbit with bloodstained paws is seen. Sir Alan leaves searchlights blazing on what he thinks are the rabbits' openings to the burrows, but the animals escape from back exits and leave "Bludgerton" after killing two sentries. The next day the P.M. learns the Falkland Islands have been blown up and on the McNab property, next to "Bludgerton," 30,000 sheep have been eaten in the night. NOW READ ON.

FITZGERALD ordered his Field-Marshal, "Fly to McNab's place and call me from there," as soon as that luckless soldier contacted him.

At noon, Jacks reported by telephone. "I think I'd better fly down and give you my appreciation of this McNab business in person," he suggested.

"Give it to me from where you are," he was told coldly.

Jacks' hand on the receiver trembled as he obeyed. "Well, in my opinion it's not dingoes that did it."

"Then at last your opinion meets that of everyone else. So what did do it?"

"I suppose, sir, it was... well, I suppose it was those things from 'Bludgerton.'"

"But you told me those things from 'Bludgerton' had all been destroyed."

"Perhaps a few slipped out."

"And devoured thirty thousand sheep between them? Well, are there any signs of these 'few' where you are now?"

"No, sir."

"Is there anywhere where they could be hiding?"

"A couple of deep gullies and some bush, sir."

"How far are you from 'Bludgerton'?"

"A hundred and eighty miles, sir."

"All right, Jacks. Return to Canberra at once and report to me at 5 p.m."

Straight away Fitzgerald sent a signal to General Sir Gary Hill, recalling him for a meeting at noon; then spent the intervening hours making notes and telephoning the Chief Research Officer of the C.S.I.R. and various animal experts at Sydney's zoo, so that, by the time Sir Gary Hill was shown into his office, he at least knew what he wanted done.

"I'm sacking Jacks tonight," he announced. "You'll take over all his portfolios."

"And Jacks?"

"Will be certified."

"Sir..." Hill began to protest.

"Don't argue," the Prime Minister interrupted. "We don't have a House of Lords we can send him to like the Brits would. We can't make him a Presidential nominee like the Yanks would. We're too democratic to impeach him like the French or the Russians would. And certainly we can't let him just roam around as if he'd done a good job. So we'll have to certify him."

"Yes, sir, of course," Hill agreed.

"But that's not the most important thing. Tell me—do you know the McNabs' place?"

"Sure, they're neighbors of ours. Or were."

"Did you know that the rabbits from 'Bludgerton' were now on their property?"

"I certainly did not."

"I thought you didn't. Jacks did. The point is, that's where they are. Obviously they left 'Bludgerton' before Jacks began his gas attack. Instead of killing all of 'em, he killed none. Typical military efficiency, if you don't mind me saying so. Anyway, they've travelled a hundred and eighty miles in two nights to get to the shelter of McNab's gullies and scrubland..."

"How come no one saw them on the move?"

"Because they're nocturnal. And they're obviously in hiding there now, so I want you to mount a full-scale attack on them as soon as possible."

"What about the McNab people?"

"I've given them till midnight to be clear of the area. We'll fix compensation later."

"Then I can attack at midnight?"

"Not can, must. And, in the meantime, I want you to make a personal appeal on the radio and television to young Leslie Dorfmann."

"Do it this afternoon and have it repeated hourly. Tell

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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

Patient-watching

First days in Manila with a broken ankle

● An Australian writes of her unexpectedly gay stay in a Manila hospital where she was pampered and petted — but pitied, too, because her husband didn't move into hospital to watch over her.

"WHERE is your watcher?" asked the Filipino wardsmen bringing a large tray of food to my bedside shortly after I was admitted to a private hospital in Manila recently.

"My what?" I asked, puzzled. The oddly accented English spoken by many Filipinos is not always easy to understand at first. In addition, having been taken on arrival from Australia direct from ship to hospital, I knew nothing of Filipino customs.

(I fractured my ankle one evening on board ship — four days out of Manila — when a bunch of us were trying to do the Philippine dance the Tinikling. The ship rolled... and over I went. George, my husband, says no more tinikling.)

"Your watcher. Your companion," the wardsmen repeated, pointing to a narrow bed about a foot off the ground just to the left of mine.

Suddenly, I understood. Filipino friends who had arranged for my hospitalisation had told George he could stay with me in my room at the hospital.

"Book out of your hotel," they said. "You will save a lot of money."

We thought they were joking.

However, for the ten days I was in the Marian General Hospital on United Nations Avenue with my right leg in plaster from toes to just under the knee, I was repeatedly asked the same question — "Where is your watcher?"

Sympathy

When I explained that it was not the custom in Australia and that my husband was staying in a nearby hotel, I came in for pitying glances and extra-special attention.

George had to take a lot of good-natured teasing from bright-eyed young Filipino nurses who accused him of going to too many parties in Manila instead of doing his job — watching me.

When he sometimes stretched out on the companion's bed during steamy afternoons, everyone was delighted.

"But he's no help," I said to the laughing nurses. "He



ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON Dr. Rodolfo Gonzales and a nurse discuss an X-ray with Noni Farwell at the Marian General Hospital, Manila. Dr. Gonzales is wearing a barong tagalog—shirt made of pineapple fibre. It is standard men's gear in Manila.

goes to sleep and I have to watch him."

The little maid who came in daily to clean my room and bathroom simply refused to believe I was on my own.

Each morning she meticulously knocked on the closed bathroom door before going in to clean it. And every few days she brought clean linen for the adjoining bed that no one slept in.

My bed linen was changed daily, and every morning I was given, at no extra cost, a clean hospital robe — an attractive blue- and -white-striped gown that did up at the back in a series of bows.

"Aren't you lonely?" asked nurses, attendants, and Filipino visitors. "You mean that in Australian hospitals they won't allow a member of your family to stay with you? What a terrible custom!"

"We would die of loneliness if someone couldn't be with us all the time when we are ill."

"The family is a very closely knit unit here in the Philippines," explained Mrs. Araceli Adriano, one of the student-nurse instructors.

"We would feel insecure without any relatives around us."

"Mind you, the companion is there for moral support only. They have nothing to do with the care of the patient. That is the job of the hospital staff."

Moral support

"We find this moral support specially valuable in the case of child patients. Children need the constant presence and love of parents when they are sick. Psychologically, this Filipino custom of having a companion with you is of great benefit to young patients."

Mrs. Adriano, a strikingly attractive woman with true Filipino warmth, added that pregnant women also found it comforting to have their husbands with them in hospital.

"If their husbands are around, they are more at peace," she said.

"Yes, we also allow husbands in the labor ward if they want to be there, if their wives want them, and if the doctor permits it."

Mrs. Adriano, who called to see me whenever she had time, laughed one day when I showed astonishment at some of the Filipino hospital customs.

A Filipino friend had told me during one visit that it was not unusual for wealthy patients, when not seriously ill, to hold mah-jongh parties in their rooms.

Mah-jongh has a great vogue in the Philippines today.

"Do you mean you don't object if patients hold parties?" I asked the youthful-looking instructor.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Adriano. "If they are paying for their rooms, they are entitled to do whatever they want, provided it is not injurious to their health and they don't disturb other patients."

Looking around my room with its soft, pale green walls, comfortable settee and chairs for visitors, I couldn't think of anything nicer than holding a party to take my mind off my bad luck in spending my first days in the Philippines in hospital.

in a Philippines hospital

By NONI FARWELL,

who with her husband, writer George Farwell, is spending some months travelling in the Philippine Islands.

Certainly, I needed all those chairs and the watcher's bed, as well, to seat the many Filipino visitors I had.

Members of the Bayanihan Dance Company, who toured Australia this year and whom I had met in Adelaide during the Festival of Arts, all came to see me in hospital and they sent me an enormous bouquet of flowers beautifully arranged in an earthenware pot.

"Poor Noni," they said, if they happened to call when my husband was not there. "All on your own. How terrible it must be for you without your family. Never mind, we'll all come and keep you company."

They called at all hours of the day and night. Sometimes they came when my orthopaedic surgeon, Dr. Rodolfo Gonzales, was visiting me.

This charming doctor always arrived in the evening wearing a barong tagalog. This loose, transparent shirt, heavily embroidered and with long sleeves, is made of local fibre and is always worn outside the trousers.

It makes a nice change from starched hospital whites.

Dr. Gonzales was always delighted to see I had company, shook hands with the young dancers and said he would have to go to Australia, too, as the Bayanihan Company seemed to like it so much.

If he had time, he would sit down and tell us stories.

My favorite was about an American woman tourist, who gave as one of her reasons for coming to the Philippines the fact that she had always wanted to pat a carabao (water buffalo).

"Well," said the genial surgeon. "She got her wish, but as she was patting the carabao, it flicked its tail and knocked her off balance. She fractured her collarbone and became one of my best patients."

"The moral of the story is — when you come to the Philippines, don't pat a carabao."

Rich food

The parents of some of the Bayanihan dancers invited my husband to parties and sent him back with huge platters of exotic foods for me.

After their families, food

is probably the most important thing in the life of the friendly, warm-hearted Filipinos.

I was amazed at the amount of food the hospital expected me to eat.

A typical luncheon and dinner tray consisted of about six to eight bowls filled with soup, fish or shellfish, chicken, pork or steak, vegetables, rice, tropical fruit salad, bread and butter (that was for my European tastes), and fresh fruit.

A few hours before I was due to go down to the operating theatre, the orderly brought an enormous lunch tray.

"But I'm not allowed anything," I protested.

"Oh, that is not for you," said the wardman. "That's for your watcher. When the patient is not allowed food, the companion can have the tray."

Later I discovered that for a nominal price, companions could also order food from the hospital kitchen.

Luxury (and fun) at £2'10/- a day

On occasions my husband had to help me out with the food so that I wouldn't offend the kitchen staff by sending the tray back unfinished.

When I didn't eat all my food the first two days I was in hospital, the head nutritionist made a special trip to the fourth floor to see me.

"You are not eating much," she said. "Don't you like Filipino food? We can prepare whatever you would like."

"I love it," I replied, "but I am not used to eating so much, especially at midday. Could I for lunch, for instance, just have a piece of chicken and salad and coffee?"

For lunch the next day, the kitchen sent up a whole grilled chicken, a bowl of potato salad, a macaroni mayonnaise, a bowl of fruit salad called "Millionaire's salad," and a huge slice of papaw.

Millionaire's salad consists of diced apple, mango, pineapple, banana, strips of candied coconut, and cream, and is topped with a glace cherry.

One afternoon a nurse



TRIM FILIPINO NURSES with their patient, Noni Farwell. She was given much sympathy because she didn't have a relation or friend to sit in devoted attendance with her by day and sleep at night in the bed provided alongside hers.

came in and asked what I would like for dinner.

"Just a little," I said. "Some fish, or crab, or pork, or chicken." (All of these are comparatively cheap in the Philippines. Tenderloin steak, which the kitchen kept asking did I want because American patients liked it, is very expensive.)

Somehow, my message to the kitchen must have got muddled.

For dinner that night I was given a bowl of chicken soup, an enormous prawn

to come in, they only want to look at you."

Between the two of us, my husband and I practically set up an Australian information bureau at the Marian Hospital.

He became friendly with other "watchers" while waiting in the corridors for patients to be washed and treated.

"We watchers have been swapping symptoms," George would say, telling me of one nice young Filipino boy who was staying

"Cultural subjects," they explained.

At the end of training and after passing a board examination, most of them want to go on to America to work in hospitals there for a two-year period.

The student nurses, who very efficiently looked after me, were all in their second year and worked about 40 hours a week.

They came from all over the Philippines and had wonderful names like Remedios, Emiliana, Vilma, Nilda, and Expectacion.

Executive suite (a la American).

I saw only the Filipino, which has bamboo furniture, Filipino oil landscapes and ornaments. The suites have refrigerators, TV, etc.

The extra trays for companions are 1 peso for ward, 1.20 for cubicle (semi-private), 2 pesos for private, and 2.50 for suite.

Although no extra beds are provided in wards, visitors can come and go freely all day.

Strangely enough, in spite of easy visiting hours, companions, etc., the hospitals aren't a madhouse. The system seems to work extremely well.

I don't know if Australian hospitals do it, but the nurses also shampooed my hair for me whenever I wanted it.

Mrs. Adriano told me when she called to say goodbye that I should have told her I was leaving. She would have got one of the nurses to set my hair!

Before leaving, I was also given a questionnaire to fill in asking me to name my favorite nurse, resident doctor, attendant, etc.

I got out of this tricky one by simply writing across the front of the form, "All of them."

When I was admitted to Marian Hospital I was also given a brochure listing hospital facilities.

"This brochure," it stated, "has been prepared as a pledge of our intention and zeal in rendering to you the best of service to meet your satisfaction, comfort, and contentment. With this spirit, we wish you a happy and pleasant sojourn at Marian General Hospital."

I thoroughly agreed with one smiling instructor, who said, "In the Philippines, we are trying to put the word hospital back into the word hospitality."

smothered in a grilled cheese and tomato sauce, a bowl of adobo (a Filipino stew made of chicken and pork simmered in subtle spices), finely chopped beans served with prawns, a macaroni salad, a bowl of rice, candied coconut strips, an orange, and a mango.

All Filipino dishes are heavily spiced.

And just in case the hospital wasn't feeding me properly, Filipino friends brought me boxes of biscuits, a bibingka (a delicious rice cake), and fruit.

"You must keep up your strength," they said.

When I was first admitted to the hospital, there was a good deal of excitement among the nurses because I was their first Australian patient.

"We have had Americans and Europeans, but no Australians," they said.

Some of the walking patients, hearing of the strange foreigner, asked the nurses if they could see me.

When they appeared at the doorway, I asked them to come in, but the nurses said, "Oh, they don't want

with his seriously ill sister.

The nurses, who came on duty for eight-hour shifts from 7 a.m., 3 p.m., and 11 p.m., were all highly interested in Australia.

Could I tell them about the kangaroos? And the funny little bears? And what are your nurses like? And how many hospitals have you?

They were amazed when told about the strict visiting hours on most Australian hospitals — "How terrible. That wouldn't do for the Philippines" — and that Australian nurses were paid while doing their training.

In the Philippines, student nurses have to pay the various teaching hospitals for training, for board and lodging, and have to supply their own uniforms — a white linen dress with short sleeves and collar.

White starched cap, American-style white stockings and shoes complete the uniform, and each nurse wears a name badge.

Before they begin their three-year training period, they have to do a one-year course in an arts faculty.

The 3 p.m. shift made quite a performance of coming on duty.

Led by the graduate nurse in charge, they filed into each room and I looked forward to the smiling "Good afternoon. How are you today?"

"Complaints?"

Occasionally I was visited by a hospital clerk who asked, "Any complaints? Are you sure? Do let us know if you need anything?"

If the nurses were amazed at the customs of Australian hospitals, I was just as amazed (and agreeably so) by the bill for my ten-day stay — about £A45.

This included the anaesthetist's bill,* operating-theatre fee, daily injections of an expensive drug, pills, and coffee, fruit juices, etc., for guests.

The hospital charges for private rooms at a flat rate of 20 pesos a day. There are roughly 8.70 pesos to £A1.

Marian hospital also has four suites — a Spanish suite, Filipino, Oriental (this one is Japanese), and an

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The young helpers

IN reply to "Wondering" (Vic.), my two-year-old son clears the table and puts the correct things on the sink and in the refrigerator. He also helps by handing me the pegs as I hang out the clothes, and is also trying (sometimes unsuccessfully) to help me fold up the clothes and put them away. He puts his toys away neatly each evening and seems to loathe untidiness.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Anderson, Bundaberg, Qld.

ALL of my five children when young were eager household helpers. The eldest three were boys, and, strangely enough, it was the first girl who showed no interest in cooking. The eldest boy pestered me so much to show him how to cook that I taught him to scramble eggs and make jelly and junket when he was four. He used to cook scrambled eggs for our lunch on washing days.

£1/1/- to "White Heather" (name supplied), Bradford, Vic.

PEOPLE are continually remarking on the tidiness and helpfulness of my house-proud daughter who is four. However, I am told by mothers of older children that the phase passes, and, around the ages of seven and eight no persuasion will bring them to help around the house.

£1/1/- to "Cunning" (name supplied), Canaga, Qld.

I HAVE a daughter not yet four, the youngest of eight children, and she sets the table, counts out 10 plates, and always hangs up her own clothes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Larkin, Malabar, N.S.W.

WITHOUT any prompting from me, my son, who turned two in August, picks up the lawn cuttings in his barrow, and, after opening two gates, will take it to the fowl yard. He also helps set the table, tries to sweep the paths, brings the empty garbage tin in, and after I have put the polish on his shoes he cleans them.

£1/1/- to "Helper Also" (name supplied), Camperdown, Vic.

SINCE she was 18 months old, my little girl, now two-and-a-half, has put pencils, matches, and books back in their proper places. She sweeps, helps me make the bed, dries the cutlery, hands me the clothes and the pegs, and, as soon as the wood is cut, carries it inside. She also shells the peas and sets the table.

£1/1/- to "Young Helper" (name supplied), Korumburra, Vic.

Lonely middle-age

I AM in my fifties, active, healthy, and fairly attractive still. All my life I have centred my interests in the home and garden, but, being a keen reader, have kept up with the events of the world. However, I have never cultivated any other interest, and now, with my family married and living far away and my husband in so many sporting clubs, I am increasingly alone and lonely. I would like to say to other women, have at least one interest apart from domestic ones, and I would like to hear how others with this problem have overcome it.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Terrigal, N.S.W.

Birthdays for houses

WOULDN'T it be a lovely idea if houses had birthdays? The date could be the one on which the family moved in, and each member could buy a small gift which would enhance the beauty of the home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Origin of old saying

THE reason for many of our old sayings is often lost over the years. Recently I discovered, to my amazement, that the much-used admonition to "mind our Ps and Qs" originated in the inns of old England, where the locals were allowed to book up their drinks under the columns of P and Q. The P stood for pints and the Q for quarts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Hill, Brisbane.

Keeping track of toddlers

WHEN babies start walking, try sewing tiny bells on their slippers. The bells make a small tinkling sound and you know where the child is by the sound, without having to hunt everywhere.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. (name supplied), Mont Albert, Vic.

While watching TV

IT would be interesting to know what other readers do while watching television. Now that the knitting season is over I am finding it difficult to decide on something that is relaxing and needs little concentration.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. McNamara, Leycester, N.S.W.

Novel pet-show entry

AS our children were very anxious to take part in the school pet show and had no domestic animals, we varnished the shells of some snails and sprinkled them with hundreds-and-thousands. Our entry proved quite popular.

£1/1/- to C. Pugsley, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

A GOOD many girls in our country devote their spare time to boy-watching.

To be more exact, I should say boyfriend-watching.

They sit in the stands while their friends play football. Or they sit on the grass watching a loved one play cricket.

The cricket watchers have to be specially patient. After an afternoon of waiting, they may only see Les make a duck.

It is the same at water-skiing places. Young men show off their tricks, while female supporters look on. Water-ski watchers are a bit luckier than most, because they sometimes get a ride in a speed-boat.

Now and then one sees an indoor boyfriend-watcher. I knew a girl who was engaged to a young man who played the saxophone, and used to go, night after night, to see him at work. But in general, boyfriend-watching is an open-air pursuit.

I saw a touching example of it at the beach on Sunday. It was a cold

ON THE SIDELINES

and windy afternoon. Near our party, huddled under a cliff, were two pretty but shivering girls.

A third girl strolled up to them and said: "Hello. You with anyone?"

"I'm with Bill," one of the girls replied. "He's out there." She pointed to a snorkel sticking out of the water some distance from the shore.



The other girl said: "I'm with Des." She pointed to another snorkel.

"Been seeing much of Bill lately, Joan?" asked the new arrival.

Men will be men



• In a television interview a young man explained his long hair. "It's different," he said. "It gets away from conformity."

*The struggle to avoid the norm
And not (oh, frightful thought!) conform
Produces boys with shoulder curls
Luxuriant as any girl's.
Unlike their Dads, they scorn to merge
In shining acres of blue serge.
But with the greatest care they choose
Those wondrous wrinkle-picker shoes
And other raiment of the Mods.
It makes them happy. Well, what odds?
But as they in their thousands swarm,
Oh brother, how they do conform!*

— Dorothy Drain

Proud to be a wife and mother

FILLING in a government form, I wrote against occupation: "Wife and mother." This was questioned by the clerk, who suggested I write "domestic," "house duties," or "housewife." There is no law in the Australian Constitution which states that a person must be branded with these outmoded titles, and I refuse to be classified thus. I am proud of my status as a wife and mother.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan Lantzke, Zamboral, N.S.W.

Her bonus from daughter

IN addition to her weekly board, once a year my daughter gives me a bonus. The gesture gives me quite a lift and makes me feel that I, too, am one of the world's workers doing a daily job and not just someone listed as "domestic duties."

£1/1/- to "Another Mother" (name supplied), Marrickville, N.S.W.

Still wearing coupon clothes

HOW many other readers are still wearing articles bought with clothes coupons? I enlisted in the A.M.W.S. in June, 1943, and, on the issue of my civilian ration card, went shopping and bought a dressing-gown, which I've worn every winter since. By its present appearance, I won't have to buy a new one for a few more years. It is made of felt and took nearly all my coupons.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. A. Goodwin, Boondall, Qld.

"Yes, I come here every weekend," said Joan in a glum tone.

It did not sound much fun. Spearfishing is said to be thrilling for those who do it. It is not thrilling to watch from the beach.

All Joan could see of Bill was his goggles and snorkel. But being a loyal boyfriend-watcher, she stuck at her post.

You cannot help feeling that these girl spectators have the worst end of the deal. To be fair, the boys should watch the girls at their activities now and then.

Say a cricket match is washed out by rain. It would not hurt the star batsman to watch his girlfriend giving herself a home perm. If Joan has watched Bill spearfishing in the afternoon, Bill could watch Joan in the evening making a lampshade out of a wine bottle.

A girl does not want merely to stare, stare, like a bear. She wants to be stared AT.

Mummy, Who Is Your Husband? a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

PERFECT PARTNERS

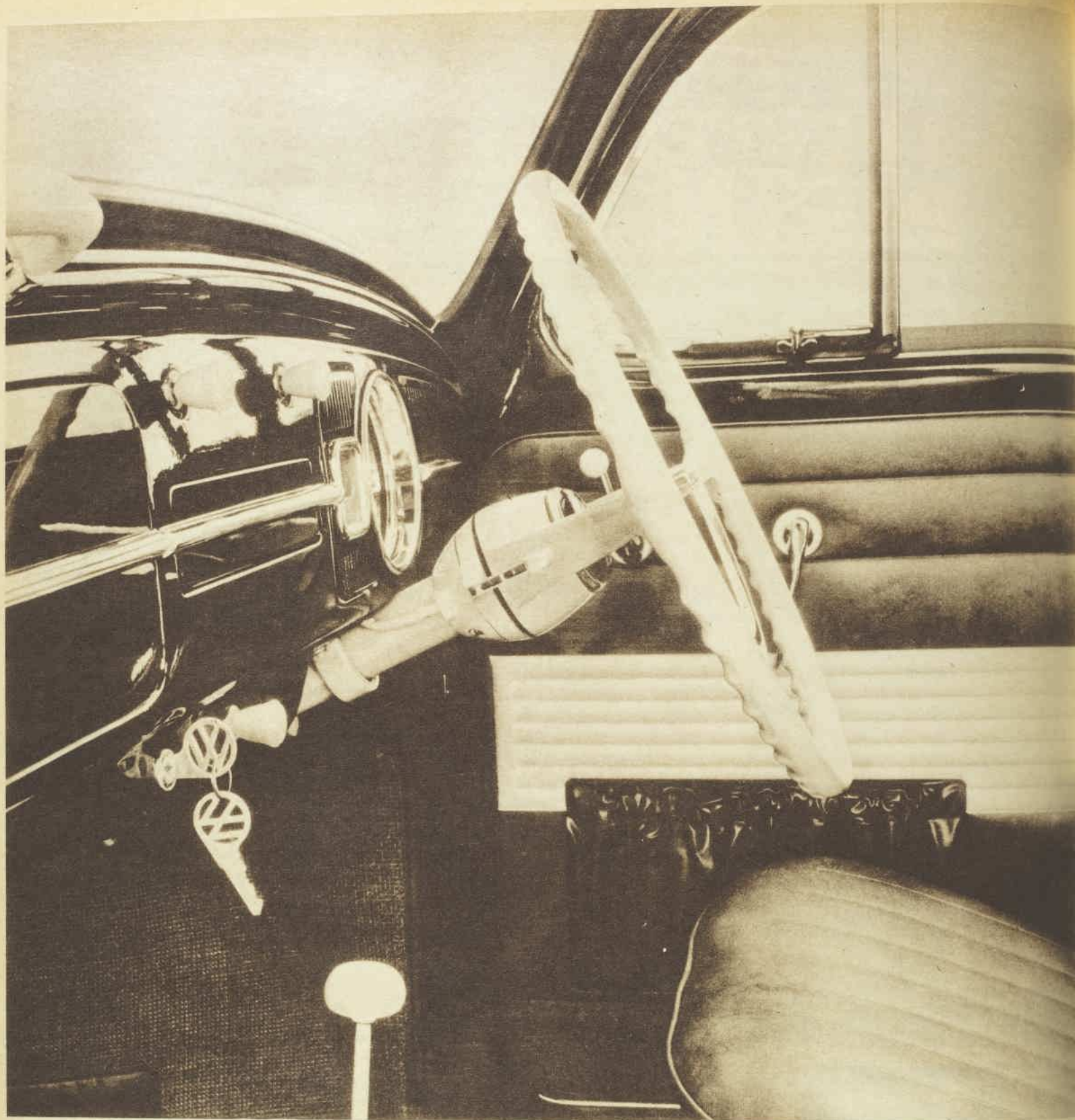


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Team White Wings Cake Mix with canned peaches to make this de luxe cake or dessert. Try it today!

PEACH HALO CAKE Open a can of sliced peaches and drain well. Mix a White Wings Buttercup Yellow Cake Mix and leave in bowl. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in the bottom of a 9" x 2½" round cake pan. Add ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar and ¼ cup coarse desiccated coconut and spread evenly over butter. Bake in 350° oven 35-40 minutes. When baked, turn out immediately. Serve hot or cold. Try these variations, too: White Wings Chocolate Cake Mix with canned pears; or White Wings Orange Cake Mix with canned apricots.





Is your budget small enough for it?

Mile for mile, the Volkswagen is probably the cheapest car in the world to own.

Not because it's cheaply made (quite the contrary, it's expensive) but because it's sensibly designed in the first place.

It has big wheels, and since the tyre rubber touches the road a lot less often than in cars with small wheels, naturally you get about double the mileage from a single set.

Forty thousand miles isn't unusual.

The VW engine is in the rear, over the drive wheels, so you don't have a heavy tailshaft to take the power from front to back.

The engine is cooled by air, not water, so you don't have a heavy water jacket, or a radiator, or water hoses that perish and break.

It's a slow-revving engine, which means it doesn't wear fast and you spend practically

nothing on engine repairs. You don't use oil between changes.

In fact, when you own a Volkswagen, you find it so reliable you don't think of how much it costs, but how little. So if you have a small budget, you can make it travel thousands of miles further.

In a VW.



VW1200 £819. VW1200 Deluxe £919. VW1200 Deluxe Sunroof £966 (State Capital City prices including sales tax).

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Family affairs

Other people's children can bring happiness

● The disappointment and sadness in a childless marriage can sometimes be lessened, a woman writes. The answer lies in sharing and helping other people's children; they bring great happiness to empty lives.

A READER'S STORY
(The writer has supplied her name and address but wishes to remain anonymous.)

need company in their own age group, with facilities for dancing, sport, and other kindred activities — none of which we could provide.

(We have found since that our self-denial in this respect has paid off; teens and twenties whom we once hesitated to invite now come to us of their own accord — much nicer for us!)

An idea that really worked came to me accidentally.

One morning, while hanging washing on the line, I heard shrieks of delighted laughter, and saw my husband wheeling a barrow-load of small neighbors, and quite obviously sharing in the fun.

It worked well

I had found the answer. Our home was (and still is) surrounded by many young families; the children's years ranging from babies to kindergarten and school-age.

How lucky that Bill and I have the ability to get out with the young! (For years, this seemingly useless talent had embittered me; now I glory in it.)

From that day, the problem of loneliness and boredom was practically solved.

Once they were sure that the kiddies were "no bother," and would be reasonably well looked after, the young mothers co-operated beautifully; and with their resultant extra freedom a good time seemed to be had by all.

Later these new interests proved rewarding in other ways, too.

For instance, in times of illness, the busy young parents would visit or help us.

Often when I was returning from shopping laden with parcels, I would find welcome hands to help me carry them, or sometimes even a lift home in a neighbor's car.

We began baby-sitting (on a strictly non-paying basis), which, while less strenuous than some of our activities, gave young couples a much-needed break, without sacrifice on our part.

It is to be hoped that we didn't upset routine too much — even the very young know how to take advantage of any relaxation of discipline.

Of course, it was not all plain sailing for me, especially at first. There were times when I tired of noise and disorder.

Although I never said so, I found that the new schedule carried certain distinct penalties.

Story-telling and reading-aloud can be a non-stop performance if children have their way, and my lack of experience made it difficult to know when and where to draw the line.

I used to tell myself: If you want children's company, you must pay for it — mothers do this all the time. (They must get very weary!)

Anyway, my efforts must have been reasonably successful (Bill's certainly were), judging by some of the kiddies' comments.

Of course, children's compliments are apt to be two-edged, as we found out when one young lady told me that she liked my songs "though you don't sing very well." (Too true!)

Then there was the lad, aged four, who said, "You're nice," but added that I wasn't "much good with a football."

While the highest praise, we learned (especially in the culinary department), was to be "nearly as good as Mum."

Young visitors

We both think these frequent visitors great fun, and have often found it difficult to keep straight faces — as when an eight-year-old noticed the decreasing gap between his rapid growth and our below-average height.

According to his solemn conclusion, we "must have shrunk!"

(This could be true, but it seemed to us a trifle premature!)

There seems no end to the kindness we have had from these young neighbors; and it is offered with such tact ("just give and take") that we are not left with too much sense of obligation.

We can never have a family of our own, it is true — but what an interest in life we have found in other people's children!

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When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever... be sure to have your Bethal Tablets handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as Bethal Tablets work swiftly through the bloodstream. Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take... two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with Bethal Tablets, only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

Bethal Tablets for HAY FEVER

Bethal also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh

BILL and I had both wanted children, and it was a heavy blow to us when the doctor confirmed my fear that we were not going to have a family of our own.

Instead, he suggested that we adopt a child and this seemed to be worth considering, but my husband was definitely against it.

He is a reticent type when his deeper feelings are involved, and he probably felt that the risk of rearing "other people's children" was too great.

To some extent I agreed, but after seeing previously childless couples happy with adopted sons and daughters, I often wished that we had taken our doctor's advice, before it was too late for that also.

However, I made an effort to get over my bitterness and the jealousy that my women friends roused in me with their anecdotes of breakfast in bed on Mother's Day, birthday surprises, children's Christmas trees, and so on.

Every time I saw lads helping Dad with a car or motor - mower that had panged-up, it gave me a pang on Bill's behalf.

An idea came

Still, it became obvious that a mere long-suffering attitude would get us nowhere; even Bill's naturally sunny disposition showed signs of eclipse.

Something constructive would have to be done about our problems — but, of course, the question was: What?

My first idea was to invite young people to stay with us, as often as possible — but there was an obvious drawback in this scheme.

Teenagers, to be happy,



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by
John
Gardner
for
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Australia

YOGA AT HOME

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
November 4, 1964

By
**Michael
Volin**



What is Yoga?

YOGA is not just a matter of performing contortions. It is a complete system of development; physical, mental, and spiritual. It is not a religion and does not cut across anyone's personal beliefs, but brings a greater enjoyment of life and increased strength in the face of problems. It is entirely non-competitive and progress is individual, each student receiving back what he or she brings to it.

Yoga is so ancient that its origins are unknown. It was mentioned in the Vedas, India's oldest religious records, about 2000 years before Christ; but archaeologists working in areas known to be many thousands of years old have unearthed little figures of yogis in meditative poses, which suggest that it was practised far earlier.

For hundreds of years it was a closely guarded practice, imparted by word of mouth by teachers living in ashrams, or hermitages, to their pupils.

This booklet is concerned with physical or Hatha Yoga. Most people need some physical improvement. In my thirty years of teaching I have only encountered one pupil—a 16-year-old Sydney girl—who could perform every yoga asana and exercise without previous training. But this is no reason for discouragement. It is astonishing how soon stiff bodies loosen up, how quickly health and appearance benefit.

If regularly and carefully practised, the exercises in this book will help the normal average woman to increase her vitality, adjust her weight, improve her sleep and digestion — and keep old age at bay.

MICHAEL VOLIN is the son of a White Russian diplomat. He was born and brought up in China, where his grandfather, a Tsarist general, was in charge of the Russian forces in Manchuria. He lived in North and South China, where he was known as an outstanding athlete and worked as a journalist. He became deeply interested in yoga at an early age and has devoted his life to it. He travelled widely in the East and also studied the Indian and Tibetan schools of yoga. In 1949 he migrated to this country, and in 1950 started the first yoga school in Australia. In almost thirty years of teaching he has trained thousands of pupils, here and in the East, always retaining the message of traditional yoga. Mr. Volin teaches in Sydney and its suburbs, but his associate teachers hold classes in every large city in Australia, and also overseas. In collaboration with Nancy Phelan he has published "Essence of Yoga" and "Yoga for Women." A third book, "Yoga Over 40," will be published in London next year. In his own language he is known as a distinguished poet. His interests include literature, mysticism, philosophy, and oriental art. Below, Mr. Volin poses The Spinal Twist (see page 6).



• **NANCY PHELAN**, who posed for these photos, was born and educated in Sydney, daughter of retired solicitor W. J. Creagh and Florence Mack, of the well-known family of lawyers and writers. She has travelled widely in Europe, the Middle East, and the Pacific. In London during the war she worked on the production of educational visual aids, and after returning to Australia became Visual Aids Officer for the South Pacific Commission, working in the Pacific Islands. She has written and made many broadcasts and published a novel, "The River and the Brook," two travel books, and numerous short stories. Her travel book on Turkey, "Welcome the Wayfarer," will be out this month, and, like an earlier book on the Gilbert Islands, "Atoll Holiday," is illustrated with her own photographs. Mrs. Phelan, who is 51, became interested in yoga while living in Paris and later became Michael Volin's pupil and, ultimately, his first assistant teacher. Mrs. Phelan lives at Mosman with her husband and 24-year-old daughter. Her interests are yoga, writing, reading, music, and travel.

Yoga at Home — Page 2

HOW TO USE THIS BOOKLET

- This booklet is designed both for the home practice of readers already studying yoga and for those living in areas where personal instruction is not available.

SINCE physical yoga deals with vital organs, nervous centres, breath control, and the mind, it is always desirable that it should be learnt only from qualified teachers, by word of mouth. But where this is impossible books may be substituted if care and common sense are used.

The pictures must be studied carefully and the position attempted cautiously. Nothing should ever be strained or forced and plenty of rest and relaxation should be taken throughout practice. Certain prohibitions must be observed — for example, people with high blood pressure must not stand on their heads or practise poses that bring blood to the face or head; and those who have varicose veins should avoid asanas (bodily positions) in which the circulation is slowed down in the legs.

On the other hand high blood pressure can be lowered through learning to relax and calm the nervous centres, and varicose veins are improved, even cured, by the Inverted Poses.

It is advisable to have a medical check-up to ensure there is no physical condition forbidding certain practices.

Common sense must be used. Never start a strenuous asana with "cold" muscles. Proceed gently from simpler to more complicated poses, in all cases concentrating the whole mind on what you are doing and the beneficial aspects of the pose. Most of the asanas are accompanied by full yoga breathing, which is a vital part of correct practice.

In certain asanas the movement is timed automatically by the breathing as given with the instructions for performing the asana. In such cases as Inverted Poses, you should hold the position as long as you comfortably can, at the same time practising yoga inhalation-exhalation.

See page 9 for glossary of Sanskrit words, page 14 for order of exercises.

The breath of Yoga

BREATHING is the basis of yoga. Most of us do not know how to breathe properly and we use only part of the lungs. In yoga breathing, the abdomen, diaphragm, ribs, and lungs all participate, complete filling and emptying the lungs with each inhalation and exhalation.

Take a deep breath through the nose, inflating your stomach and not moving your shoulders or the top of your chest. This abdominal movement causes the diaphragm to descend, the lower ribs to expand, and the lower lungs to fill with air. As you continue the inhalation, the middle, then upper, ribs also expand, and finally the whole lung is filled.

In exhalation the abdomen is drawn in. This raises the diaphragm to normal again, the ribs return to their original position, and the lungs are completely emptied. Try to practise breathing sitting in the Pose of the Frog (page 3).

Yoga breathing is slower than the normal rate. This slower tempo acts as a tranquilliser on the nerves, mind, and entire system.

Yoga teaches that the air we breathe contains life force, or energy, known in Sanskrit as prana. It might be compared to the vitamins in food. Through increasing our intake of air, we can also learn to take in more energy, thus recharging ourselves when tired, as a battery is recharged. The student who masters this technique knows how to overcome fatigue and ward off the loss of vital energy, which is the beginning of old age.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 4, 1964



Savasana - Pose of Complete Rest

SAVASANA is an exercise in four stages. Lying on the floor, with your arms by your sides, shut your eyes and try to relax all your muscles; feet, ankles, calves, knees, thighs, stomach, chest, shoulders, arms, hands, neck, and all the muscles of the face. The lower jaw should sag, the tongue be limp, the eyes turned back, and the forehead smoothed out.

When the body is relaxed, withdraw all nervous energy from the system. This is easier to do if you can create the feeling that your limbs are growing heavy, that you are sinking down, helpless, lifeless; that you have completely let go and all inner tension is draining out.

Commence deep and rhythmical yoga breathing, letting the stomach come out as you inhale and drawing it back with exhalation. The slow tempo of the breath acts as an aid in relaxing. With inhalation believe you are taking in *prana*, or life force, with the air; that with exhalation you are distributing it all through the nervous system.

Now detach your mind from your everyday surroundings and send it away to some peaceful and beautiful place—your mental *ashram*, or hermitage. The conviction with which you practise this final stage of Savasana affects the degree of mental refreshment received. When the whole exercise is done with full concentration, complete rest and recharging of energy results.

Miscellaneous Poses

Pose of a Hero

ALTHOUGH this pose helps to discourage rheumatism and arthritis by exercising hip, knee, and ankle joints, it is mainly associated with a mental exercise for the development of inner strength. Sit straight and bend the left leg back at the side of the body. If possible place the right foot high up on the left thigh, in the groin. The hands rest on the knees with thumbs and index fingers closed. Head and back are erect. Establish steady breathing. Change legs and practise on both sides.



Pose of a Frog

THIS pose pacifies and refreshes the nervous system, strengthens knees and insteps, and massages abdominal organs through movements of diaphragm breathing. With knees apart and toes together, sit back on your heels and raise your arms over your head, putting your palms together. Holding this pose, inhale and exhale full deep abdominal breath, inflating and deflating the stomach in the manner of a frog. The raised position of the arms prevents movement of the shoulders and upper chest, typical of incorrect shallow breathing.



Pose of a Diamond

THIS pose discourages rheumatism, strengthens knees, ankles, and insteps. Keeping the legs together, sit back on your heels with back and head in one straight line. The hands may be rested on the knees or held behind the back, as shown, in position of prayer. Sit with eyes closed and inhale through the nose. With each exhalation direct *prana*, or life force, through the body. Caution: Do not hold this pose for any length of time if you have varicose veins.

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Pose of an Archer

THE Pose of an Archer completely exercises the spine, stretching all the ligaments and muscles. Sitting down, hold your left leg straight and step over it with your right foot. Now take hold of your right foot with your left hand and your left foot with the right hand as illustrated. In imitation of an archer pulling the string of his bow, pull back till your left hand touches your forehead, still keeping hold of your left foot. Hold the pose for a few seconds, inhaling and exhaling. Then repeat on the other side.



The Face Gesture

THE Face Gesture, or Five Fingers, pose invigorates and refreshes the perceptionary sense. Sit cross-legged. Completely exhale, and close the ears, eyes, nostrils, and mouth, using thumbs, index, middle, and fourth fingers respectively. The little finger is held away from the face. Retain pose for about ten seconds, then relax. After practising this gesture, outlines appear sharper, sounds and scents stronger, and colors more intense.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 4, 1964



Varoli Mudra

THIS tones up the solar plexus and increases vital energy. Sit with knees bent and drawn up and feet flat on the floor. The arms are stretched forward with palms also flat on the floor. Inhale. Raise and stretch the legs till they form an angle of 45 degrees with the floor. Hold the pose just a few seconds, then exhale and come down.



Pose of a Hare

THIS pose prevents wrinkles by bringing arterial blood to facial tissues and skin, teeth, ears, eyes, and hair. It also stimulates nervous centres. Kneel down. Bend forward and put the crown of the head on the floor with the back and buttocks raised, and the hands resting on the ankles. Hold the pose, inhaling and exhaling, as long as comfortable. The benefits of this pose are similar, though less powerful, than the Headstand. It could be substituted by those not strong enough to stand on their heads. Caution: The pose is forbidden in cases of high blood pressure.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 4, 1964

Pose of a Cat

THE Pose of the Cat exercises and keeps the spine supple and strengthens the reproductive organs in women. Kneel down, lean forward, and put your hands on the floor, keeping the elbows straight. Concentrating only on the spine—not moving the arms at all—raise and lower the middle section like a cat, bringing it right up into a hump, then coming down so that it is arched. It is important not to bend the elbows or lower and raise the rest of the trunk. This is a well-known post-natal exercise.



Head of a Cow Pose

THE benefits of this pose are to firm up the arms, chest, and back. It stimulates circulation in facial tissues. Sitting back on your heels, with back straight and head erect, try to lock your hands behind your back. If at first you cannot bring them together, use a handkerchief as extension until you have loosened up. Starting with the right side, raise the arm to reach down your back over the shoulders while you work your left arm up toward it. It is easier if you arch the back. Hold the pose, inhaling and exhaling, with the mind concentrated on the thought of facial rejuvenation; then exhale and bring the head down to touch the floor. Relax, change sides, and repeat. When the right arm is up, the left side of the face is affected, and vice versa.

Yoga at Home—Page 5

STRETCHING CYCLE — FORWARDS



The Sideways Swing

THE Sideways Swing keeps the spine supple, reducing waistline and hips. Sit with both legs bent to one side, raise the arms over the head and join hands. Inhale, and as you exhale swing body and arms over the bent legs. Repeat several times, then change legs to other side and perform same movement.

The Arch Gesture

THE Arch Gesture also reduces fat on the stomach and waist, keeps the spine supple, and massages internal organs. The *asana* has a number of variations in which the position of the bent leg is changed. To perform it as illustrated, sit with the left leg stretched forward and the right leg bent at the knee with the foot pressed flat against the left thigh. The hands should be rested on the knees. Inhale, lean forward as you exhale, and take hold of the left foot, pressing the forehead to the left knee. If you can't reach the foot, take hold of your ankle, but don't bend the leg. Change legs and practise on the other side.



Head to Knee

STAND straight with the legs together and hands on the back of the thighs, inhale, exhale. Slide the hands down the back of the legs till you can grasp your ankles. Press the head to the knees without bending the knees. Straighten up and repeat the movement.



The Spinal Twist

THE Spinal Twist (illustrated on page 2) exercises the spine, reduces hips, stomach, and waistline. Sitting with the legs crossed, press your left knee down to the floor and hold it there while you step over it with the right leg, keeping the right thigh close to the body. Bend the right arm behind the back. Stretch out the left arm, bring it over the right knee, then slightly lower it — keeping it straight — until you can reach the right foot, as shown in the picture. Inhale, exhale, and slowly twist the body, from the waist, until you are facing behind you.

Relax, change sides, and repeat. The best way to get into this position is to study the picture carefully, remembering that the bent leg is under you, not at the side.

The Little Twist

THIS has similar benefits to the Spinal Twist. Sit with the left leg stretched forward and hands at the side of the body. Step over with the right leg, putting right foot flat on the floor alongside the left knee. Inhale. Twist the body, from the waistline, till you can see behind you, bringing the arms round and placing both palms on the floor on the left side of the body. Exhale and face forward again. Perform once more, then change legs, and repeat.





The Forward Stretch

FORWARD Stretching with legs apart helps to limber up the spine and firm the inside thighs and reduces waist and stomach.

Sit with your legs as wide apart as possible, keeping the knees straight. Inhale, exhale, and lean forward, trying to press your forehead to the floor while taking hold of your toes. This is a strenuous exercise and should be practised gradually without force.



Pose of a Star

THE Star Pose loosens hip joints, keeps the spine supple, and firms the thighs. Sit with the soles of the feet against each other, knees wide apart; with your hands on your ankles, inhale, then grasp your feet with both hands, exhale, and bend forward as shown. This pose should not be forced.

STOMACH CONTRACTIONS

Uddiyana

STOMACH contractions improve digestion and correct constipation. This exercise also slims stomach and waistline and firms stomach muscles.

This can be performed sitting or standing. Stand with feet apart and hands resting on the thighs, fingers turned inwards. Slightly bend the knees. Inhale; then completely exhale air from the lungs and contract the stomach, trying to draw right back as though against the spine. The chin should be pressed to the chest and the whole abdominal cavity retracted so that a deep cave is formed under the ribs. Hold for a few seconds, then exhale and relax.

Pull the stomach back and slightly upwards in a diagonal movement. This raises the diaphragm. When you have mastered this first contraction, practise repeated contraction and relaxing, flapping the abdomen in and out vigorously several times for each exhalation. Eventually you should be able to perform up to 25 contractions on one breath.

Uddiyana must not be performed for at least three hours after a meal, nor is it advisable during menstrua-

tion or pregnancy. The best time is first thing in the morning when the stomach is empty. Regular practice will keep the digestive and eliminative system in perfect working order. To practise Uddiyana in sitting position, sit in cross-legged pose, or half or full Lotus (page 11) if you can, with the hands on the knees, fingers turned inwards. Inhale and exhale and contract as above, leaning forward with your weight on your hands and locking the chin to the chest.



Nauli

CONTRACTION of abdominal recti muscles. This is a more difficult stage of Uddiyana. It may be practised sitting or standing. In the same position as Uddiyana, inhale, exhale, then try to contract the abdominal recti muscles into a hard column up the middle of the stomach. Contract with a downward thrusting movement, for the muscle ends are at the base of the abdomen and when they are contracted the rest of the muscles automatically form into the central column. When you have mastered this — and it is not easy — try to isolate the muscles on the left, centre, right, centre, left, etc., one after the other, resulting in a wave-like continuous rotation.

STRETCHING CYCLE - BACKWARDS



The Choking Pose

THE Choking Pose is associated with the Pose of Tranquillity and the Balancing Shoulder Stand (see page 15). Lying on your back, bring your legs right over your head to the floor on each side of the head. The feet should be flat on the floor. The arms may be placed across the bent knees, with hands clasped under the head. Slowly lower the legs to the ground and relax.



Pose of a Plough

THIS pose is usually combined with the Shoulder Stand and Half Candle Pose (see page 15, Inverted Positions), but is also practised independently. There are several variations.

- Lie on the back with the arms by the sides. Keeping the legs straight, try to bring them right over the head till the feet touch the floor with the toes dug in. Hold the position, inhaling and exhaling, then bend the knees, slowly come down and relax.
- Stretch the arms over the head, then bring legs over as above and take hold of the toes. As a further variation, the legs could be split further apart. Hold, inhaling and exhaling, come down and relax.
- Link the arms loosely over the head. Bring the legs over, as above, but this time keep the feet flat so the toes are not dug into the floor. Slide the feet to and from your head, stretching and contracting the spine. Repeat several times, then come down and relax.



Bound Plough Pose

FOR this asana, legs must be locked in the Locust position (see page 10). Come up into the Bound Shoulder Stand (page 15), then, with the hands, gently press the legs down against the body. This is an advanced pose which requires practice.



This pose reduces fat on stomach and helps keep the spine, hips, knees, and ankles supple.

Pose of a Wheel

LYING on your back with head and shoulders on the floor, raise the rest of the body, arching the back and supporting it with the hands. The soles of the feet are flat on the floor and the legs fully extended. Hold the pose, inhaling and exhaling, then come down and relax.

This pose helps keep the spine supple.



A GLOSSARY OF SANSKRIT WORDS

PRANA: Life force.	ASANA: Bodily pose.
ASHRAM: Hermitage.	PADMASANA: Buddha pose.
UDDIYANA: Contraction of stomach muscles.	VAROLI MUDRA: Exercise affecting Solar Plexus.
NAULI: Contraction of recti muscles.	MUDRA: Technique of Yoga.



Pose of a Bow

LYING on the floor, face downward, bend your legs back, and get hold of your ankles. Inhale, raise the head and shoulders while pulling on the ankles, getting a good pressure on the small of the back. Exhale and relax.

This slims the waist and firms the thighs and bust, as well as stimulating the spinal muscles.



Pose of a Fish

IN the traditional Fish Pose, as illustrated, the legs are locked in the Lotus position (page 11), but those who cannot manage the full pose may practise a modification. Sit with the legs in the Lotus position; lean back, arching the spine, and resting on the elbows until the crown of the head is on the floor. The back must be well arched, the elbows on the floor, and hands on the feet. Inhale and exhale while holding the pose. In the modified version cross the legs in the ordinary way till head and shoulders are on the floor. Cross your arms behind your head with the right palm on the left shoulderblade and the left palm on the right shoulderblade. Inhale and exhale as above.

The Pose of the Fish keeps the spine and hips supple as well as facilitating complete abdominal breathing.



Supine Pelvic Pose

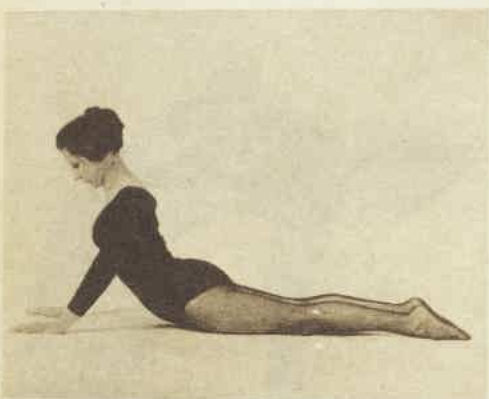
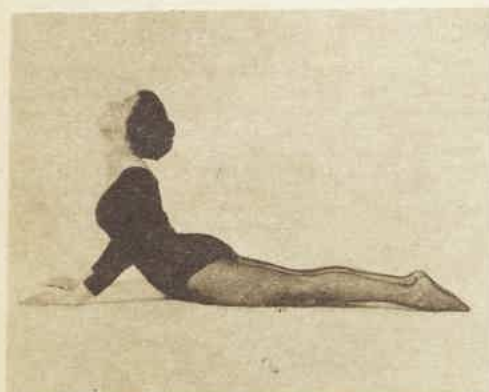
SIT on the heels with knees together. Lean back, arching the spine, and resting on elbows till the crown of the head is on the floor. Hold hands in position of prayer while inhaling and exhaling.

This pose firms the thighs and neck, keeps spine supple.

Pose of a Camel

KNEEL down with legs slightly apart. Stretch your arms behind you and try to take hold of your heels, arching the spine, and letting the head fall back as far as possible. Hold the pose, inhaling and exhaling. Try to reach the ankles by arching rather than leaning back. There should be a good pressure in the small of the back. This pose has the benefits of toning the neck and bust. And it keeps the spine supple and firms the neck and bust and slims the waistline and stomach.





Pose of a Cobra

LIE on the floor, face down, with hands flat on the floor, level with your shoulders. Legs are stretched and kept together. Inhale and raise the body from the waist only—head, neck, chest, and upper trunk. The head must be raised, there must be pressure on the small of the back and the lower trunk and legs must remain pressed to the floor. Exhale and come down. Repeat. Then perform same movement with the chin pressed in.

This has similar benefits to the Bow Pose.

BACK STRETCHING, cont.



Half Locust

IN the Half Locust position lie flat on your stomach and turn your face to one side. Inhale and raise the right leg as high as possible, keeping it straight. Exhale and lower. Repeat with the left leg.

Full Locust

FOR the Full Locust stiffen the arms and bring them under your thighs with the fists clenched and turned so that the thumbs are underneath. Inhale and bring both legs up together in a quick movement, trying to keep them straight. Exhale and relax.

The Pose of the Locust strengthens the back and abdominal muscles and keeps the spine supple.





Easy Pose

THIS traditional yoga position is simple and easy for practising breathing exercises and meditation. Sit with legs crossed, back and head in one straight line, and hands resting on the knees, with thumbs and index fingers closed, or lying in the lap, palms open, one above the other.



The Scales Pose

THE Scales Pose tones up the solar plexus as in Varoli Mudra, but more powerfully. Lock the legs in the Lotus position, lean back, resting on the elbows, and raise the locked legs to an angle of 45 degrees with the body.

CROSS-LEGGED POSES

Pose of an Adept

WITH the right heel close to the body, place left foot between calf and thigh, as shown, trying to keep left knee on the floor. Hands are on the knees with thumbs and index fingers closed, other fingers extended.



Hidden Padmasana

LOCK the legs in the Lotus position, then lie down on your stomach, trying to get as flat as possible on the floor. The hands are placed behind the back in position of prayer, with fingers pointing toward the head.

This tones up the entire abdominal region. ▼



The Lotus Position

THE Lotus Pose loosens hips, knees, and ankles, and brings confidence and serenity. This is the traditional Buddha pose and is associated with breathing and mental techniques. Due to the formation of Western women's thighs, it is often difficult to achieve and requires practice. It is performed with alternate legs. Bend your right knee and bring the right foot up on to the left thigh, as high as you can, right up into the groin. Then bend the left knee and try to bring the left foot up into the right groin. The legs are thus locked, the body steady and compact, and the circulation in the legs slowed down, which increases the blood supply to the rest of the body and the head. Do not practise this if you have varicose veins.

Yoga Mudra

THE Yoga Mudra (not illustrated) limbers up the whole body, especially the knees and ankles, massages internal organs, and slims the waist. Sit in the Lotus position with hands clasped behind the back. Inhale, exhale. Come forward until the forehead touches the floor, raising your arms behind you. To make this pose more powerful, inhale and retain breath as long as comfortable.

RAISED POSES



Raised Lotus Pose

SIT with legs locked in Lotus position (page 11) and hands on the floor at the sides. Inhale and raise whole body from the floor, balancing on the hands. Hold about 30 seconds, then exhale and come down.

Eight Curves

SIT down, crossing the ankles, with knees slightly bent. Then put the right leg on top of the right arm, which is between the thighs. The left arm is in line with the right, palms on the floor, inhale, and bring the head and left shoulder forward and down, raising the whole body and taking all the weight on the palms. When shoulders come down the hips and leg rise up to balance.



The Half Crab Pose

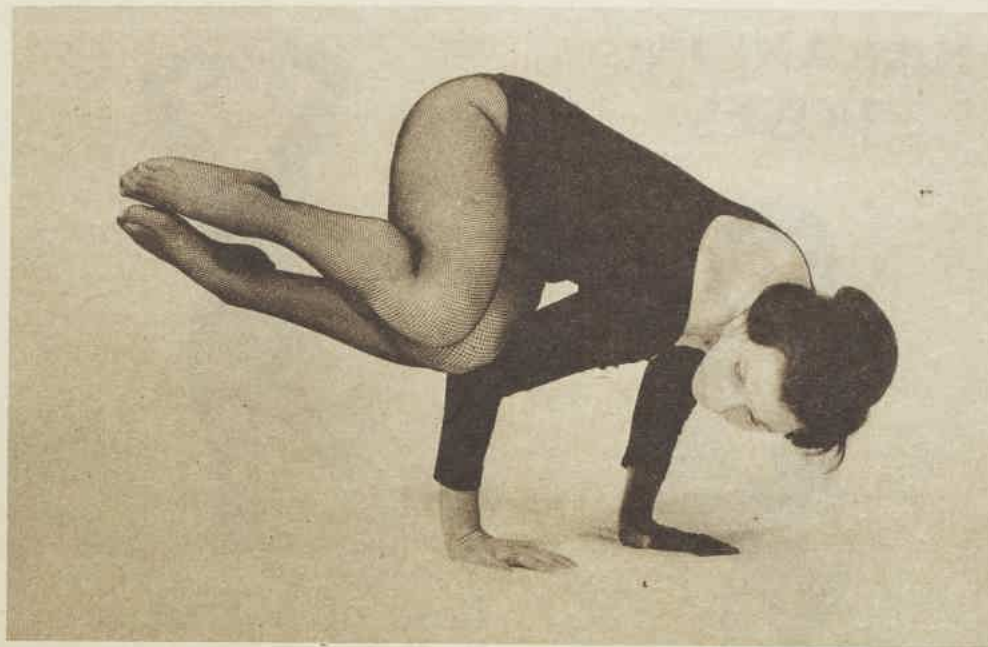
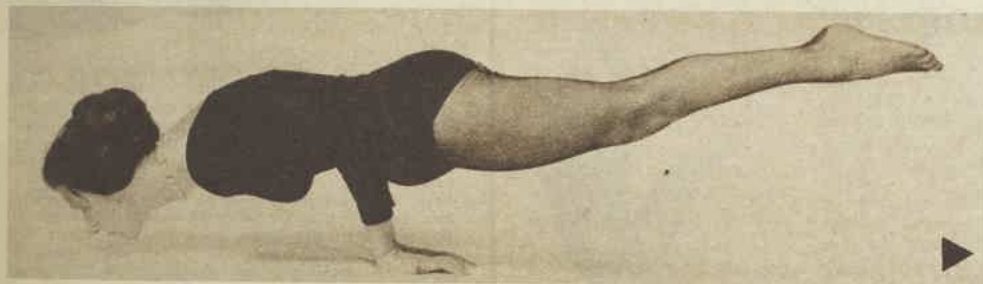
FOR the Half Crab Pose sit with the left leg stretched out in front and the right hand beside it on the floor, with fingers turned in toward it. The right elbow is slightly bent. Lean forward to place the right leg over it so that it rests on this bent elbow. The left hand is on the left side of the body, fingers facing forward. Inhale and try to lift body and legs off the floor. Hold about 30 seconds, exhale, and come down. Repeat on the other side. The most difficult thing about this asana is understanding the position of the bent arm and leg. The lifting, done with the stomach muscles, is comparatively easy.



Pose of a Bird

SQUAT with the knees wide apart and the toes together. The arms are between the legs with the inside of the knees pressing firmly against the outside of the upper arms. The palms are on the floor, well forward, with the fingers spread and slightly bent like the claws of a bird. Inhale, slowly rising up on to the tips of the toes. Then, when you feel secure, gradually bring your body forward, riding your arms, until you can lift your toes from the floor. Hold a few seconds, then exhale and come down.

It must be done slowly without jumping. The secret is balance and control. It is also important to place the hands well forward, otherwise you may pitch right over them and fall on your face.



Pose of a Raven ▲

SQUAT on the floor, but keep the knees and feet together. Both arms are on the outside of the left knee. Inhale, rise up and sideways, letting your arms take the weight of the body, pressing the knee against the elbow.

Pose of a Peacock

EXTEND the whole body, face downwards, with the legs straight and toes pointed. Raise the top part of the trunk so the arms can be put underneath. The palms are flat on the floor with the wrists turned so that the fingers point toward the feet. Keep the arms close together, with elbows bent and pressed into the abdomen. Inhale and move the body slowly forward, over the arms. Do not try to lift your legs, for as the top part of the body moves forward they will start to come up automatically. When the body and legs are raised, the forearms become the peacock's legs and the weight is taken on the wrists and hands (the wrists are strengthened by this *asana* without any visible coarsening or thickening).

Traditionally all Raised Poses develop inner confidence as well as all-round strength of the body. This pose is also a "pepping-up" pose, but it should not be done during pregnancy.

BALANCING POSES



Pose of an Eagle

STAND on the left leg, slightly bend the knee, and wind the right leg round it from the front, hooking the foot behind the left calf. Lean forward and twist the arms in the same way as the legs, with elbow resting on the knee and chin on the back of the hand. The eyes should be focused on some steady object. Hold the pose as long as comfortable. Repeat on other leg.



Pose of a Tree

THE Tree Pose develops physical balance and inner tranquillity. It is practised on alternate legs. Stand on the right leg. Lift the left foot up and rest it on the thigh in the Half Lotus position. Try to keep it there. Raise the arms and join the palms together over the head. Focus the eyes on tip of nose (or close them) and hold the position, inhaling and exhaling. Change sides and repeat.

Angular

SIT down with knees bent and drawn up toward the body. Taking hold of the big toes, slowly stretch the legs till they are quite straight, balancing on the buttocks and trying to hold the pose steady while you inhale and exhale.



Candle Position

A POWERFUL aid in delaying ageing or in rejuvenating, this pose increases vitality and helps control weight. It is one of the most important of all yoga asanas.

Lie on your back and try to raise your legs up over your head, supporting your back with your hands. The hands should be in the region of the shoulderblades. If you cannot get your legs right up at first, try to prop yourself up against a wall or table. Eventually the legs and body should be in one straight line.

The chin must be pressed hard against the chest—this is the key to the whole position—to prevent the blood going up to the head. Hold the pose, inhaling and exhaling deeply, with the mind concentrating on its beneficial aspects. Then slowly bring the legs down over the head, keeping the knees straight, and come into the Plough Pose (page 8).



• For clarity and convenience asanas in this book have been grouped together according to their special purpose, but the order given is not necessarily that recommended for home practice. Start with Pose of Complete Rest; then warm up the body with simple limbering-up exercises. The Inverted Poses (except the Headstand) should come next, then exercise your head, neck, and eyes. After this the Stretching Cycles could be practised, then the Raised poses and finally, after Savasana again, the Headstand. Do each exercise two or three times, if you're not straining, and take plenty of rest.



Half Candle Pose

THIS prevents and destroys wrinkles, stimulates the glands and nerve centres in the brain, and corrects varicose veins. Come up in the same way as the Shoulder Stand, but this time support yourself by holding the hips, not the back, so that the body is at an angle to the floor. The legs should be straight. Hold the position, inhaling and exhaling, until the face starts to feel warm and full. Relax the facial muscles while retaining the pose. To complete, bring the legs down over the head, as in the Shoulder Stand (top right), but this time bend the knees so you can take hold of your toes. Pull the legs out straight, bringing the toes down to the floor as in variation of the Plough Pose (page 8). Then let go, bend your legs and lower them to the floor. Relax. Caution: This pose is forbidden in cases of high blood pressure.

INVERTED POSES



Pose of Tranquillity

THE benefits of this pose are to soothe the nerves and promote healthy, natural sleep and to improve the circulation. Lying on the floor, stretch the arms over the head. Raise the legs as in the previous inverted poses, but when they form, roughly, an angle of 45 degrees with the trunk raise the arms and rest the legs on the palms of the hands. This is a balancing pose and often requires some practice. You should feel perfectly steady and secure with the body and legs locked into a triangle.

There should be no sense of holding on to the legs ... they should rest on the palms. The knees and elbows must be kept straight and the weight is taken on the top of the shoulders and back of the head. Hold the pose as long as you feel comfortable, inhaling and exhaling, with the mind concentrated on the thought of peace. After a time there will be a pleasant feeling of drowsiness. Bring the legs down over the head, splitting the knees, and coming into the Choking Pose (page 8).

Balancing Shoulder Stand

STRETCH the arms over the head as in the Tranquillity Pose (left), then come up as though into the Shoulder Stand, trying to get the body and legs as high and straight as you can. The weight is on the top of the shoulders and the back of the neck and head. When you feel you can hold your balance, raise your arms. Do not touch your legs. To finish, bring the legs down over the head, splitting them as in the Tranquillity Pose and coming into the Choking Pose (page 8). Caution: Not to be practised if you have high blood pressure.



Bound Shoulder Stand

SIT with the legs in the Lotus position. Then come up into the Shoulder Stand, but instead of supporting

your back with your hands place them on your knees or feet, as in the picture. To complete the pose, lower the locked legs over the head, pressing them gently against the body as in Bound Plough Pose (page 8). Then let go and lower them, still locked, to the ground. Caution: Not to be practised in cases of varicose veins.



Headstand

THE Headstand rejuvenates the whole body and delays ageing. It increases vitality, tones up the glands, nervous centres, and brain, and corrects varicose veins, displaced organs, and prolapses. It improves mental faculties, the eyes, teeth, hair, and ears.

Kneel down; interlace your fingers and put your hands on the floor, resting them on the outer edge of the palms so that they form a little fence. Put your head inside this fence, on the floor, not on your hands. Keep the elbows close together. Stretch your legs out behind you with knees straight and soles on the floor. This is to raise the hips and buttocks. Walk in toward your body, and at the point where you feel you cannot come any closer try to raise your legs from the ground.

Very likely you will have to kick yourself up. The

legs should be lifted slowly, with the knees bent, then gradually straightened out until finally legs and body are in one straight line. While retaining the pose — which should be only for a few seconds — inhale and exhale deeply. To come down, bend the knees and bring them downwards in against the stomach, literally folding yourself up safely. Caution: Strictly forbidden in cases of high blood pressure.

• Leotards and tights are ideal —but anything that doesn't restrict your movement in any way and is light and comfortable can be worn. Do not wear shoes or a girdle.



INVERTED POSES, cont.



Tree Pose Variation

KNEEL down with the head on the floor and the arms spread wide apart. The back of the hands are on the floor. Walk in toward yourself, as described above, until you can lift your legs from the floor. Then legs and body are stretched, split the legs apart and hold the pose, taking the weight on the head and the backs of the hands. To come down, bring legs together, bend knees, and come down as in the Headstand.

Headstand Variation ►

FOLD your arms on your chest, then kneel down and rest them on the floor. Put your head on the floor. Your arms will be in front of your face. Straighten your legs and walk in toward yourself until you can begin to rise up. When the legs and body are in one straight line, bend one knee and carefully wind the other leg round it. To come down, straighten out both legs, bend the knees, and come down as in the classical Headstand.

These variations should not be attempted until there is complete control in the classical Headstand.



THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

Continued from page 38

him you'll guarantee him an amnesty and emphasise that the work he began at 'Bludgeron' must now be completed."

"Wouldn't it be better if you did it?" Hill suggested. "No," said Fitzgerald, "it would not. Of course, the tragedy is that Welch had to get blown-up on the Falklands with all those idiot physicists, otherwise he could do what has to be done."

"The tragedy is," Hill intervened firmly, "and let's get it clear right now, sir, that Welch was ever sent to the Falklands in the first place. But I'll make the broadcast appeal, of course. By the way, have you had any estimate of the number of rabbits lying up on McNab's place?"

"They devoured thirty thousand sheep last night," Fitzgerald told him grimly. "The experts tell me, since the carcasses were picked clean, that that means a minimum of three-quarters of a million of these supersized rabbits on the move and possibly many more."

The general looked at his Prime Minister for a long while at that; then he dropped his eyes and dragged a hand across his mouth. After another silence he stood up. "I'd like to go now; there's a lot to do."

Throughout the afternoon, troop carriers flew north-west from Sydney and due east from "Bludgeron" to the McNab landing strip, until, by dusk, the whole Australian Army of one thousand men was assembled, hot, dusty, and foul-tempered (because no one had thought to send any beer) fifteen miles from the gullies and the bush in which their enemy allegedly crouched.

The prospect of a fifteen-mile march in the dark, at about two in the morning, after the Air Force had bombed the proposed moping-up area, pleased the Army no more than the absence of beer.

They were even less happy, however, when eventually they did attack the blackened, blast-torn gullies the Air Force had left behind it. Though they scoured the whole area, flushing it out with bayonets and flame throwers, and about a million rounds of automatic fire at ground level, they neither saw nor unearthed, dead or alive, a single rabbit.

Which was not surprising. Alerted by the sound of troop carriers landing and taking off all afternoon, the rabbits, traumatic memories revived, had decamped at dusk. By midnight, when the Air Force dropped first a small atomic bomb and then napalm and high explosive, they were fifty-two miles away. By dawn they were securely concealed along many miles of the spine of the alps that divide the east coast of Australia from its outback.

Admittedly a few, trapped in the beam of headlights of fast-moving cars, were killed crossing main highways; here and there does died as their young ones were born;

occasionally a station homestead was overrun.

But no one stopped to examine the "dogs" run over at night, or their fly-matted corpses in the light of day; and both dying does and their new-born pups were devoured by other more determined does and rabbits, so that only bones remained; and those living in the homesteads that were overrun, who saw the incredible horde advancing palely in the moonlight across their paddocks, did not live for long. Not long enough to realise exactly what was happening, still less to use their telephones.

So no reports of either the direction or the extent of this migration reached Canberra. Instead it was assumed that, though a few may have escaped, the vast majority had been entirely obliterated by the Air Force's tactical nuclear bombs dropped at midnight.

MEANTIME, Leslie Dorfmann and Katherine Miller had surrendered themselves to Sir Gary Hill, now promoted to Field-Marshal in place of Sir Alan Jacks (who, locked up in Feodor Golovin's innermost padded cell, was already screaming his head off, having gone — or been driven — mad). And yet, as far as Dorfmann and Miller were concerned, Jacks had been closer to the truth than anyone else in his "appreciation" of the kind of refuge they had probably sought and obtained.

For although they had not actually gone to "Bludgeron" when they fled, they had acted just as boldly as he had suggested by not fleeing from Sydney at all, hiding instead in its heart, at Kings Cross. Dorfmann, grinning mischievously, admitted it all now.

"I don't believe you," Fitzgerald contradicted disagreeably. "The police could not have missed you at Kings Cross."

"No," Dorfmann agreed, "if we'd stayed there more than a night; but we didn't." "Oh? So what did you do instead?"

"We offered two Israeli soldiers a lift to Mascot airport — remember Israel was at war at the time?"

"Israel versus Brazil; over the right to kidnap a ninety-nine-year-old ex-commandant of Ravensbruck from Buenos Aires — I remember it perfectly," Sir Gary confirmed. "We staged it then because you said" — addressing the Prime Minister — "we needed migrants for the newly opened desert areas."

"Oh, get on with the story, for heaven's sake," Fitzgerald ordered. "You gave a lift to two Israelis?"

"Yes. A man and a woman. Both corporals and about to fly back to the Front. We offered them five hundred dollars in cash, and Katy's motor car, in exchange for their uniforms and leave passes. Naturally they agreed; so we flew back to the Front instead of them. And then

"Don't tell me," Fitzgerald groaned. "You both deserted!" "That's right."

"The people at the Office of Immigration were sweet," Katherine said. "First they married us . . ."

"Under what name?" Fitzgerald demanded.

"Dorfmann, of course."

" . . . then they said that since we were both professional people we shouldn't really be sent to do pioneer work in a desert settlement, so when I told how we'd worked together in a hospital in Tel Aviv before joining the Israel Army . . ."

" . . . and I told them we didn't like big cities," Dorfmann cut in.

" . . . they offered us a dirty long list of country hospitals we could go to and told us to take our pick. So . . . we chose" — as Dorfmann confessed it, the young couple giggled at one another — "Canberra."

"Here?" exploded the Prime Minister. "You chose to come here?"

"Where else?" Dorfmann queried. "It's the one spot in Australia that doesn't belong to any State, or have a ruddy enormous police force, or a prying taxation department, or a State social service who'd check up on the name Dorfmann. It was the only place we could live — without being caught, that is. Surprises me you never dropped to it, Mr. Prime Minister, sir."

"We used often to see you all," Katherine observed cheerfully. "Quite odd, really," she mused. "Anyway, here we are at last. What did you want Les for?"

"I think I'd rather tell him that on his own," the Prime Minister declared.

"I reckoned you would," she retorted calmly, "so before we came here, I made him promise he wouldn't see any of you without me. Ever since you had him and Ivor certified, then put in gaol, and then banished, I haven't trusted one of you. Either see us together or Les and I go back to work at the hospital right now."

Smiling sourly, Fitzgerald acknowledged defeat.

"The 'Bludgeron' rabbits somehow survived everything we did to them and even, in very large numbers, I'm afraid, broke out of 'Bludgeron' itself and headed eastwards," he related.

"We attacked them again when they bivouacked in some gullies, and we think we've cleaned most of them up this time, even though we can't find any bodies to prove it. I mean, you'd expect some carcasses somewhere. But no, none."

"On the other hand, over the past forty-eight hours, we've had a string of reports, which Intelligence hasn't had much trouble piecing together, indicating that a few of those rabbits must have got away. En route they killed five families, some cattle and a few sheep. Nothing much — but it tells us for sure that some of them are heading toward the coast some place."

"Unfortunately we haven't caught sight of them, so we don't know where they're going or how many there are."

Dorfmann shrugged. "What am I supposed to do about it?" he asked.

"Two things," Fitzgerald replied. "First go to 'Bludgeron' and investigate the warren so that we get some idea of how many rabbits have survived two full-scale atom attacks — and some of them even a third, last night. And secondly, put on paper every smallest detail you can remember about the experiments you helped Welch with so that we can maybe find an antidote to Supermyx — and possibly even a form of it that will 'take' on these rabbits if ever they should achieve plague numbers."

"Why an antidote?" Katherine asked.

"Because these rabbits kill humans by infection. With even only a couple of them on the rampage in a crowded area we'd need mass vaccination quickly or they'd do to us what for three years now we have been able to threaten to do to the rest of the world. They'd wipe us out."

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Some weeks ago I mentioned a gophering iron — and the fact that I had never seen one, though I guessed it must be something like a pair of curling tongs.

BY one of those mad coincidences I saw one only a few days later in an antique shop (hadn't the least idea what it was until the assistant explained) and now a reader from Queensland has sent me a description of quite a different sort.

Gophering irons were used for putting the finishing touches to frilled shirt fronts and ladies' caps and all the bibs and tuckers and pinafores that little girls wore.

First, you ironed the garment in the normal way, and then you went to work with your gophering iron, crimping and fluting all the bits that showed!

The one I saw was a very old and very simple one. A slender iron tripod about a foot high held a 4in. cone, no more than 1in. across at its wide end and tapering down to quite a fine closed point.

With it went two long irons, each with a wooden handle, a slender iron shaft about a foot long, and a solid cone of iron at the end which would fit firmly and comfortably into the hollow cone on the tripod.

You put one iron into the coals of your kitchen fire. When it was red hot you took it out of the fire and put it into the hollow cone, put the other one into the fire to heat up, and went to work at your gophering.

If you think ironing is a chore, read this...

This was done by what must have been the extremely tedious process of putting your ironed material over the cone and pulling it down firmly on either side to make the first fluting, then moving the material on, judging the spacing by your eye to make the second; and so on, and so on, and so on, round yards and yards of starched trimming on half the garments that came out of the weekly wash.

The Americans thought up a better way of doing this — after all, they invented mass production and the assembly line, didn't they?

My correspondent from Queensland has sent me part of an article from "The Girls' Own Paper and Women's Magazine" of 1916, when gophering was still "in."

The article said: "I came across the American gophering iron. Instead of looking like a pair of curling tongs, it consists of two pieces of iron, one in the form of a stand, flat and corrugated on the upper surface, and the other a curved piece, also fluted on the surface and with a removable handle."

My correspondent writes: "The article goes on to say that the iron is heated on the fire or over a gas jet, and when it is sufficiently hot the material to be gophered is placed on the underpiece of iron and the top piece is rolled across it, gophering quite nine inches of the material into flutes."

"The price of this piece of equipment was 3/11, and imported stocks could be bought at any of the large stores in London."

It seems to me that gophering must have been a pretty tiresome process, whether you did it with the single-cone type of iron, the "curling tongs" type, or the quick American method.

THE antique shop where I saw my single-cone type also had a collection of all sorts of irons — Mrs. Potts' flat-irons dating back centuries, great, heavy, hollow irons that were filled with hot coals, tiny flat-irons (which I took to be toys but which were actually used by good laundresses for lace edgings and difficult corners big irons wouldn't go into), and what must have been the world's first attempt at a steam iron — an ancient piece of ironmongery made to be filled with coals and with a little water-tank on it fitted with a plunger-type pump which spat a jet of water out ahead of the hot iron every time it was pushed.

In those days the housewife who took her ironing seriously obviously had to have several irons.

I have a "Book Of Household Management" published at the beginning of this century which is rather consoling to read at those times when you suddenly feel all the household jobs are just too much. It's consoling because it makes you realise just how much more too much they were in grandma's day!

For instance, it describes for the newly married bride who is undertaking the pressing of her husband's suit for the first time just how the job should be done.

First, she takes her iron and puts it on the stove to heat — a 10lb. iron is considered essential for the job.

My first iron (the heaviest I ever owned, now used as a doorstop in the laundry) weighed 5lb., which probably proves nothing except that Hugh has never had a properly ironed suit since we were married!

The book then goes on to describe in the most minute detail every pass that is made with the iron and every change that has to be made backwards and forwards from sleeveboard to ironing-board, and from the inside to the outside and from the top to the bottom.

The total description, in tiny print in two columns, down three large pages, works out at something like five times the number of words on this page of mine.

By the time the suit was ironed it must have darned nearly worn out. All the turnings and twistings the poor garments went through reminded me of that crazy anonymous parody of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" which goes:

When he killed the Mudjokivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

At the end of this article on ironing your husband's suit (how many engaged girls, I wonder, gave the whole thing away after reading it and settled for single blessedness?) there's a cheery little note which says:

"The highly satisfactory appearance which the suit should now possess cannot be expected to be obtained in a few minutes. It takes an experienced man about 2 of an hour, so that the beginner should be well satisfied if she achieves a really smart finish in, shall we say, an hour and a half."

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father. Only today they're not even little. Well . . . best you make out your report on the plane. No sense wasting time. We'll leave at once for Sydney."

As spring came to the Antipodes and Australians began to think of beaches and surfing, the less civilised half of the globe talked bravely of the beauty of autumn leaves and prepared to face yet another vile winter.

Both 1997 and 1998 had produced freezes in Europe and America which experts claimed to have been even worse than that of 1963, and for this the experiments of Australia's rain-makers were universally blamed.

Since the experiments continued — though without the smallest success — the Northern Hemisphere saw no reason not to expect equally appalling weather from November onwards in 1999.

NATURALLY, the various governments concerned complained to Sir Kevin Fitzgerald, but he took little notice. Nowadays he seldom did — of anything. He rarely consulted his Cabinet and practically never spoke to the House of Representatives.

For remote, second-rate powers like Canada, therefore, to protest that Australia's latest attempt to precipitate rain over Oodnadatta had merely caused unprecedented flooding of each of the Great Lakes was a complete waste of time.

It was doubly a waste of time because even had Fitzgerald not been so contemptuous of foreign governments, he was lately so distracted that he never noticed whether

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foreigners were protesting or not. For Fitzgerald was nowadays obsessed with the possibility of a resurgence of the "Bludgerton" rabbit.

"You're quite sure," he pestered Sir Gary, "that Intelligence hasn't had any reports?"

"Not from any private individual, nor from the police, nor from Security," Hill reassured.

"What about these reports of sheep and calf killings by dingoes, all the way up and down the coast?" the Prime Minister nagged his Minister of Agriculture.

"Can't stop dingoes killing," that worthy consoled. "But we've offered a bounty of twenty-five pounds a head, which should get some results."

"Are you any closer," Fitzgerald almost begged Dorfmann, "to isolating whatever it is that makes Supermyx so deadly?"

Dorfmann shook his blond head irritably.

"No," he admitted. "Why? Someone seen those rabbits again?"

"No. I was just wondering," the Prime Minister equivocated vaguely. "What's the temperature today?"

"Sixty-eight in the shade."

Fitzgerald grunted and, dismissing Dorfmann, telephoned the Meteorological Offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Brisbane.

"I want it hotter," he ordered.

"But it's sixty-eight already," Sydney protested, as did the others in varying terms. "For this time of the year, that's hot."

"Make it eighty-eight at least and keep it that way till March," Fitzgerald

ordered. "And don't argue. Just do as you're told."

So all round the coast of Australia the temperature soared and Australians fled to their beaches — which was exactly what their Prime Minister wanted them to do, knowing from long experience that his people became totally indifferent to all crises as soon as a heat-wave drove them into the surf.

Aware, moreover, that the first cool balm of a southerly breeze would restore them to political sanity, and that the menace of these invisible rabbits was one so gigantic that he doubted he could survive it, he had no intention

of leaving his voters anything but stupefied by heat.

He rang the Meteorological Offices again.

"The slightest breath of a southerly anywhere," he promised, "and I'll prosecute the lot of you." With the result that the westerly blew daily drier and more searing and the temperature rocketed to an average one hundred and twelve degrees in the shade.

Christmas Day was spent by almost the entire nation gasping on beaches, except at noon, when they all staggered home to eat red-hot turkey and blazing plum pudding as

part of their Special British Relationship.

Not even the Queen's broadcast comment that, as she spoke to Australia from Buckingham Palace, she could hear nothing but the crackings of frozen outdoor plumbing, quite consoled her parboiled subjects in the Southern Hemisphere.

Indeed, between those in the Northern Hemisphere who froze (because he insisted on outback rain-making experiments) and those in the Antipodes who roasted (because he denied them so much as a whiff of southerly) it is safe to say that, on Christmas Day of 1999, only Sir Kevin Fitz-

gerald himself, in the whole of the adult world, was content; and he was content simply because he had reduced his people to an apathetic pulp and because there was still no sign anywhere of rabbits.

"Stop rain-making experiments at once," Canada cabled, as much of Toronto vanished under six feet of pack ice, "or we sever diplomatic relations for ever."

Irritably, Sir Kevin pressed the button N.S. in his cistern lid and effectively silenced the most carping of the North Americans by wiping out the entire population of Nova Scotia.

Although Sir Gary Hill did

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THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964

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Frivolous flower-pots



Here is a new use for old tiles. Run riot with color, vary the designs and sizes for the gayest of flower-pots.

CHARMING collection of tiled flower-pots.

A SIMPLE job, needing only a little care and imagination, these pretty flower-pots made from tiles will enhance any pot-plant.

This idea comes from Mr. W. Hughes, of Carlton, Sydney, who has made many of these attractive flower-pots.

Second-hand timber yards or junk shops yield the most attractive old tiles (those used round old fireplaces are among the most charming), but new tiles in modern designs can be bought in most large stores.

Materials: 2 prs. tiles for each pot; 1lb. builder's cement; 1lb. builder's lime; 2lb. sand; old tablespoon and teaspoon; table knife.

Immerse tiles in bucket of water, and lime and scrub well to remove any grease.

Cover flat surface with double sheets of newspaper. Place brick on surface and stand one tile against it, face against brick. Lie other tile, face downwards, on the ground at right angles. Use a third tile to square-off (see picture 2) and tape edges together with cellulose tape.

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cement, 1 teaspoon lime, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sand into smooth dough with a little water. Spoon cement into the right angle formed by two tiles (do not cement third tile, which is only there for support) to depth of about 1in. For added support, bend two pieces of wire, 2in. long, at right angles and press



2. Use a third tile to square-off.



3. Embed wire for strength.



4. Apply cement to angles.



5. Make drain hole in cement.

into cement (see picture 3). Cement in.

Use exactly the same procedure to make the other half of the pot. Do not disturb for two days.

Now, gently stand the two halves on their sides and butt together to form a square. Remove any cement adhering to outside with damp cloth.

Tape the two halves together — if they do not fit exactly fill the gap with cement. Two halves are now butted together, squared off and taped. Place a brick at either end to hold firm.

Mix further supply of cement (2 cups sand, 1 cup cement, 1 large tablespoon lime), add a little water and make a dough. Wet inside of the pot, apply cement to remaining angles as before (picture 4). Pour cement into bottom to depth of 1in.

Smooth out the cement and draw it up the sides. For the drain hole, push a small bottle through the cement until it touches the paper surface (picture 5). Withdraw this before the cement sets.

Remove bricks, clean any cement from tile faces, fill in cracks on outside corners with cement. Leave to set for three days: strengthen by lightly dampening the cement after the first day and covering with a wet cloth.

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DIARY OF A *Sunbeam* MIXMASTER MIXER



7 a.m. Juiced oranges for everyone. Nothing like really fresh vitamin C, is there ... and I believe in getting all the juice out into the glass!



8 a.m. Whipped up fluffy omelette and mixed tasty mushroom and bacon filling. They had such dreary breakfasts before I came.



11 a.m. Hm. — I must mix up some more cookies! I love to see children enjoy pure, home-made goodies—like that ice-cream I made yesterday.



NOON In goes the last of the joint and a few other left-overs — out comes a real tasty lunch. No waste when I'm around!



2 p.m. Big bake-up! Pastries, sponges, fillings, toppings. I shall need *all* my 12 speeds. While I mix — she's measuring out more.



6 p.m. Important dinner — blended a party dip, mixed a salad dressing, then left stand and went to stove to make a smooth, creamy sauce.



11 p.m. Party's over. Many compliments on our cooking. Now for a nice rich nightcap ...



12.00 And so to bed. Busy day but she doesn't look a bit tired. What a wife, mother and hostess!

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not participate in this operation, since Fitzgerald had recently ordered that in future everything of this kind would be done by automation, the Prime Minister nevertheless told his Minister for War what he had done as he entertained a few close friends to Christmas drinks that evening.

"Bit severe, wasn't it?" the Field-Marshal criticised. "I think I'm the best judge of that kind of thing," Fitzgerald declared blandly. "Don't worry about it."

"But a man's got to listen to his conscience sometimes," Sir Gary asserted.

"A man has to be loyal to his Party all the time," Fitzgerald corrected. "The Party comes first because the State comes first—and the Party knows what's best for the State."

"And if, occasionally, some little people, like the inhabitants of Nova Scotia—or, for that matter, much closer to home, your friends the McNabs—have to be pushed round a bit, it's not for any mere individual to judge whether or not it was really necessary to push them."

THIS reminded the Field-Marshal of something he had long meant to ask his Prime Minister.

"Talking of which," he said, "what happened to the McNabs after they evacuated their property? I presume you had them certified for security reasons?"

"No."

"Then what did you do?"

"I didn't do anything. You did."

"What did I . . . ?"

"You blew them up in their beds. Or rather, the Air Force did; but the Air Force was acting on your orders."

"Do you mean," Sir Gary grunted, "that, in fact, you didn't warn the McNabs to get off their property like you told me you had?"

"That's right. I thought about security, and the difficulty of certifying so many of them at once, and the enormity of the danger we faced at that time, and I decided it'd be better for everyone concerned if they stayed where they were."

"So five McNabs, four station hands, and a married couple died that night?"

"As many as that?" Fitzgerald murmured. "Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Well, you'll not get away with it," Hill vowed. "When Parliament reassembles, I'll cross the floor and vote with Bill the Dill."

"One man crossing the floor," Fitzgerald sneered.

"No sir, we won the last election one hundred and

Continued from page 51

twenty-two to nil, so each of our five M.P.s represents twenty-four seats. And I represent not only my twenty-four seats, but, since I'm acting for him, poor stupid old Jacks' twenty-four as well.

"And don't forget that the Minister of Education has never forgiven you for introducing culture into the curriculum at the expense of technology. He'll cross with me for sure. That means that you'll be left with only yourself and the Attorney-General on your side and we'll defeat you by seventy-two to fifty."

Here, indeed, was a shattering threat of mutiny, yet only for a second was Fitzgerald shaken before he confidently retook the initiative.

"Gary," he coaxed. "You won't defeat me, you know. You'll only defeat the Party. You'll only defeat the State. You'll only hand it over, bound and gagged, to those idiots of Dillberry's on the Opposition. Gary, all I did was to kill ten people . . ."

"Eleven!"

"Let's not quibble; eleven then . . . to preserve the life of the State and of our Party. Would you really destroy both for the sake of a mere eleven people who are already dead anyway? Is this sensible? Or loyal? Or patriotic?"

"No," the Field-Marshal admitted. "No, it's not. So I can't cross the floor and you get away with murder. But I don't like it: I don't like it at all."

"Nor does any of us," the Prime Minister sighed. "Least of all myself. But you're luckier than I am. At least you can argue with me about my decisions—and hate me for them. But I . . . I can only hate myself."

Patting the Field-Marshal's shoulder, he smiled sadly and moved away with lonely dignity to talk to others of his guests; but as he did so he made a mental note that Hill must go.

He'd done a first-rate job as War Manager and he had deserved his promotion to Field-Marshal; but he had twice lately been critical of policy decisions. Once about Welch's banishment; and tonight about the necessary sacrifice of the McNabs and their employees.

"Excuse me, sir, could we have a word with you?"

Thus abruptly brought back to the present, Fitzgerald found himself facing the New South Wales Commissioner of Police and Leslie Dorfmann, neither of whom he had invited to his Christmas party. Each of

whom, in fact, with a conscious sense of acute personal distaste, he had deliberately omitted from his invitation list.

Their presence now, therefore, could only warn of something extremely disagreeable. Hurriedly he led them to a quieter room.

"Well," he demanded, knowing what they would answer.

"Over five hundred unnatural deaths tonight in Newcastle, Gosford, and Sydney," the policeman reported. "Corpses lying around like newspaper at the Cricket Ground after the crowd's gone home."

"Supermyxomatosis," Dorfmann elaborated succinctly.

"And thousands of reports from motorists returning from the beach after dark that they've seen a freak animal. They say it's a . . . well that it's . . ."

"I know," the Prime Minister said wearily. "That it's a rabbit as big as a police dog."

"Yes, sir," the policeman agreed.

"And it's in the cities," Dorfmann added quietly, "which rather precludes bombing, so what are we going to do about that?"

"I must broadcast to the people as soon as possible," Fitzgerald decided. "They'll trust me, if I'm frank with them. That's always been my strength politically—that the country trusts me because I'm frank."

"I want to talk to you today," Fitzgerald began his frank, Boxing Day Broadcast, "about the future: but properly to do that we must first examine the past."

"Sixteen years ago, when my Government first came to power, this great country had been reduced to a shambles by the lunatic policies of Mr.

Dillberry, the then Prime Minister, and his colleagues.

"There was unemployment and stagnation at home; we were held in discredit and disrespect abroad. There was a shortage of houses, hospitals, and schools. Income-tax was eighteen shillings in the pound. All this and much else bad was Australia under Dillberry in 1933."

"But how different is the picture today. Today there are no unemployed; our industry booms; everyone has a house; everyone has two cars; everyone has his own bed waiting for him in his own district hospital; everyone has a desk reserved at a new school for each of the three children he must sire or be taxed an extra shilling in the pound in default."

"In every field of human endeavor, this Government has initiated long-overdue reforms."

"Instead of odious quad-

atic equations, for example, today's parents hear their children sweetly chanting mensa, mensa, mensam."

"Instead of Dillberry's income-tax of eighteen shillings in the pound, for example, only those unable to pass the Potential Director's Aptitude Test are today penalised by having to pay more than ten shillings in the pound. And even they only pay ten shillings in the pound income-tax—the other eight shillings and elevenpence, known as the Fresh Air Tax, is a special levy on poverty designed to stamp out this undesirable and anti-social condition which was so prevalent in the bad old days of Mr. Dillberry's lamentable administration."

"Of course, there have been moments of difficulty for this Government, as well as for yourselves, whose servants we are. But we have considered each of them as they arose, on their merits, and have acted accordingly—and

To page 63



THE BOYFRIEND



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 4, 1961

SWEET BUNS, MUFFINS—AND A BABA

● Light, fruit-studded or cream-filled buns are everyone's favorites. You'll find recipes for them in this three-page feature, and for a Rum Baba. In every one, yeast is the magic ingredient.

CHERRY RUM BABA

One ounce yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm milk, 2 cups plain flour, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon currants, 2oz. glace cherries.

Soften yeast in lukewarm milk. Sift flour into bowl, make well in centre, add yeast mixture and lightly beaten eggs. Mix together well, adding a little more lukewarm milk if necessary, to make soft, sticky dough. Beat by hand 2 minutes. Cover bowl, stand in warm place 45 minutes or until dough has doubled in bulk. Knead butter until very soft.

When dough rises, punch down, sprinkle salt and sugar over it. Spread with softened butter, add sultanas, currants, and cherries. Again beat dough by hand 3 to 4 minutes. Half-fill well-greased baba mould with dough, stand in warm place until dough rises to top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer or until cake-tests show it is done. Loosen from sides of mould with sharp knife, turn out on cooler. Prick carefully all over with a skewer or fork. Spoon over warm rum syrup.

Rum Syrup: Half cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum.

Combine water and sugar in saucepan, bring to boil. Boil, uncovered, 5 minutes. Add salt and rum.

If desired, when rum syrup has been absorbed, top baba with apricot glaze.

Apricot Glaze: Heat 1 cup apricot jam with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon water. Push through sieve, then spoon over top of baba so glaze runs down fluted sides. Serve with whipped cream.



By our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

ALMOND SUGAR BUNS

One ounce yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon crushed cardamom, 1 egg, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute (melted).

Dissolve yeast in water. Scald milk. In large bowl put the 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar, the salt, and cardamom. Pour in the milk, stir to melt butter; cool to lukewarm. Add lightly beaten egg and yeast mixture.

Stir half the sifted flour into yeast mixture, beat until smooth. Sprinkle sultanas over, then work in remainder of flour (dough should be stiff). Turn on to lightly floured board, knead 5 minutes or until dough is smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, cover with damp cloth, let rise in warm place until almost double in bulk (about 1 hour). Punch down dough, let rest 5 minutes.

Pinch off pieces of dough, shape into buns. Mix remaining sugar with the almonds. Brush buns with the melted butter or substitute, then roll in sugar-almond mixture. Place in lightly greased lamington-tin, 2 across and 3 down. Cover with damp cloth, let rise in warm place until almost double in bulk (about 45 minutes). Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until golden brown.

Color pictures
by Barry Cullen
and Don
Cameron

● More recipes,
page 59



ENGLISH MUFFINS

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk (scalded), 1oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, 1 egg (beaten), 4 cups plain flour.

Add butter, salt, and sugar to milk, cool until lukewarm. Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Add yeast, egg, and 2 cups of sifted flour to cooled milk. Stir to blend well, then knead in remaining flour until firm and elastic. Let rise until double in bulk (about 1 hour). Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick on floured board. Cut into 4 in. circles; leave on board. Cover and let rise until double in bulk (about 1 hour). When light, lift with spatula and bake slowly on hot, ungreased, heavy griddle or frying-pan about 7 minutes on each side until nicely browned.





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KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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SWEET BUNS . . . continued

WALNUT BUNS

Two pounds plain flour, 1oz. yeast, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs or 4 egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar, 2 cups milk, pinch salt, 3oz. sultanas.

Place milk, sugar, and butter in small saucepan, heat just to lukewarm; dissolve yeast in this mixture. Sift flour and salt, make well in centre, break in eggs or egg-yolks. Stir in lukewarm yeast-and-milk mixture, beat until thoroughly combined. Mix in sultanas. Cover, stand in warm place 30 to 40 minutes to rise. Turn on lightly floured board, knead 2 minutes; place in greased basin, stand in a warm place further 15 minutes. Turn out on floured surface, knead lightly, break off small pieces of dough about size of a lemon, roll between palms of hands to make long roll, tie this in knot. Place 1 to 1½ in. apart on well-greased oven-slide, let stand in warm place 20 to 30 minutes or until nearly double in size. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until golden brown. Glaze immediately while hot with sugar glaze (see recipe for Cream Buns), then drizzle while still warm with warm coffee icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Warm Coffee Icing: Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, ½oz. butter or substitute, milk to mix.

Sift icing sugar and coffee into heatproof basin, add butter and enough milk to make icing of a fairly thin consistency. Place over saucepan of boiling water, stir until mixture begins to shine and butter melts. Allow to remain over water while using.



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid - ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this cookery feature.

• More recipes on page 61

DOUGHNUTS

One pound 9oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. powdered milk, ½oz. salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, ½ pint lukewarm water, 2oz. yeast, oil for frying, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, pink, chocolate, and mocha icings.

Sift flour, spice, powdered milk, sugar, and salt into basin. Add butter or substitute, rub in well. Mix in beaten eggs and yeast (which has been crumbled into small basin, warm water added, and stirred until yeast dissolves). Mix to soft dough, turn out on floured board; knead well. Place dough back into lightly greased bowl, stand in warm place, and leave until double in bulk (about 1 hour). Turn out on floured board, knead lightly 1 minute.

Doughnuts: Roll out dough about ¼ in. thick, cut into 2½ in. or 3 in. circles, then with a smaller cutter take out centres, so forming rings (or use doughnut cutter). Drop into hot oil, cook until browned and well risen, turning occasionally. Drain well; while still hot, toss in sugar to which cinnamon has been added. Or allow to become quite cool, then ice as desired.

Berlin Doughnuts: Roll dough to approximately ¼ in. thickness on lightly floured board. Cut into 2½ in. rounds. Brush half of the rounds with slightly beaten egg-white, place 1 teaspoon strawberry or other jam in centre of each. Top these rounds with remaining plain rounds, pinching edges together firmly. Cover, let rise in warm place until almost double. Fry a few at a time in hot oil, turning once; drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with icing sugar or toss in sugar-cinnamon mixture. When cool, split and pipe in whipped fresh or mock cream.

CREAM BUNS

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, ¼ pint milk, 1½oz. sultanas, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg.

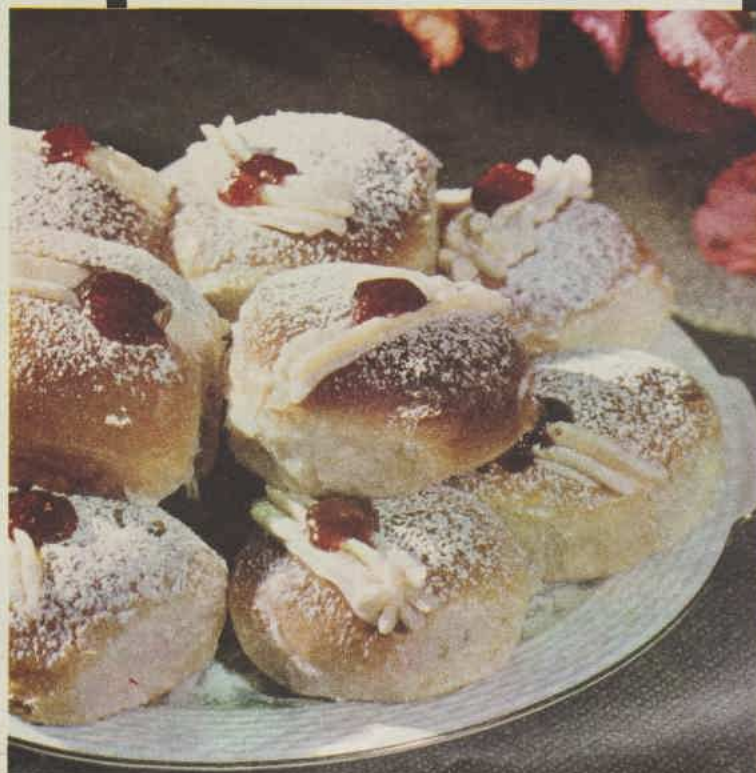
Crumble yeast into basin and mix with 1 level teaspoon each of flour and sugar and all the lukewarm milk. Stand basin in warm place 15 minutes or until mixture is spongy. Sift the flour and salt into large basin, rub in the butter or substitute, add the sugar and sultanas, mix well in. Beat the egg well, add it to yeast-and-milk sponge. Add this mixture to flour mixture and make into soft dough. Stand in warm place 40 minutes, covered with cloth, but do not let covering touch dough. Turn out on floured surface. Knead well until smooth and elastic. Cut into 16 even-sized pieces, knead each piece into a small ball. Place on greased swiss-roll tins, 3 across and 4 down. Set again in warm place 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from oven, glaze with 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved over gentle heat in ½ cup water. Break buns apart when glaze sets, allow to cool on wire-rack. When quite cold, cut small sections about ½ in. wide along top of each bun and pipe into this fresh or mock cream, sprinkle with icing sugar, drop a little raspberry jam into centre of row of cream.

Malted Cream: Five ounces butter, 6 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 teaspoons malted milk powder, few drops vanilla, cold water.

Cream butter until very soft and white, gradually add sugar, and beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Add malt powder and vanilla, then beat in the iced water, about a teaspoon at a time, until all sugar has dissolved and mixture is soft, smooth, and creamy.

Fluffy Mock Cream: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon boiling milk, 1 cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Soften butter in basin with the boiling milk, add sugar, beat to a cream. When mixture is creamy, dissolve gelatine in the boiling water. Add gradually to creamed mixture, beating continuously, until sugar is completely dissolved and mixture is light and fluffy. Add vanilla, beat well into the cream.





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Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. And, for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. A special fan — that only Kelvinator has — circulates air so frost can't form. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — even on frozen food packages! *It's the fan that makes the difference. Look for it in the deep freeze compartment!*

Below, there's a big, family-size refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens a whole new world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration. (Look smart, too!).

Choose from 3 spectacular models. — Model 694 (illustrated above) 14 cu. ft. — 315 gns. Model 693 14 cu. ft. similar in all respects, but with Cyclic Fully Automatic Defrost — 299 gns. Model 493 — 12 cu. ft. Cyclic Auto. Defrost — 269 gns. Other models from only 129 guineas. (All prices quoted slightly higher in some areas.)

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REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING



SWEET BUNS concluded

CONTINENTAL CINNAMON SNAILS

(Picture at right.)

Three cups plain flour, 2 table-
spoons sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
or substitute, 1 oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
lukewarm milk, 3 egg-yolks.

Sift the flour, sugar, and salt
together into bowl. Work in the
softened butter by hand.

Soften the yeast in the milk 5
minutes in a bowl; add the egg-
yolks. Beat with a rotary beater
3 minutes. Add to the flour mixture,
mixing until dough is formed. Wrap
in waxed paper, or aluminium foil,
chill overnight in the refrigerator.
Remove from refrigerator $\frac{1}{2}$ hour
before dough is to be used and
prepare the filling.

Walnut Filling: Half cup ground
walnuts, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon
cinnamon, 1 egg (beaten), 2 egg-
whites.

Note: The quantity of walnuts
in this filling can be increased to
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups, if desired.

Yeast cookery

HERE are the simple main
points to remember when
cooking with yeast:

- Liquid added to yeast should
be lukewarm, as recipes in this
feature specify. If liquid is too
cold, it will not have any effect
on the yeast—the dough will
not rise; if too hot, it will kill
the action of the yeast. But
liquid of the right temperature
will bring the yeast to life.

- When setting the dough to
prove, leave it in a warm (but
not hot) place, away from
draughts.

- When the dough is in the
oven you will have the house
filled with the fragrance of
yeast cookery — which Mark
Twain described as "the very
breath and perfume of home."

ITALIAN BREAD STICKS

(Picture below.)

One ounce yeast, 2 cups warm
water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 tea-
spoons salt, 8 cups plain flour.

Dissolve yeast in warm water,
add sugar and salt. Stir in seven
cups of the sifted flour. Turn out
on board, knead in about one cup
more flour to make stiff dough.
Knead until smooth and elastic;
cover with damp cloth, let rise in
warm place until double in bulk
(about one and a half hours); punch
down. Break off pieces of dough,
form into balls about one and a half
inches in diameter. Then, with
palms of hands and spread fingers,
form balls into long sticks. Place on
greased baking-trays, allow to rise,
then brush with water. Bake in mod-
erate oven until brown and crisp
(about 30 minutes). Once during
baking brush sticks with warm
water.

Salt Sticks: Sprinkle sticks with
coarse salt after the first brushing
with water, just before placing in
oven.



Mix together the walnuts, sugar,
cinnamon, and egg. Roll out dough
 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick on lightly floured board.
Spread with the stiffly beaten egg-
whites then the walnut mixture.
Roll up carefully, as for swiss roll.
Cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick slices, place
in well-greased lamington tin.

Let rise in a warm place 30 to
40 minutes. Then bake in a hot
oven 20 minutes, or until browned.
If browned before completely
cooked, reduce temperature to
moderate, cover with sheet of brown
paper, and continue cooking.

Remove from oven and glaze
immediately while still hot with a
glaze made by dissolving 1 table-
spoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon

sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water over gentle
heat.

Below is a simple, alternative
filling. You might like to make
half the buns with the walnut fill-
ing and half with this deliciously
spicy filling:

Cinnamon Sultana Filling: Half
cup sultanas, 1 cup brown sugar,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds, 1 dessert-
spoon cinnamon, 4oz. butter or sub-
stitute.

Combine sultanas, brown sugar,
almonds, and cinnamon. Melt
butter or substitute. Brush rolled-
out dough with melted butter,
sprinkle with the combined cin-
namon mixture. Proceed with roll-
ing, cutting, baking, and glazing as
directed at left.



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POTATO SALAD makes a pretty platter. See recipe.

Spring salad wins £5

● A mayonnaise made with grated cheese and cream is mixed with cooked potato in the unusual salad that wins the £5 main prize in this week's recipe contest.

THE tangy flavor of citrus fruits is featured this week in our consolation prize winners. A refreshing summer ice-cream has a lemon flavor, and the rich layer cake has grapefruit, lemon, and orange added to the cake mixture and the creamy frosting. Both

recipes win a prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPRING POTATO SALAD

Three ounces soft grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 4 cups hot sliced or diced potatoes, 4 tablespoons shallots (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch mustard, 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 3 chopped gherkins, 1

dessertspoon chopped parsley, lettuce leaves, salad dressing.

Beat together the grated cheese and cream or evaporated milk until creamy. Mix with potatoes, onion salt, and mustard; chill. Just before serving, add sliced eggs (reserve a little for garnish), celery, gherkins and parsley. Serve in lettuce leaves with the salad dressing. Garnish with sliced egg, parsley sprigs, and tomato wedges.

Salad Dressing: One teaspoon mustard, pinch salt and cayenne pepper, 2 teaspoons sugar, 6 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Mix mustard, salt, pepper, and sugar with a little of the cream or milk until smooth, stir in remainder of cream or milk and the vinegar.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Marlow, 285 Cooper Rd., Yagoona, N.S.W.

LEMON ICE-CREAM

One large lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 3 egg-yolks, 4oz. sugar.

Grate lemon rind into milk. Pour milk over the egg-yolks that have been beaten with the sugar. Fill mixture into top half of double saucepan, stir over hot water until of thin custard consistency. Strain through fine sieve, stir until beginning to cool. When quite cold, add strained juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Turn into ice-cream tray, cover with aluminium foil, and freeze at maximum freezing point about 3 hours. Enough for about 4 servings. Serve with fruits.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Warren, 14 Gordon Crescent, Black Rock S9, Vic.

GRAPEFRUIT LAYER CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute 12oz. sugar, grated rind 2 grapefruit, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 3 eggs 12oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, juice 1 large grapefruit made up to 1 cup with water.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add grated fruit rinds, then eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour twice with baking-powder, soda, and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with liquid. Fill into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Allow to cool in tins a few minutes before turning out.

Grapefruit-cheese Frosting: One ounce butter, 3oz. cream cheese, grated rind 1 grapefruit, grated rind 1 orange, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 4 cups sifted icing sugar, peeled sections of orange and grapefruit for decorating.

Combine butter, cream cheese, fruit rinds, and vanilla in basin, beat until fluffy. Now beat in icing sugar alternately with grapefruit juice and continue beating until fluffy and a good spreading consistency. Split each cake through centre, join together again with the frosting, keeping enough to cover top and sides of cake. Use spatula or back of dessertspoon to swirl frosting on outside of cake. Decorate with alternate sections of peeled orange and grapefruit.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss K. Mitchell, 25 Birdwood Ave., Warrnambool, Vic.

LOW CALORIE RECIPE

HERE'S an interesting lunch for the housewife at home —light yet satisfying. It also makes an easily prepared meal for the business girl; the dressing can be carried to the office in the yoghurt carton.

ASPARAGUS WITH YOGHURT DRESSING

One 8oz. can asparagus spears, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yoghurt, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, dash Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper.

Drain asparagus, place on serving-dish. Combine the remaining ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Spoon over asparagus; serve immediately.

Serves 1; calories per serving, 150.

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have done, I think I can say, not too badly.

"For Australia now stands as a creditor nation to all the rest of the world — is indisputably the richest and most powerful nation of this or any other time — and has a Special Relationship with Great Britain which nothing (except expediency) shall ever disrupt."

"In short, I can repeat to you now what I said to you in my last election address: you were never richer nor happier than you are today."

"Such a present, of course, makes a better future difficult of achievement by any Government, though, naturally, we shall try to achieve it and, with God's help, shall succeed — which Mr. Dillberry could never do."

"But I must be frank with you. There will be occasional difficulties. Small ones, admittedly, and only local: but they will be there. One is even here today."

"Some of you will already have heard of the disagreeable epidemic, spread by a sudden plague of rabbits, which has hit three of New South Wales' eastern cities."

"I shan't conceal from you the fact that neither the plague nor the epidemic was expected by me — which is why I today accepted the resignation of the Minister of Agriculture, who also is the Minister of Education, and whose failure either to act swiftly or to notify me of the facts has resulted in this tragedy; but I promise you that I will do all that I can, whilst attending to the many other lonely burdens of government, to overcome this crisis."

"Of course, the cities of Newcastle, Gosford, and Sydney must feel despondent at the results of the carelessness of the Minister of Agriculture — I am a little despondent myself — but already plans are afoot. A Commission has been set up, a White Paper will be published, and the Government is confident that, given your patience and goodwill, this country that has weathered so many storms will weather also this sudden fierce gale that is blowing in the east — about which," he added, "the south and west and north can hardly be expected unduly to exercise or excite themselves, anyway."

"Remember, our vaults are full of gold, our exports exceed our imports by uncountable annual millions, and the world marvels at our greatness."

"Therefore, let it never be said that, at this the greatest moment of

Continued from page 55

our history, we allowed a few local rabbits to claw the pedestal of world supremacy from beneath Australia's national feet."

It was a typical Fitzgerald performance, beautifully delivered, beautifully timed, accompanied by superbly eloquent gestures and wryly self-deprecating smiles; and as he spoke the last line the television cameras moved into close-up and his eyes met the viewers' with total candor and humility and, he hoped, a trace of tears.

"How was it?" he asked the producer as soon as he was off the air.

"Marvellous, sir. Most touching."

"The lighting was bad," Fitzgerald complained, "I asked for it very strong so I'd look pale and my eyes would water when I looked up for

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

that last close-up. And number three cameraman yawned—twice."

"He's a Communist," the producer reassured. "We'll sack him. Believe me, sir, you were marvellous."

Lying in their millions on the beach, switching off the hundreds of thousands of portable television sets without whose company all human activities had lately become unthinkable, Fitzgerald's public also assessed his performance.

"Old fake" . . . "Couldn't lie straight in bed" . . . "Crooked as a dog's hind leg" . . . "He said 'of course' four times—that means either we've had it or he's had it. Anyone want to bet it's not him?" . . . "Sing us another song Ella: that one wouldn't even make the Top Fifty."

Thus the Prime Minister's people.

Fitzgerald himself summed-up for all sides at a Canberra Cabinet meeting.

"Well," he said, "I've done my bit—got the country behind us—now what're you lot going to do?"

"About what?" Sir Gary Hill asked, crossly.

"About those perishing rabbits," Fitzgerald told him.

"Perhaps," Sir Gary suggested, "the Prime Minister would be good enough to tell us all he knows for once before we decide what we should try to do about it?"

This Fitzgerald was perfectly prepared to do if, by so doing, he could

palm responsibility for any failure to the rest of his Cabinet.

Tersely he explained that the rabbit army numbered several million at least, that it was presently entrenched in three metropolises, and that only hand-to-hand combat could now defeat it.

"How come there are so many of them, yet no one saw so much as a whisper of any of them till now?" the Attorney-General inquired.

Naturalists, Fitzgerald replied, on the basis of all the evidence available, thought that the migration from "Bludgerton" had lasted three nights, by which time the rabbits had reached the coast.

There, for the last of the wintry months, they had dug in along many miles of deserted beach, harsh lantana-ridden sand dunes.

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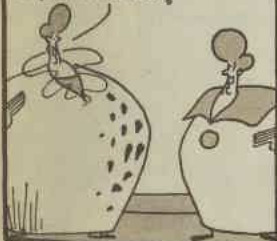


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THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

The constant whine of commercial jet liners overhead had doubtless made them afraid to move from their sparsely populated and sandy hideouts — even if the night-time trek to find food was a long one — so they established settlements at every unpopulated beach from Gosford almost to Port Kembla, and had stayed in these, undisturbed, breeding rapidly, until October and the beginning of Australia's fantastic summer.

Then not only were all their isolated beaches abruptly invaded by thousands of heat-crazed surfers, but also an unprecedented lack of rainfall, combined with a savagely sustained west wind, had reduced the rabbit hordes to a panic of thirst.

INSTINCTIVELY at last their entire army had debouched, on December 25, from its wide-scattered places of concealment and had headed toward the fountains and swimming-pools and endlessly whirling garden hoses of the three nearest cities.

This much was conjecture, though it seemed feasible enough; what followed was fact and was much more difficult to accept.

Swarming into Newcastle, Gosford, and Sydney from dusk onwards, the rabbits had inevitably encountered some of the citizenry — and had killed them with despatch.

Of thirty-two midnight swimmers at a Newcastle public pool, thirty died by their portable radios and crates of beer, their macabre demise watched by a horrified girl and her younger brother who were floating just under the diving-tower.

Of a hundred and ninety-one riverside evening picnickers at Gosford, only four escaped — and police related that the rabbits had fastidiously sorted through all their victims' scattered hampers and eaten everything that contained meat.

Of the three hundred and twelve lovers, layabouts, bodgies, and thieves who lurked or reclined in the shadows of Sydney's Hyde Park, near and around the Archibald Memorial Foundation, not one survived. Yet by dawn the entire army of killers had vanished.

"Where?" barked Sir Gary.

"Presumably," drawled the Prime Minister, "along the underground tunnels to Bondi and the beaches and from there down drains and sewers and into lofts and attics and underneath houses — or anywhere else it's dark and quiet as the sun comes up and people begin to stir. Anyway — that's the picture. Now what are you going to do about it? Any ideas, Sir Gary?"

"Order everyone to stay indoors all night, to turn off all taps, and to avoid like the plague any pond or pool of water of any size. Meanwhile, call up every male between the ages of sixty and sixty-five to fight — and order the Met office to start a southerly and end the heat-wave and bring rain."

"Finally, all night long everybody must have their radios turned on full blast and we'll get the broadcasting people to transmit a tape of constant jet-whine and bomb explosions."

"The rain is presumably to remove the rabbits' need to enter these cities in search of water?" Fitzgerald asked, and Sir Gary nodded. "And the sound effects on radio to frighten them back to their empty beaches?"

Again Sir Gary nodded and added: "It seems that jet whine and bomb blast drove them underground for three years at 'Bludgerton,' maybe the same thing will happen here."

"But that's only postponing the problem," the Attorney-General complained. "In three years they'll emerge again — and next time it'll be in billions."

"You got a better idea?" Sir Gary demanded belligerently.

"No."

"Then shut up," Fitzgerald instructed. "But tell me, Field-Marshal, why call up the sixty to sixty-five-year-olds?"

"Why not? Specially since they're the only ones who really know and hate rabbits. Whoever fights, a lot are going to die. I reckon a man at war should be allowed to die hating. And, anyway, for a long time the world's dreamed of a war fought by its old 'uns rather than its youth. Just for once, let the world have its way. It may be our last chance."

"Out of the question," Fitzgerald, who was sixty-two, vetoed.

"Then I resign," stated the Field-Marshal bluntly. "Or

rather, I will resign after Parliament meets in the New Year and I've crossed the floor."

"I'll cross with you," volunteered the new Minister of Agriculture and Education, Leslie Dorfmann, "and bring the Government down. About time, too."

"Out of the question," Fitzgerald repeated, "that my generation should fail its country at this its direst hour. I hereby proclaim a state of martial law," scribbling it on a small piece of paper and passing it to Sir Gary, "so take this document to the Governor-General and if he won't sign it, shoot him. It's all yours, Field-Marshal. I now declare this meeting closed."

But as the others filed consolately out of the Cabinet room, Fitzgerald called Sir Gary back to him. "That was a stroke of genius," he applauded, "suggesting the call-up of the sixty to sixty-five-year-olds."

"Glad you liked it."

"Liked it? I'm mad about it! Gary, do you realise just how many millions of pounds a week on old-age pensions we'll save if, in this battle that's coming, we lose only half of that age group?"

"Do you realise that between pensionable sixty and euthanasianable seventy-five, we have a costly and useless population of over two million?"

"And that that works out at approximately one totally unproductive head of population per rabbit? Don't you see, Gary, this is nature's way of restoring the balance? I knew there had to be some point in this latest renaissance of the rabbit. And you've hit on it. Hit it right on the head. We just let rabbits and old folk fight it out till they exterminate each other."

"Like the Germans and the Russians were supposed to do in the 1930s?" suggested Sir Gary, whose grandfather had often talked bitterly of those long years ago.

"Precisely."

"But they didn't."

"This time, though, the rabbits are willing; and you have the power to order the old folk out to fight. You must order them, Gary. No retreat. Fight to the last bullet. Anyone who retreats to be executed for cowardice. I tell you — the idea's fool-proof."

"Except for one thing!"

"What's that?" — anxiously.

"Who do we call up when all the old folk are dead, if

some of the rabbits are still alive?"

"You're mad," Fitzgerald rebuked. "Are you seriously suggesting that one Australian isn't more than a match for one rabbit?"

Sir Gary flushed. "Sorry, sir," he muttered. "You're right. Of course, you're right."

"I certainly am," Fitzgerald shouted. "Tonight you shall have heavy rain and cool southerly breezes; the entire nation will stay indoors — not a tap running, not a cistern flushing; the air will be hideous with the whining of jets and the crashing of bombs; and just as soon as you can collect your army of venerables, war on Brer Rabbit will be declared."

Springing to attention, his eyes gleaming and his cheeks flushed, the young Field-Marshal saluted his more mature Prime Minister — a soldier completely and quite properly won over by the superior wisdom of a statesman.

The deluge of rain, jet whinings, bomb crashing, and shrieking southerly gales which beset the east coast of New South Wales for the next forty-eight hours kept most of the invaders under cover and gave Victoria Barracks, in Sydney, an opportunity to muster the majority of the State's sixty to sixty-five-year-olds for active service.

THESE, it must be admitted, did not form a spirited army. Not that one could really blame them. In their youth they had despised the fathers who had fought in World War II; and later they had joined movements whose sole aim it was to ban the one foreign weapon that could effectively reach them — The Bomb.

Then they had remained vociferously pacifist until they passed the age of military service, when they graciously moderated their views to allow of limited warfare so long as it was conducted in foreign places like Malaya, Vietnam, or Iraq. But when Fitzgerald brought off his Supermyx coup and deprived every nation except Australia of nuclear weapons, this same group, now too old itself to fight, and quite safe at last as civilians, became instantly as bellicose as once it had been pacifist.

In fact it had even been saying for several years now that the younger generation was decadent and undisciplined and that military service, which never hurt anyone, would do it good.

Naturally then, a call-up came as something of a shock to men like these — a shock that was mitigated not at all by the crowds of despicable striplings, who had lost no time in rushing from their luxurious Selective Sports Force encampments so that they could hang round the barrack gates and howl, as each rain-drenched conscript passed through: "You'll be sorry, grandpa, you'll be sorry."

Their medical examination, on the specific orders of Eastern Command (who were following the suggestion of the Prime Minister) was a farce. Those who were seriously ill were consoled with the information that it would be folly to waste healthy lives on rabbits; and those who were not actually about to collapse were classified as fit to carry a double load of

To page 66

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Continued from page 65

ammunition, half of which they must hand over to their halt, lame, arthritic, paralysed, and downright dying comrades when they all reached the Front.

No one was given any kind of vaccination or inoculation, it being explained that these would be a waste of time, as well as a discomfort, when the only disease likely to be contracted was Supermyxomatosis, for which there was no cure.

They were all simply lined up, thrust into boots that were too small for them and uniforms that were too large, handed a sub-machine gun and as many magazines of ammunition each as—short of mass thrombosis—they could carry, and, on

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

December 29, marched off in the late afternoon to such likely rabbit rendezvous as freshwater creeks, bunkers on golf courses, and ornamental fountains.

Quite deliberately, too, the whole day of the 29th was kept hot and rainless, and the westerly wind (which seemed to have gained in venom during its three-day lay-off) was restored.

Equally deliberately, though, everyone except the Army stayed indoors once darkness fell, the hateful din of broadcast whine and explosion was silenced. And soon, as intended, crazed with thirst, the rabbits reappeared.

To be fair, once the battle was joined, Eastern Command's reluctant

army fought well. They even, in Sydney, scored victories.

At Taronga Zoo Park, for example, firing from within the meshed enclosures of huge aviaries, they slaughtered more than eleven thousand rabbits who were on their way to various animal pits with the intention of eating the occupants.

Not that the invaders died apathetically. On the contrary, as soon as they realised that they were trapped in enfolding fire, they hurled themselves on to the offensive. But the old men, protected by wire mesh which the rabbits could not even see, stood their ground inside the cages.

As brilliantly plumaged birds from Africa and Asia and South America shrieked in outrage above them, they fired steadily into a wave of loping attackers, who, time after time, jumping the piled corpses of their companions, hurled themselves at the blazing sub-machine guns, bounced back off the meshed wire and then hurled themselves, snarling, forward again.

By dawn, at the fence itself, piled almost six feet high, there was a bank of dead and bloodied rabbits which sloped downwards and backwards for forty feet. At Taronga, indisputably, man had won his battle.

As also he did in Hyde Park, where every tree overlooking the fountain was full of armed men—and where the upper floor windows of buildings in Elizabeth Street, and the roof of St. Mary's Cathedral opposite bristled with machine-guns and automatic weapons.

THIS force allowed the park lawns to fill with rabbits before opening fire, and again the slaughter was prodigious—although this time those sixty-year-olds who straddled the lowest tree branches suffered fairly heavily as the bucks leaped and fatally mauled every dangling leg.

But in Gosford (where the lie of the land favored the rabbit) and in Newcastle (where two battalions were ambushed and annihilated as they mustered on a golf course) and in Sydney's Frenchs Forest (where the rabbits were completely at home) victory went more often to the invader than to Australia's old men.

Worse than these defeats, however, was the need to collect the thousands of carcasses on the morning of December 30 and destroy them by fire. Crematoria were requisitioned, as were the fires at garbage dumps and the blast furnaces of heavy industry, but by nightfall only two-thirds of the bodies had been collected and not many more than half of those had been burned.

"You'll just have to stop killing them," Dorfmann insisted. "In this heat every rabbit you kill must be burned within twenty-four hours of its death—otherwise we're going to have an epidemic of Supermyxomatosis."

"But we aren't stop killing them," Sir Gary protested. "It's only because then they'll kill us in the same sort of numbers. With the same sort of results, and it's easier to burn them than us."

"Then, there's only one thing to do," Fitzgerald intervened heavily. "We'll have to evacuate! The whole State east of the mountains will just have to get in its cars and abandon everything north of Wollongong."

"And the rabbits?"

"We'll leave rearguards to fight them, naturally, and we'll bomb them whenever we can. But I no longer delude myself that we can beat them. Soon the sixty-year-old beat them. Soon the sixty-year-old call-up group will be . . . will be exhausted. Then we'll have to get on to the fifties. Then the forties. But we'll not beat the rabbit. Not with any weapon we've got at the moment, anyhow. Still . . . in a way, we're lucky."

"Lucky?" Sir Gary sounded rudely incredulous.

"That Australians always quit work for the entire week of

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on several pieces owned by readers.

I believe my vase is Ming. If so, could you please tell me its age? It stands about 14in. high on a very ornately carved ebony box and is blue with a crystal-like finish. — R.B., Naracoorte, S.A.

This very fine gourd-shaped Chinese vase (right), with monochrome glaze, does not appear to be Ming (1368-1644). The rich, blue glaze and the character of the vase exemplify a type which developed during the K'ang-Hsi period (1662-1723). However, the design has always been popular

and some fine examples were made during the Ch'ien-lung era (1736-1795).

Modern copies do exist also, and frequently bear Ming period marks or the square seal mark which was used from the beginning of the 18th century. Without inspecting the vase, it is impossible to give an expert analysis. Chinese vases, unlike most early porcelains, do not mellow because they have a hard porcelain body. Therefore, pieces must be handled and studied very carefully by the most judicious expert.



● Chinese vase.

● Bronze figure.

Could you please tell me some thing about my bronze figure of a gleaner? It stands about 10in. high and on the base is stamped "Susie Fries P." — Miss D. P. Heggarty, Moorooka, Qld.

Your very good quality figure (above) is early 19th-century French bronze. It was originally one of a set of four representing the seasons.

I hope you can help me with my claret jug which is solid silver and crystal. — Mrs. F. V. Gray, Grafton, N.S.W.

Claret jugs similar to yours were fashionable during the latter part of the Victorian era, and also during Edwardian days (1902-1910). However, they were made even as late as 1915-1920.

I can only conclude that your example does not bear any hall-marks. If silver, it would bear the standard sterling marks, which include the lion passant. Generally the mounts are electro-plated. If no marks are visible, the jug was probably made about 1890.

Household Hints

● Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these hints.

When storing a feathered or flowered hat, place a large hair-net over the feathers or flowers to keep them in place. This is also a very useful idea when packing a hat for travelling. — Mrs. G. Griffiths, Flat 1, 245 Wellington Rd., Mowbray Park, Brisbane.

For housewives who are troubled by steam clouding the lenses of their glasses when cooking: Mix 1 tablespoon of glycerine with 5 table-spoons methylated spirit, put in a bottle and shake. Apply a little to the lenses then dry and polish. This will prevent clouding and the effect will last all day. — Mrs. E. Cunningham, Upper Corindi, via Coffs Harbor, N.S.W.

To make attractive flower-pots: Saw an empty coconut shell in half, drill three small holes in the bottom of each half, and three evenly spaced holes in the top. Thread wire through top holes and suspend each pot from this. — Mrs. Ian Rennicott, Oatlands, Tas.

Prevent wooden clothes-pegs from staining the clothes on wet days: Soak pegs overnight in a solution of 2 pints of hot water to 1 cup of household bleach. Next day rinse the pegs and they will be ready for use. — Mrs. R. Pepper, 69 Dobbie Ave., Corrimal East, N.S.W.

When removing a cork from a bottle of methylated spirit, turpentine, etc., use a screwdriver to insert a 2in. wood screw through the centre of the cork. The cork can then be removed and replaced each time without being damaged. — Ron James, 11 Wynyard Crescent, North Balwyn, Vic.



GIRLS ARE MADE FOR COLE OF CALIFORNIA.

Confessions of a Cole-crazy girl.

"Dear diary: I've found it! A perfect fit in a divine swimsuit. Cole of California calls it 'Surfer.' I call it sensational!" "Surfer," right: is Cole's sleek sheath with wide, slashed V-neck and bare, beautiful back. The miracle fit comes from miracle

Lycra* with Nylon, in a new fabric that moulds gently, fits perfectly and never ever loses its shape. At left: "Sea Vamp"—Cole's camisole top with little-boy-leg shorts, also with fabulous flattering Lycra*. Pastel & classic colours

Cole
of California

Christmas to New Year. Because of that they've all got cars full of petrol and refrigerators full of food. And they're going to need both. All right; shove off, you lot. You've got rearwards and cremation parties to attend to; and I've got a broadcast to prepare."

For once Fitzgerald did not attempt to make political capital out of a broadcast speech.

"Do not hope that this danger will pass," he declared, "because it will not. Do not think that you can defend your homes, because you cannot. Do not argue that escape is possible with anything more than food and petrol and yourselves in your cars, because it is not."

"This is the lamentable message I must pass on to all of you who live in New South Wales east of the mountains and north of Wollongong."

"To this large group I am obliged to say, leave your homes at once, with all the petrol you can carry—and all the food, as well—and head for Victoria."

"Don't worry about money: your bank credits will follow you. And the Government will send gold south to compensate you for the loss of your homes, your properties, your livelihoods, and your expectations. But leave at once."

"Drive only by day. If compelled to camp out at night, stay nowhere near fresh water of any kind. If you should kill a rabbit, burn it. Even use some of your precious petrol to burn it completely."

"That is all—except may God drive with each of you tomorrow and in all the days that follow."

Then he rang Ladyill at her Sydney flat.

"Flo," he said, "I'm sending my personal plane down for you tomorrow. Do me a favor and let it take you away from the East Coast."

"I like the East Coast," she declared flatly.

"So do rabbits," he retorted. "Please, Flo—for old times' sake, do what I ask."

"All right, Kev. Thanks a lot."

"Goodnight, Flo."

"Night, dear," she said maternally and a trifle vaguely.

DELIBERATELY that night, the Army, reinforced now with volunteers, killed as few of the invaders as possible, and throughout the night special Action Groups risked their lives scouring darkened streets and stygian bushland to collect the last of the rabbit dead and convey them, in buses and private cars and vans, to points designated as crematoria.

And so, on the morning of December 31, 1999, the great migration south began. It was an orderly, unafraid, and self-reliant evacuation in which millions of people, destitute and on the run, but suddenly free of the dulling drug of government, behaved at last as if impelled only by the spirit of a kindly communalism.

On the other hand—and so indisputable was it that no one ever debated it—this was the end of Australia's greatness.

Sunrise on January 1, dawn of the year two thousand, discovered this ancient continent on the threshold not only of a new century and

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a new millennium, but of the year of the angry rabbit as well.

That year was a long torment for the people of Australia, though the record of it, being fifty years of retrogression compressed into a mere twelve months, reads swiftly.

Rabbits took possession of eastern New South Wales, and bred, and ate sheep and cattle and poultry, and bred—and then, having run short of meat to eat, swarmed farther south to the Victorian border, and north into Queensland, still along the coastal belt.

Housing and employment for evacuees became impossible, but fortunately the rest of the world (each nation determined to import as many as possible of Australia's invincible sportsmen, with each one of

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

whom, Fitzgerald insisted, should go five hundred at least of his less talented compatriots) began to clamor for Australian migrants; which combination of factors caused a daily flow out of the country of thousands of refugees.

They went by specially chartered ships and planes to every country of the world and they took with them nothing but their hopes for the future.

Fitzgerald meantime pitted his cunning and power against one foreign government after another in his efforts to extort more migrant ships and planes for his people and better conditions for them and they landed in their new homelands.

"Divert entire merchant marine, military, and commercial air force to Australia for evacuation purposes, or be considered by us a hostile power," he threatened.

"More ships and planes will only be made available when the migrant ratio of athletes to non-athletes is increased and the location of Supermyx devices in this country is revealed and all the devices themselves dismantled," each government retorted.

"I will destroy you," promised Fitzgerald. "Doubly so since no Australian is non-athletic."

"You will get nothing at all from us," promised the foreign governments. "Especially so since four hundred and ninety-nine out of the

last five hundred immigrants were obese."

But both talked rubbish, for Fitzgerald dared not activate a single Supermyx device—because this would merely wipe out that outside world which alone could help Australia—and because the governments of the outside world dared not abandon the people of Australia in the face of their own peoples' determination to save them.

On the contrary, from villages in Perthshire to kampongs in Indonesia, from Siberian snows westwards right round to Alaskan snows, from settlements of Laplanders on reindeer to committees of Zulus being dragged home after their meetings by white rickshaw boys, from Daughters of the American Revolution to Heroes of the Soviet Republic, from Townswomen's

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THE JOYOUS TASTE OF HERRING



Guides to Ku Klux Klansmen — from all ordinary people everywhere came the demand that the stricken citizens of Australia be given succor and refuge.

Funds were raised, reception committees were formed, refugee camps were built, planes and ships were chartered — and all by public rather than official subscription. By the end of the year 2000, goodwill and genuine charity were flooding into Australia and Australians were flooding out of it.

Meanwhile, the battle against the rabbit went on.

A particularly desperate and bitterly contested campaign was fought to retrieve Australia's bullion from the

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heart of enemy-held country. It failed with frightful casualties because the dead of both sides were not cremated in time.

Supermyxomatosis killed almost the entire government force, and those who survived it had to be destroyed with the dead when the Air Force was compelled to burn everything that moved, from Katoomba to Camden, in order to stamp out the epidemic.

Dorfmann worked fanatically, along with the best brains in Australia, but found no way either of resisting the

disease or of exterminating its carrier, the rabbit.

Field-Marshal Sir Alan Jacks died, insane, in Canberra — which, being west of the mountains, had not yet been evacuated.

Field-Marshal Sir Gary Hill died, leading a volunteer unit which parachuted down to protect a convent full of nuns who had earlier refused to flee.

The convent was directly in the path of the approaching enemy and the nuns were now to be flown out by helicopter. Sir Gary's parachute failed to open.

The people of Queensland fled westward to the Northern Territory along the roads and railway lines so recently built by prisoners-of-war. From Darwin the Japanese merchant navy, all of it, ran a ferry service to Asia and charged no fare for the service offered.

Inscrutably the Japanese maintained that the Australian people had helped them most generously in their pre-World War II earthquakes, almost seventy years ago; now they must help the Australians. Bushido demanded it.

Americans were equally

generous and, in response to extreme public pressure, even called a conference as a result of which the world's airlines and air forces collaborated, making no charge, to ensure that a plane a minute, fully loaded, took off from each major Australian airport.

Similarly the world's fleets converged on all non-eastern Australian harbors, took on huge complements of passengers, sailed to their home ports, disembarked their passengers — and returned to Australia.

naughty Bantus! But, then, if one remembers rightly, they were provoked. The Extinction of the three armies in the Rhodesian War?—they would have killed one another anyway.)

No; one must either write a whole volume about a catastrophe, or be honest and admit that, because one wasn't there at the time, it doesn't really matter and a paragraph will suffice. The year 2000 was a catastrophe for Australia. Why? Because of rabbits. And so . . . on to the year 2001.

By the middle of which, although all the inhabitants of its eastern coast had now left Australia, the rabbits still would not cross the Dividing Range, but instead worked their way up to the northernmost tip of Cape York and southwards round through Melbourne.

So that by the end of the year 2001 Victoria's coastal towns and cities were also deserted — and South Australia was rapidly emptying.

Fitzgerald ordered a second force to fight its way from Bathurst on the western plain through to the bullion vaults in the cliffs near Katoomba. They met with no opposition, finding the Blue Mountains and the townships of Leura and Blackheath completely deserted — but every pane of glass in every window in every empty house broken.

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THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

FOR SUMMER ENTERTAINING!

Serve them salads, cool and crunchy, green with lettuce, red with radish, crowned with herring full of joyous flavour, Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce! When friends drop by this summer clever-up some herring, versatile, economical, easy-to-fix herring, Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce! Serve them herring plain (straight from the tin with a simple salad) or serve them herring fancy — see the recipes below. Yes, serve the joyous taste of herring — but make sure it's Crosse & Blackwell Herring (in Tomato Sauce or Scotch Fresh Herring!)

something different!

HERRING PARTY PIZZAS

(Illustrated opposite)

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 6 crumpets, 6 thick slices tomato, 6 stuffed olives, 6 tsp. parmesan cheese.

Sharp Sauce:

1 oz. butter, 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon, 1 pint milk, pepper and salt, 2 tsp. capers, 1 tbsp. caper vinegar.

Method: Melt butter in pan, add flour and make roux. Add lemon rind. Mix and gradually stir in milk until sauce is smooth. Cook for a few minutes. Season to taste. Add capers and vinegar. Toast crumpets. Spread herring over evenly. Pour sauce over. Place tomato slices on top. Sprinkle with cheese and garnish with sliced olives. Place under grill until brown. Serves 6.

HIGHLAND HERRING SALAD

2 oz. tarragon vinegar, 2 oz. oil, 1 clove garlic, 1-2 tbsp. parmesan cheese, 1 tbsp. capers, salt and pepper, 1 lettuce, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 cucumber, 1 red capsicum, 2 sticks celery, 1, 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Scotch Fresh Herring.

Method: Combine oil, vinegar, garlic, cheese, capers and seasoning in screw top jar. Shake well. Pour dressing into salad bowl. Break lettuce into small pieces, place in salad bowl together with tomato slices, cucumber cubes, capsicum strips and celery curls. Add halved herring. Toss lightly to serve. Serves 6.

HERRING BOATS

(Illustrated opposite)

1, 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 3 dsp. mayonnaise, 4 shallots chopped, 1 stick celery chopped, 1 tbsp. chopped capsicum, 2 cucumbers, wedges of tomato, stuffed olives.

Method: Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise. Remove seeds and a little of the flesh. Mash herring, stir in mayonnaise, add chopped vegetables. Pile into cucumber cavity. Garnish with tomato wedges and stuffed olives. Serves 8.

HERRING CELERY WEDGES

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 1 finely chopped onion, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tsp. tabasco sauce, 1 packet (2 oz.) cream cheese, 6 sticks celery.

Method: Combine all ingredients together except celery. Fill each celery stick with herring mixture and press 2 firmly together. Wrap tightly in foil and chill in refrigerator. Cut into 2" slices to serve as cocktail savouries.

PIQUANT HERRING DIP

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. grated onion, 1 cup sour cream.

Method: Blend all ingredients except cream in blender. Mix until well blended. Transfer mixture into a bowl and gently mix in sour cream. Chill. Serve as a dip on crackers or as a sandwich filling.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL QUALITY FOODS



Like 6 other ways to clever-up herring? Look for the free Crosse & Blackwell recipe leaflet at your grocers'. (For summer entertaining!)

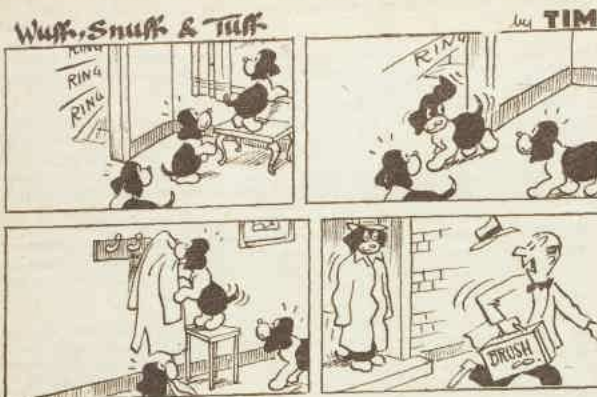
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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 28

- ARIES**
 - MAR. 21-APR. 20
 - Lucky number this week, 7.
 - Gambling colors, green, brown.
 - Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
 - Get cracking on important issues while Mars is still in your sign. But do it before the 3rd, which presents an unfriendly confrontation that could adversely affect home, family life, romance.
- TAURUS**
 - APR. 21-MAY 20
 - Lucky number this week, 3.
 - Gambling colors, violet, green.
 - Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
 - The 29th is the best day of an increasingly unpropitious week. Somebody could be sniping at you, career-wise. The 3rd is bad for partnership, marriage, and all personal affairs.
- GEMINI**
 - MAY 21-JUNE 21
 - Lucky number this week, 4.
 - Gambling colors, rose, navy.
 - Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
 - Not a good period, although far from dull, providing plenty of change of pace and the variety Gemini-like. There could be lost opportunities, legal troubles, and just plain bad luck.
- CANCER**
 - JUNE 22-JULY 22
 - Lucky number this week, 2.
 - Gambling colors, gold, white.
 - Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
 - Make the most of 28th and 29th. Get your defence mechanism ready to cope with possible muddling and delaying conditions. Don't lend a hand anything and tread carefully romance-wise.
- LEO**
 - JULY 23-AUG. 22
 - Lucky number this week, 5.
 - Gambling colors, red, yellow.
 - Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
 - If you have important business, get it done before the 20th. You'll have to choose associates carefully. The 3rd could spell a setback or loss. Marriage and romance are adversely pressured.
- VIRGO**
 - AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
 - Lucky number this week, 6.
 - Gambling colors, lilac, jade.
 - Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
 - There could be a change in the love life of many Virgoans this week. Also many could change their jobs. Count the stars as hostile and beware of accidents. The 3rd is nasty.
- LIBRA**
 - SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
 - Lucky number this week, 8.
 - Gambling colors, tricolors.
 - Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
 - Your ruling star enters her own sign, but picks a bad time to do so. Still, the unhappy influences that prevail will be less unfavorable to you. There could be a parting or emotional loss.
- SCORPIO**
 - OCT. 24-NOV. 22
 - Lucky number this week, 1.
 - Gambling colors, red, green.
 - Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
 - Among the unpleasant things the stars could bring is adverse focus on romance, marriage, and partnership. Perhaps a new project gets a setback. Best days of the week are 28th and 29th.
- SAGITTARIUS**
 - NOV. 23-DEC. 20
 - Lucky number this week, 9.
 - Gambling colors, green, lilac.
 - Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
 - If you have any weighty documents to sign or letters to pen, try to do them before the 30th. The accident factor could rate high. The 1st and 3rd are danger dates for the headstrong.
- CAPRICORN**
 - DEC. 21-JAN. 19
 - Lucky number this week, 7.
 - Gambling colors, black, gold.
 - Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
 - Home life could come under unhappy influences, especially 31st, which is muddling. The 3rd could also bring an unhappy incident with a friend. Just be your usual cautious self.
- AQUARIUS**
 - JAN. 20-FEB. 19
 - Lucky number this week, 3.
 - Gambling colors, red, silver.
 - Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
 - With the exception of 28th and 29th the highlight of the week could be delays, hindrances, losses — including that of temper. It is definitely not a good time for new plans.
- PISCES**
 - FEB. 20-MAR. 20
 - Lucky number this week, 7.
 - Gambling colors, lilac, pink.
 - Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
 - There could be a surprise twist to your plans, but regard the stars as mainly unfriendly. Watch out that bad timing does not lead to accidents. Not a good time to ask for a rise.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



"Why's that, sir?" a young soldier asked his platoon commander. The platoon commander said he didn't know, only it always happened, and to shut up and keep an eye out for rabbits—of which none at all were seen.

When Fitzgerald learnt that the Blue Mountains were as deserted by rabbits as by people, he broadcast that now was the time for those in whose bosoms was even a flicker of the old pioneering spirit to return to New South Wales; but no one listened to him.

Nothing that Fitzgerald said any longer commanded even an audience, let alone respect, even though, by refusing to reveal the location of a single Supermyx device, he had at least kept the world respectful of

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

Australia's power; and by paying with gold for every favor granted to his people he had at least ensured for them the conscientious services of every foreign government.

Only a lifelong politician like himself could have been bothered any longer playing such a game; but to Fitzgerald, as to many a Prime Minister before him, the game was more important than anything else.

"I will be the last to quit my country," he declared; but ordered his wife to leave at the end of 2002. Also, having gone to considerable pains to locate Ladyvill in a refugee camp near Alice Springs, he sent Flo with Karen, and a suitcase full of gold each, to Rome.

During the following year, 2003, a dusty vanguard of rabbits, hugging

the southern coastline, reached Western Australia; and it was then that the final spasm of mass evacuation began, only a tiny minority remaining to join the last-ditch colony defiantly installed in the late Sir Gary Hill's well-equipped, though long-disused, war zone.

Among them, still searching for the virological answer that could save them all, but not finding it, was Leslie Dorfmann, now grey-headed. Accompanied by his wife, Kate, he had installed himself, sentimentally in the derelict shack that had once been the Office of Immigration and Desertion, and from it each day he telephoned to Fitzgerald, feeling that this was the least a Minister of Agriculture could do.

(Of the other two Cabinet Ministers, one was dead and the second had long since fled to New York to become Secretary-General of U.N.O. in place of the ex-Mafia bandit.)

But it was one April day of 2003 that Dorfmann held his most significant telephone conversation with the Prime Minister.

"Any success with that vaccine yet, Les?" Fitzgerald asked.

"Afraid not, Ella."

The Prime Minister, who now positively preferred this form of address, smiled wryly.

"That's a pity because I could do with some," he said. "Never mind."

Dorfmann thought he detected a note of unusual gaiety in Fitzgerald's voice.

"You been on the plonk, Ella?" he asked.

"No. Wish I had." The Prime Minister laughed as he said it. "How many people up your way now?"

"About three thousand."

"I'll get the Brits to take you out tomorrow."

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

—Edwin Stuart

"Out?" Dorfmann asked. "Out where to?"

"You name it, Les, that's where they'll take you."

"Why now, though? So unexpectedly?"

"Well," said Fitzgerald awkwardly, "if I don't order transports now, I probably won't get the chance to order them at all. You see—I've got rabbits at the bottom of my garden."

"Ella—are you kidding?"

"No. They're drinking at the lake right now. It's not surprising. They had to bust out across the mountain and on to the plains some time. Lots of sheep for 'em to eat on the plains; and they must've been getting mighty hungry on the coast. No—it's not surprising they're here at last."

"Ella?"

"Yes?"

"When're you getting out?"

"I'm not. Never allowed anyone from an infected zone to leave it yet; and I don't propose starting now. And this is very much an infected zone. Dead civil servants all over Canberra."

Dorfmann sat quite still a second, then took the receiver from his ear, held it in front of his face and stared at it as if to make it admit that it lied. But all it said was: "You still there?" and it spoke in the voice of the Prime Minister.

"Yes, I'm here, Ella. Ella... what are you going to do?"

"What do all of us politicians do at times like this, son? Just die. Did you know I had false teeth and a hernia scar and bladder trouble?"

"What's that go to do with..."

"It means I'm just an ordinary bloke who married the wrong girl—you knew I always wanted to marry Flo, didn't you? Flo Hill?"

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Fresh young Sue has a Dri-Glo towel

And Dri Glo has the exact towel for your personality, too. See the big, beautiful beach range — and the excitingly new "Colour Harmony" bath range — at your favourite towel counter now.

There's a Dri-Glo Towel that's You!

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No? Well, I did. Only she married Alf, so I married Karen, which was not so good. Or wouldn't have been if Karen hadn't seen to it that at least I never felt too foolish about it.

"Good brain, Karen had; and good manners. I've just got false teeth. Alf, you know, had all his own teeth—false teeth and a hernia scar and bladder trouble. Know who I feel like right now?"

"No."

"Like Mussolini—without his Clara Petacci. I wonder if he and Hitler felt small when their time came?"

"Ella, you weren't even a Hitler or a Mussolini. You did a mighty job."

"Of course, there's the moment all of us politicians pray for in our heart of hearts, Les. The moment we lead our people—and they become a mass of manœuvres. Trouble is, as soon as it happens you destroy yourself. Did you know that? Like it or not, you become a sort of Hitler. A good 'un, or a bad 'un—but you become it."

"Know what happened to me when suddenly I became leader of my people, Les? I got so mad with the vanity I even slept with my teeth in—which used to make my mouth taste horrible every morning. It's an awful thought."

"What? Your teeth?"

"No. Us mighty statesmen all ending our days feeling like Mussolini without Clara Petacci."

"You were a great Prime Minister," Dorfmann shouted, tears running down his cheeks, so that Kate took his free hand to comfort him.

"I was a greedy little man with a hernia scar and bladder trouble and a clever wife," Fitzgerald demurred with finality. "So let's leave it at that. Anyway, I've got to go now."

"Don't go yet, Ella."

"I've got to," the Prime Minister said. "There's a rabbit just come into this room. Besides, I've talked enough for that matter, talked enough ten years ago, only then I didn't know it. I know now though. Love to Kate, Les. And to you. And to Clara Petacci." And with great finality he hung up.

For a second or two he stared at the rabbit in the evening shadows of his unlit study, but, "You'll have to wait," he told it firmly, and switched on a desk lamp.

Baring its teeth, the rabbit averted its head from the harsh light and, loping out into the darkened hall, squatted down. As he picked up his direct line to London's Admiralty House, Fitzgerald could see the intruder's eyes shining orange in the hallway.

"Admiralty House," a secretary's voice answered.

"The Prime Minister, please."

"I'll have to transfer you, Sir Kevin. The Prime Minister's back at Number 10 now. Just a minute."

There was a click and a pause, and then Britain's Prime Minister spoke.

OUR TRANSFER



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Continued from page 70

"Edwards here," he said. "That you, Fitz? Never thought you'd speak to me here, did you, eh? Twenty-three years under repair, it's been, and cost twenty-eight million pounds! Still—at least we can hold conferences here in the garden again, Fitz. It is Fitz, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir James. Not much time to gossip, I'm afraid. Will you send planes to Woomera for the last three thousand tomorrow?"

"Suppose I'd better," wheezed the octogenarian Englishman, who had succeeded Mark Bonham Carter as leader of the Liberal-Tory Government in 1995. "Yes, I suppose I'd better"—tugging at his huge moustache in the way that invariably convulsed the corporate

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

juvenile mind of the Commons—"otherwise you'll wipe out my constituency, won't you?"

"And Paddington wouldn't like that. Very Conservative lot they are in Paddington. Don't like sudden changes. Of course I'll send you me planes . . . I said, of course I'd send you me planes . . . Fitz, are you there? . . . Fitz? Blast the man, he's hung up."

But Sir Kevin Fitzgerald, K.P., had not hung up, he had merely laid aside the receiver and very deliberately—for there was now nothing left to do—switched off his desk lamp. Straight away the animal that waited in his hall ran crouching in, leapt on to his desk

and sank its triangular canines deep into his throat. As Fitzgerald had hoped.

Sir James Edwards was still belabouring robust insults at him as he began to die. Not as good as dying with Karen, of course. Not even as good as dying with Clara Petacci. But much better than dying alone.

"Funny," he thought, "now that it's happening I want Karen here. Not Flo; Karen. Pity I learnt so late. Oh, well . . ." and died.

The British planes whispered their way down on to the old War Zone and the last of Australia's inhabitants filed slowly on board.

At Dorfmann's order—he, the last living Cabinet Minister, being the only one with the authority to give

it—a nuclear missile was fired at Canberra. The firing crew, the few civilians yet unembarked, and the passengers seated in each plane bowed their heads for a hundred and thirty seconds from the moment the missile blasted off. Then their Federal Capital ceased to exist and promptly the transports began to take off, heading non-stop for London Airport.

"Are you quite sure, Les?" Kate Dorfmann asked her husband.

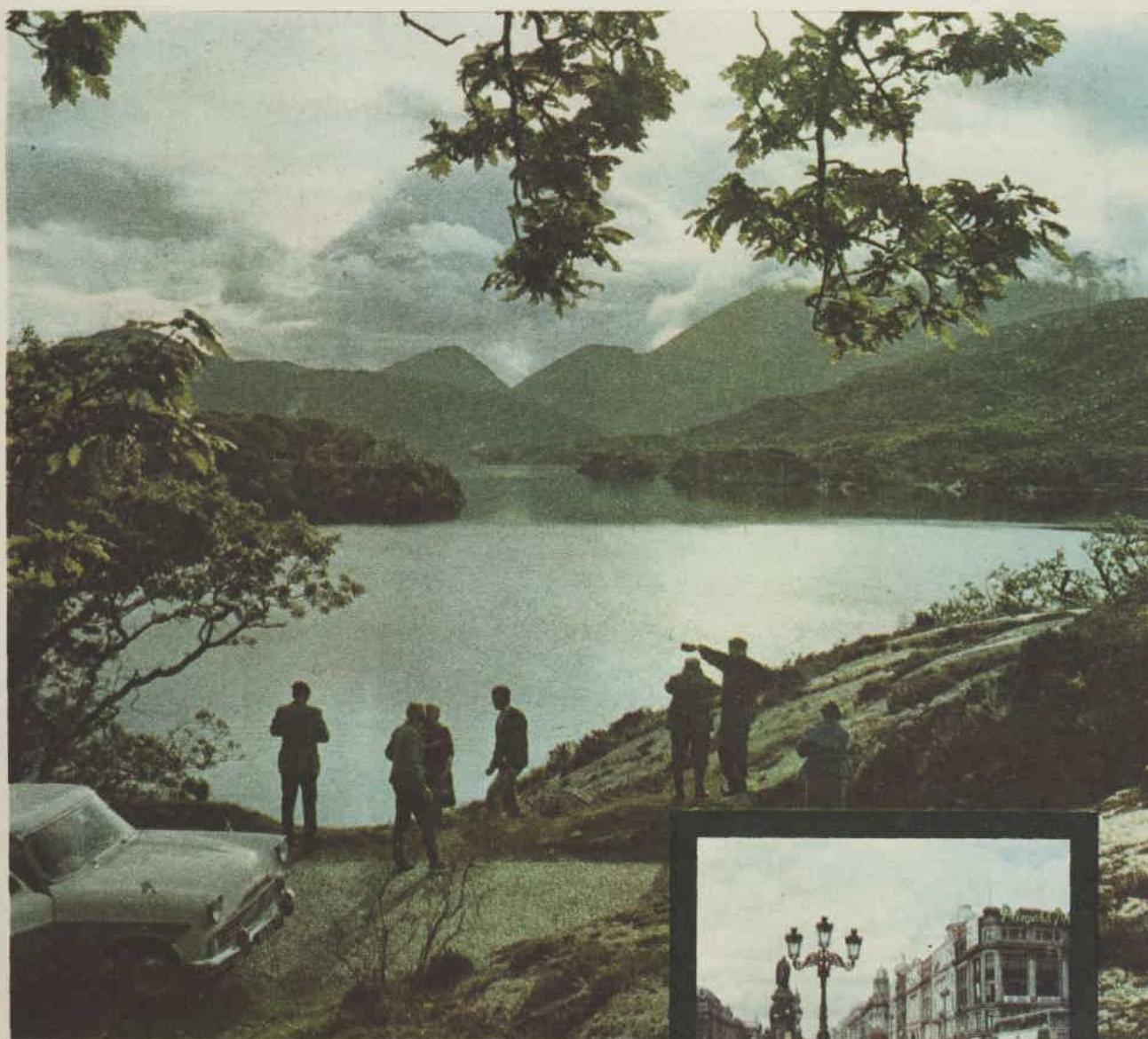
"That he's dead?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he's dead—and so's Canberra."

"Anything you want, Mr. Dorfmann?" It was the plane's skipper. He had had orders from the Foreign Secretary, Lord Nordenmuir, that

To page 77



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CROCHETED suit and matching breton.

Blue suit and hat

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian raffia; 1 No. 11 crochet hook; press-studs. Measurements: To fit 11in. doll.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia for suit, 2 strands for hat.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet; dec., decrease by working next two sts. as one; inc., increase by working twice into next st.; rep., repeat; st., stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch; rem., remaining.

Pattern: Stitch: Shell stitch. Turn all shell rows with 3 ch., all d.c. rows with 2 ch.

SKIRT

Begin with 85 ch.
Next Row: Work 3 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, * miss 2 ch., 5 tr. into next st., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end.

Next Row: 3 tr. into 1st st., * miss 2 sts., 5 tr. into next st., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row 8 times.
Next Row: (2 d.c., 1 dec.) to end.

NEW BOOK BY EXPERT COOK

● In her new cookery book just released, Marguerite Patten reveals many of the secrets which have made her one of Britain's best-known cookery experts.

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The book is also available at all newsagents and book-sellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964

Two summer outfits for a doll

● These two charming designs are made of raffia. Crochet and knitting directions are given below.

Next Row: (1 d.c., 1 dec.) to end.
Next Row: (1 d.c., 1 dec.) to end.

TOP

Begin with 37 ch.
Next Row: 3 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, * miss 2 ch., 5 tr. into next st., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row 3 times.
To Shape Armhole and Shoulder: Miss 1 st., 3 d.c., 5 shells, turn.

Next Row: 3 d.c., 4 shells, turn.

Next Row: 3 tr. into 1st st., 3 shells, turn.

Next Row: Miss 1st st., 3 d.c., 2 shells, * miss 1, 1 d.c. Rep. from * to end. Turn.

Next Row: Miss 1st st., 18 d.c., 1 sl-st. Fasten off.

Back (Make 2)

Begin with 19 ch.
Next Row: 3 tr. into 4 ch. from hook, * miss 2 sts., 5 tr. into next st., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end.

Next Row: 3 tr. into 1st st., * miss 2 sts., 5 tr. into next st., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row 3 times.
To Shape Armhole and Shoulder—Next Row: Miss 1st st., 3 d.c., 2 shells, turn.

Next Row: 3 tr. into 1st st., 1 shell. Rep. last row 3 times.

Next Row: Miss 1st st., 8 d.c., 1 sl-st. Fasten off.

To Make Up: Press lightly on wrong side with damp cloth. Sew skirt seam, leaving 1½in. open at waist. Sew press-stud to waist. Join side and shoulder seams. Sew press-studs to back opening.

HAT

Begin with 3 ch. Join into ring with sl-st. Work 5 d.c. into ring.

Next Round: D.c. inc. into each st. to end (10 sts.).

Next Round: (1 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (15 sts.).

Next Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (20 sts.).

Next Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (25 sts.).

Next Round: (4 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (30 sts.).

Next Round: (5 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (35 sts.).

Next Round: (6 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (40 sts.).

Next Round: (7 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (45 sts.).

Mark last inc. and work 10 d.c. rounds without shaping.

Turn work at this point and work rem. rounds in opposite direction.

Brim

First Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end. Mark last inc. work 5 rounds without inc., finish with sl-st. Break off.

Green shift and bandeau

THIS pretty beach shift and bandeau are knitted in simple stocking-stitch.

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian raffia; 1 pr. No. 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 14in. doll.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia throughout.

SHIFT

Cast on 60 sts. Work in stocking-stitch for 5½in. Cast off.

Shoulder-strap (make 2): Cast on 8 sts. Work in stocking-stitch for 4in.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with damp cloth. Sew centre back seam to within 1½in. from top. Sew press-stud on opening. Sew straps to top edge.

BANDEAU

Cast on 10 sts. Work in stocking-stitch for 12in. Cast off. Loop one end and stitch, tuck other end through loop and stitch.

KNITTED sleeveless shift and headband.



message to women born before 1940



have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches...

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR chronic sufferers. Even at this late stage, Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking the development of more serious disturbances. By effectively easing pain and swelling, Venoruton Tablets promote better health and a brighter outlook. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyethyl)-rutosidum is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. It is a method developed and exhaustively tested in the Zyma Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics. Naturally, the chronic case will need a longer course of treatment.

NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure

the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life.

SAFE, no side effects even for expectant mothers. Venoruton is an established treatment. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms and prevents the development of more serious trouble. Venoruton soothes pain, Venoruton reduces swollen legs easily and gently, and promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

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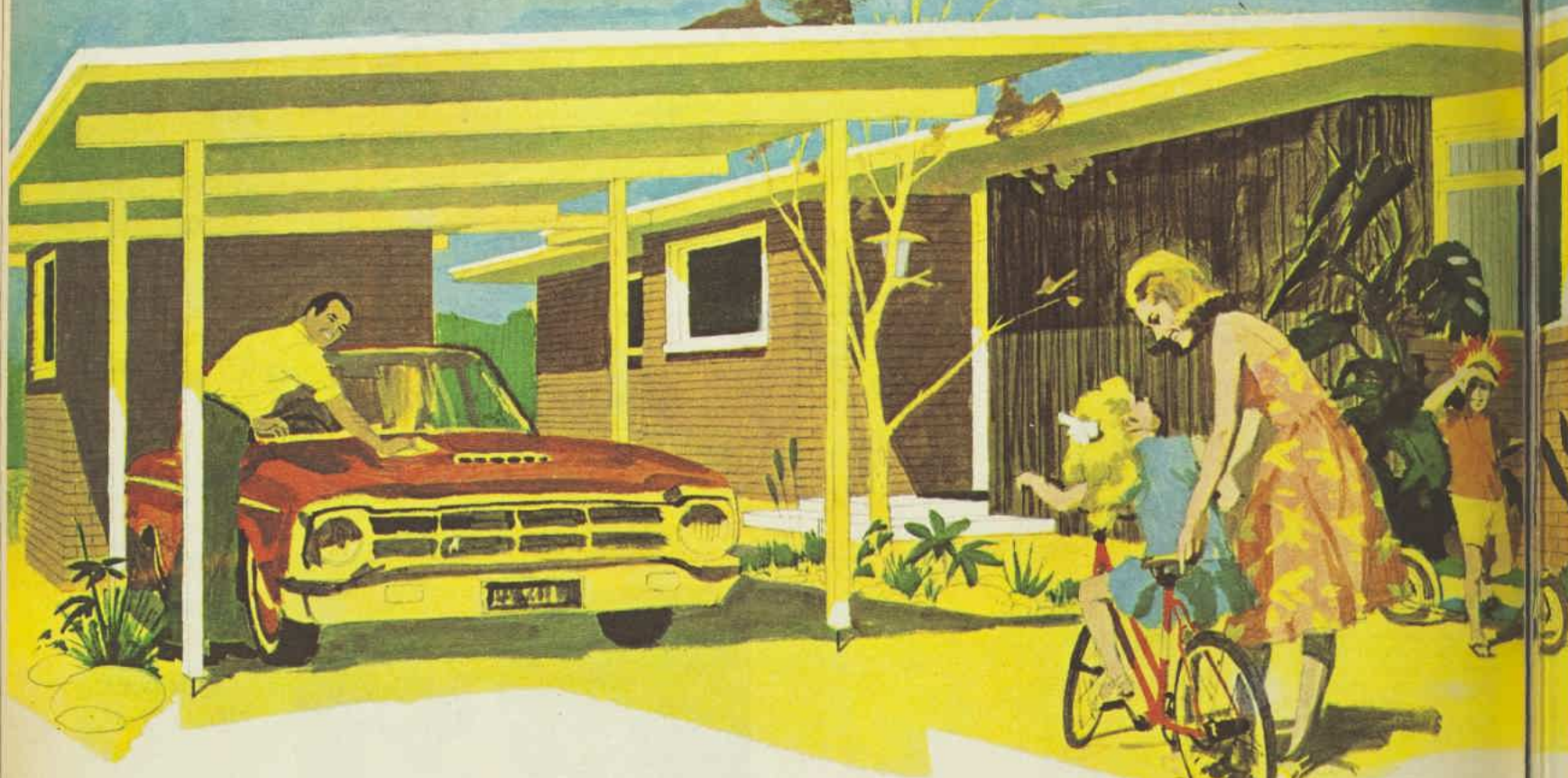
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Your lounge room is breathtaking. Recessed down from dining room and entrance hallway, it features a unique studio ceiling, which gives it an unusually spacious atmosphere. Here, as all through Mark 65, you'll notice the beautiful walls and ceilings. This is CSR's fire-resistant GYPROCK, the completely stable, extraordinarily strong plaster board that provides the optimum surface for every decorative finish, including wallpaper. GYPROCK stands up to the knocks and bumps of family life and is a major feature in Lend Lease modern home design.

Your bathroom is magnificent. From gleaming ceramic tiles to an elegant vanity unit, it's a *real* bathroom in every way. At the turn of a tap, you have hot water. A trickle or a torrent. Whenever you want it. This, thanks to your wonderful full-flow mains pressure hot water system by RHEEM. One of the silent servants that make living so easy in Mark 65. And of course, your RHEEM supplies hot water the same way to your kitchen and your laundry. A home just isn't a home without a RHEEM. See this silent servant in the Lend Lease demonstration home you visit.



You see it here. Trend setter. Eye opener. The newest, most exciting home yet presented by Lend Lease Homes is released this week. And in the history of Australian homebuilding, no home has ever been so highly acclaimed, so enthusiastically praised. For "Mark 65" is a home ahead of its time — surpassing even the brilliant successes that have made Lend Lease the most outstanding, most envied home designs in Australia today. And this is a home you can own *now*. Friday, October 30th, 1964, marks the simultaneous opening of four "Mark 65" demonstration homes at Lend Lease Homebuying Centres around Sydney. Make it a day to remember. Visit the Centre nearest you. Discover how you could own a "Mark 65" on your own land for as little as £100 deposit! Floor plans and firm site quotes are free, and our finance consultants will be available to give you the most up-to-date advice on financing your home. But come soon. See the incredible "Mark 65" as soon as you can. No other home in its class gives you so much of everything that makes for good living.



Your kitchen is most efficient. Ample cupboard space, big, wide windows to let in plenty of natural light, and a cooking set-up that is a chef's delight. Mark 65 is first to bring you METTERS great new Slimline wall oven — together with the superbly designed 3-plate cooktop. All electric, of course. The fast-heating oven has a big TV window to let you see what you're cooking, and METTERS "Slimline" is thermostatically controlled, so guesswork is out forever. You'll see these in the superbly equipped and planned kitchen of the demonstration home you visit.



Your bedrooms are comfort planned with plenty of living space and no awkward nooks or crannies. And just like the whole of Mark 65, all 3 bedrooms are protected from extremes of heat and cold by SISALATION aluminium foil insulation hidden in the roof. It's this feature alone that makes heating costs 40% lighter through winter. It's waterproof, dustproof, keeps you snug in winter, cool in summer. And this year-round protection is a lifetime job. It's more than just insulation — it's the reinforced, incomparable aluminium foil SISALATION. And that's great.



Lend Lease Homes

Where to see Mark 65 this weekend:
 Carlingford Homebuying Centre, Snowdon Avenue, Kingsdene Estate off Pennant Hills Road, Carlingford. Gregory's map 43.44, ref. J-8. Robinson's map 52, ref. F-3.
 Warringah Homebuying Centre, Bimbadeen Crescent, off French's Forest Road East, opposite exit to Skyline drive in theatre. Approach via Wakehurst Parkway or Warringah Road. Gregory's map 74, ref. C-1.

Robinson's map 48, ref. M-8. Turrum Homebuying Centre, Comerarra Parkway, off Yanko Road, via Kissing Point Road, Turrum. Gregory's map 64, ref. A-4. Robinson's map 45, ref. K-9. Castle Hill Homebuying Centre, Oxley Avenue, off Old Northern Road, Castle Hill. Gregory's map 69, ref. D11/12. Robinson's map 63, ref. KL-3.
 Mark 65 is also available in Wollongong and Canberra.





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THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT

Dorfmann, as acting Prime Minister of Australia (even though that once great Commonwealth was now defunct), was to be treated with the utmost deference.

Wearily Dorfmann looked up. "Could we fly nice and low," he asked, "so's we can have a last look?"

"Our proper cruising height is seventy-five thousand feet, sir," the pilot explained, "but I can take you down to twelve thousand, if you like. I'm afraid we can't go lower than that, though; the rain's torrential."

"What do you mean, rain?" — for this was the dry season.

"Well, sir — just rain. You know —" And as Les shook his head uncomprehendingly, as if he did not understand this word rain at all, the pilot fled back to his instruments. This Dorfmann might be Australia's acting Prime Minister, but he was not very bright. The pilot took his plane down to twelve thousand feet.

And there, immediately below them, as they hurtled over what should have been arid central Australia, the passengers observed sheeting, torrential rain. Dorfmann began to laugh; and soon was convulsed. His wife, fearful that he was at last breaking down, questioned him frantically.

"Les, what is it? Les, stop laughing and tell me. Les! What is it?" — until eventually he controlled himself and told her.

"For six years we carried out rain-making experiments here in the desert — as a result of which we flooded Canada, gave the Northern Hemisphere its cruellest winters ever, caused thousands of disastrous avalanches on every mountain range from the Alps to the Andes, burst the banks of the Yangtze every November without fail — and never precipitated so much as a single drop of moisture west of our own mountains. But now look at it. Rain! Drenching, beautiful rain . . . Funny!"

His wife tore her eyes away from the window.

"What is it?"

"That now the desert will flower — for rabbits!"

Twelve thousand feet below them a naked aboriginal gazed upwards at the whining sound of aircraft, but saw nothing.

because the planes were many miles ahead of their sound, and because of the rain. He looked down again, at his tribe who squatted untidily around him.

"They go," he told his people, quietly, and his people smiled. They were the last of the aborigines still to wander naked, to ignore all of civilisation's gods and taboos and to live as their tribe had always lived. There were eighty of them, and they were the only people left in Australia.

The chief squatted down and smoothed the wet desert sand before him. Then, with supple hands, long black fingers bent slightly backwards at their tips as they modelled and moulded, he swiftly produced the image of a recumbent rabbit, its head resting on outstretched paws, like a cattle dog, its body tense and purposeful.

His people watched intently

lessly over an upturned cistern lid.

The explosion which had blown it on to the lawn had also ripped out its false lining so that, faintly glimmering in the moonlight, thirty-six keys were exposed. Backwards and forwards, the rabbit army padded, over the lid, over the keys.

A hundred miles away, a thousand feet underground in a granite vault that had once been the property of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority, electronic machines were rudely awakened and began to work, but for a long time they, like the television set, spoke to no one.

They were having trouble decoding Canberra's messages before sending them on to the War Room, and they would have liked to suggest to the Prime Minister that he check with the sullen Lieutenant's Code Book to

silent. Beside her, therefore, her interpreting colleague clicked impatiently three times and then reviewed the situation.

Meantime the aboriginal chief's magic had begun to work. Already, in obedience to the serpent god of rain, the great river beds of the dry north having filled, were flooding.

The Darling and the Diamantina descended gigantically; the Roper roared; the Cooper careered. But not only they. The Hastings and the Hunter, the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, the Swan and the Brisbane — even the deep Hawkesbury and the malodorous Yarra, the mild Macquarie, and the lazy Lachlan — all of them began to roar and crash.

Soon they would flood every bit of plainland and pastureland where sheep and cattle still grazed. And rabbits preyed. They would drown sheep and cattle and rabbits alike and impartially; and any rabbits surviving would only continue to survive by living on one another.

If 2000 had been the year of their triumph and anger, 2004 would certainly be the time of their dreadful demise — the time of the triumph of the serpent, primitive man's all-powerful god of rain.

Soon only the very centre of the desert would remain unflooded — Australia's Ararat.

FOR the moment, though, it was noon in the very centre of the desert and again the tribe, with its anomalously yellow-headed children and its long-breasted women and lean-shanked men, ceased its marching and squatted round its chief.

The old man peered to the east and then to the south, and then to the west and once again he sculpted a rabbit recumbent in the sand. But this time its head did not lie arrogantly atop its outstretched forepaws, but rather fearfully beneath them its eyes protected.

His people stared hard at the fearful rabbit and then looked up at their leader; and he, reaching out a splayed and contemptuous foot, lightly, with a series of flicks to right and left, obliterated the figure.

"My people," he said warmly, looking down at them.

"My country," he pronounced, looking up and extending his arms so that they embraced the wet desert and the whole empty continent beyond; and then he seemed to fall into a trance.

A woman with a shrill ecstatic voice broke his silence.

"Over there," she said, pointing, as her husband fed their child with a wriggling wood grub. "We will camp there by the purple rock and wait for the grass to grow and the river to run and the fish to swim in the river."

In Canberra, the Woman with the Awful Voice broke her silence.

"That's it," she said, whirling, as her interpreter fed her with a new translation. "Yes, I'll say that."

And began saying: "A to Z and Zero to Nine . . . A to Z and Zero to Nine . . . A to Z and Zero to Nine . . ."

Over and over, endlessly, in her awful voice she said it; and was obviously prepared, if necessary, to say it five hundred or even fifteen hundred times more.

THE END

(The novel "The Year of the Angry Rabbit," by Russell Braddon, is published by William Heinemann.)



because none of them, including the chief, had ever seen a rabbit, or even heard of one.

"Bad," he said, and pointed a bone and a hunting spear — and then modelled a serpent beside the rabbit.

Neither of which greatly affected the rabbit armies of the coastal belt and inland plains — for the moment.

Into the wreckage of Canberra, once the radiation had subsided, they slunk by night in their hundred thousands. Over chunks of shattered masonry and nuggets of recently molten glass and lumps of weirdly welded metal they padded indifferently; and were equally indifferent of the occasional freakish survivor of the missile's explosion.

A brandy goblet standing inexplicably intact, and alone, in the middle of a tennis court. A baby in a pram, dead but unmarked, and yet her home, outside which she had slept in the sun, vaporised. A television set, still humming, lines flickering drunkenly across its screen because no one had turned it off, and because the Canberra studio was still transmitting.

It was only transmitting drunken lines, of course; but the set dutifully received them — and a small boy of five stood beside it, in the ashes of what had once been his nursery, screaming:

"Mummy — it won't look at me or speak to me!"

But the rabbits were not interested in television: they were interested only in food.

Having eaten their fill, that night, they padded to and fro across the lawn outside Fitzgerald's office, so recently the centre of power in the world; and repeatedly, as they padded, they trod care-

make sure he'd got his letter groupings right, because so far they really could not decide who it was they should destroy.

On the other hand, though conversationally limited, these machines had inexhaustible patience. So they just waited; and sure enough, thirty-three minutes after they were first alerted by a meaningless four letter word, a group came through that was familiar. Before the weighing machine voice could utter, however, a second recognisable group came through — and then a third — and then, incessantly through the night, hundreds more.

Whirring irritably, the weighing machine resumed its waiting until dawn when (the rabbits having withdrawn) the cistern at last ceased transmitting. Then the machine applied itself to the night-long problem set for it by a Prime Minister who had gone, it could only assume, mad.

At 6.44 a.m. it came up with the answer.

"All systems go," it chanted resonantly. "Go, Go, Go" . . . and repeated it over and over and over.

The sound waves were recorded and oscillographed and the flashes of the oscilloscope were transmitted by closed-circuit television to the War Room, where another brain translated them for the benefit of the Woman with the Awful Voice so hated by the late and insane Field-Marshal Sir Alan Jacks.

"All Systems Go?" she shrieked. "What's he mean 'Go, go, go'? It doesn't make sense. I won't say it!"

And nor did she. In spite of flickering lights, and circuits making and breaking, and condensers furiously condensing, and transistors nobly transisting, she sat stubbornly

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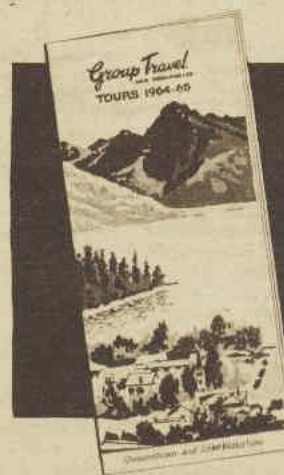
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THE VANIX CO., Dept. W.1,
Box 38A, G.P.O. Melbourne.

Continued from page 33

THE GIRL WHO COLLECTED TEAPOTS

Christopher departed to the kitchenette, carrying the precious teapot as though it were an eggshell. He kept darting glances through the open door. How terrible if she should vanish as suddenly as she had come. But she sat placidly in the same position.

"You mean," he called, "you've lived above me for a year and I've never seen you?"

"Ah," she replied, "I'm an unobtrusive little soul . . ."

Unobtrusive was the last word Christopher would have chosen for her now. Everything about her was harmonious and sweet, and he

had the wildest impulse to kneel at her feet. A feeling of pique began to gnaw at him. He was nothing to her but the possessor of an heirloom. She was so remote; in a world of her own. A world inhabited by — teapots?

There were so many things he wanted to know. Who are your family? Where do you work? What are your hopes and dreams? Are you in love? But there was only one thread binding her to him, and he must cling to it for all he was worth.

Sitting down near to her, he stroked his chin. "Well now, to get down to business, I'm

not sure that I want to part with this teapot. Will you give me a few days to think it over?"

"Of course," She smiled.

"How long will you need?" "Let me see . . . This is Tuesday . . . Why don't you call in on Friday night . . . better still, have dinner with me?"

"Fine." She prepared to uncoil.

"Wait!" Christopher's voice came out unduly loud. "You have seen my name on the door, but—tell me—what is yours?"

"Madeleine Finch."

Christopher quickly poured two more cups of tea. "What

made you think I might be prepared to talk turkey?" he asked. "I mean, I might have been offended by your offer."

"Oh, no," Madeleine murmured. "It was obvious you didn't value the teapot, because you use it so casually every day."

"And I know lots more about you," continued the girl, now grinning impishly. "I know that you are a person of some intellect, because you take 'The Times' and carry loads of books . . . I know that you are an optimistic soul, because you sing a lot, I know—" she glanced away—"that you are not a ladies' man, because there are never any girls' voices here . . ."

While Christopher struggled to analyse his own reactions to this vignette, her footsteps pattered up the stairs and a door closed overhead. For a long time he sat staring into space. He had to admit it. He was captivated, intrigued. What a direct — different girl! And he knew nothing about her except she collected teapots.

Well, it was a start. Lovingly he stroked his Grainger Worcester. Since the doorbell had sounded half an hour ago, the whole world had completely changed.

It was a very lovely girl who answered Christopher's knock at seven o'clock that Friday. He led her very proudly into the candle-lit basement which was one of his gastronomic "finds." She shook her head helplessly over the wine list, so Christopher ordered two champagne cocktails to match his festive mood. "This is bliss," she said.

Christopher glowed with pleasure. What a joy it was to be with an unaffected girl who made no secret of her enjoyment; who did not pretend with cool sophistication to have experienced all these things innumerable times before.

"I'm going to have only things I've never tasted before," she was saying. "Snails and frogs' legs and—"

"Madeleine," interrupted Christopher inane, "you should always wear bronze satin."

She looked at him seriously. "Oh, I tried. But my boss objected."

Christopher laughed. "Where do you work? Where is your home?"

Bit by bit they discovered with delight that they came from towns only twenty miles apart and had several mutual friends. Christopher was the youngest of four sons, Madeleine the eldest of three daughters. They talked of their families and planned to visit each other's home as soon as possible.

"Oh, the twins will adore you!" cried Madeleine. "But they're not going to get within a mile of you. Not

while I'm alive and kicking."

As they climbed the stairs to Madeleine's flat, she was still chattering, but dreamily and intermittently now. An unfamiliar emotion filled Christopher's heart — a desire to protect this sweet impulsive girl. Urgently, he took her hand.

"Madeleine, listen to me. Don't go confiding in everyone you meet — not without getting to know them first. Don't talk to strange men — unless properly introduced. And — whatever you do — don't go round trying to buy everyone's teapot—"

"All right, darling." The word on her lips made Christopher dizzy with pleasure. Very gently he drew her toward him and kissed her fluttering eyelids, her forehead, her mouth.

"By the way, you must show me your teapot collection—"

"Yes. Yes, I must."

"Well, what about now?"

"Christopher, d-darling—"

It gradually came home to Christopher that his little angel was refusing to meet his eyes. And what was more, for the first time since he had known her, she was blushing a painful pink.

SUDDENLY her face was buried against his shoulder and her words tumbled out indistinctly. "Haven't got any teapots, stupid . . . Was just a rule . . . Had to get to know you . . . Was getting desperate . . . Went past you a hundred times on the stairs, caught the same bus home; stood beside you in the grocer's . . . and you never so much as looked at me . . ."

"You mean—" Christopher could not get past the realisation that he had been duped. "You mean, my teapot's not valuable at all?"

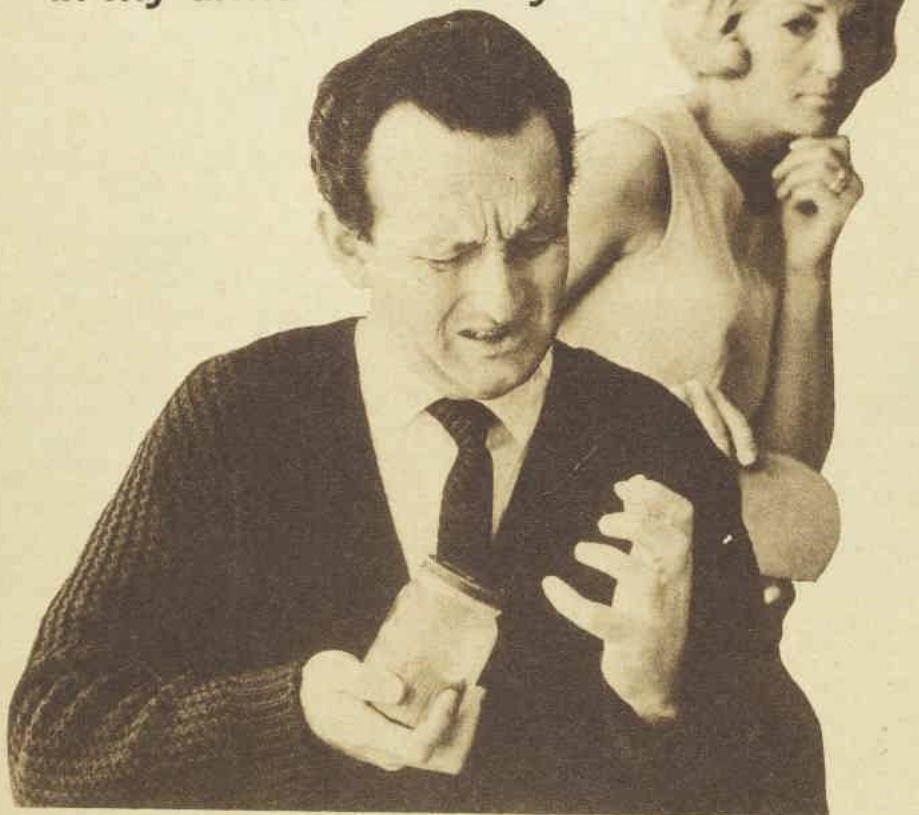
"I shouldn't think so. All I know about porcelain is what I looked up in the library last Tuesday . . . Christopher . . . Mr. Hamilton, sir, say something, darling . . . Why are you looking like that?"

A great confusion of emotions was tying Christopher's tongue. His lovely, lonely, guileless little girl was just as devious as all the rest, just as capable of vile chicanery when she set her heart on impressing a man . . .

For a moment he felt sad. But then his heart went cold. Suppose she had not had the courage or the ingenuity to trick him as she did? He might never have got to know her at all! Oh, purgatory! And lived a life empty of her warmth and beauty! Holding her gently away from him, to look into her downcast face, Christopher smiled. "Ladies are made that way."

(Copyright)

"Sometimes I want to take him in my arms like a baby"



"Poor dear, his rheumatism strikes so suddenly . . ."

. . . it must be so painful. He is supposed to be on 'ASPRO' but I forgot to get a new bottle and now he has to suffer . . . never mind, we've sent for some so he'll soon feel better . . . 'ASPRO' gives him such quick relief . . . and it always works."

Some interesting facts about 'ASPRO' and rheumatism . . .

Highly authoritative support comes from two leading world pharmacologists, Goodman and Gilman, for the great value of 'ASPRO'. Goodman and Gilman say: "The salicylates reduce pain, immobility, swelling and inflammation of the joints in acute rheumatic fever; this action constitutes the basis of a MAJOR THERAPEUTIC USE of these drugs."

'ASPRO', consisting as it does of the most important of the salicylates, acetylsalicylic acid, is therefore an anti-rheumatic agent of the first order. It may seem somewhat improbable to many people that 'ASPRO', because it is available at such trifling cost, can rank as a major treatment in rheumatism. But that, nevertheless, is the fact as verified by these two noted workers in pharmacology. Their volume, "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics", is regarded the world over by the medical profession as the final and best-informed opinion.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT POINT is that when almost continuous use is necessary in relieving pain or rheumatism, 'ASPRO' can be given freely without fear of harm to heart, lungs or arteries.

Remember that 'ASPRO' does not, like some pain relievers, lose its effectiveness after continuous use. Your system does not get immune to 'ASPRO'; it is always 100% efficient.

IT IS A GOOD PLAN when taking 'ASPRO' for rheumatism to do so after meals rather than in-between. This is an added help in obtaining speedier action. The dose can be increased to match the severity of the rheumatism to even 12 tablets per day. Incidentally, the purity of 'ASPRO' conforms with the standards laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the medical profession.

In so many other ways, too, 'ASPRO' helps so many!

- * It stops headache in a few minutes.
 - * It is a proven relief from cold and flu symptoms and reduces feverishness.
 - * It relieves toothache and neuralgia.
 - * It makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.
 - * It relieves muscular and nerve pains, lumbago and sciatica.
 - * It soothes away irritability and removes causes of sleeplessness.
 - * It is a wonderful help to women.
 - * It can be taken frequently without causing a habit or creating a craving.
- It acts swiftly, with certainty and safety, and can be taken anywhere, anytime.

'ASPRO'
WORLD-WIDE PAIN RELIEF

6/6 • 2/- • 6d.



HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964



The Riddle

(That's the name of this girdle. There has never never never never never been a girdle like it before. It's the first girdle to get rid of those lumpy, telltale panels – but keep the power. Where does it get its power without panels?)

See those innocent-looking flowers? They're set into the smooth Lycra* net by a special Warner process that gives superb control. And that's it. That's what makes The Riddle perform like a panelled girdle. But without the

panels. See it at authoritative stores. Shown, Riddle "Garland" pantie girdle, 119/6. Also in medium leg pantie and girdle. Same garments in Riddle "Bouquet" (with flower design front only) from 79/6.

*Du Pont's regd. trademark.

new and young from **WARNER'S**
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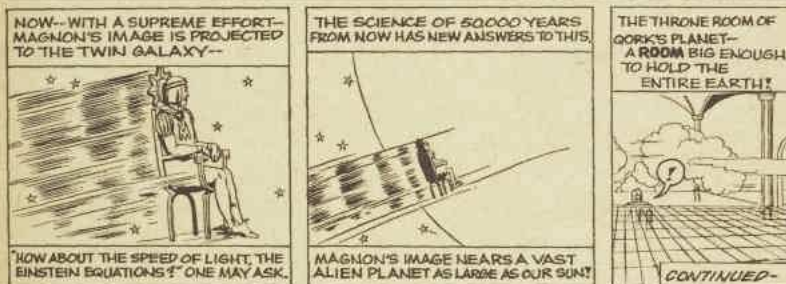
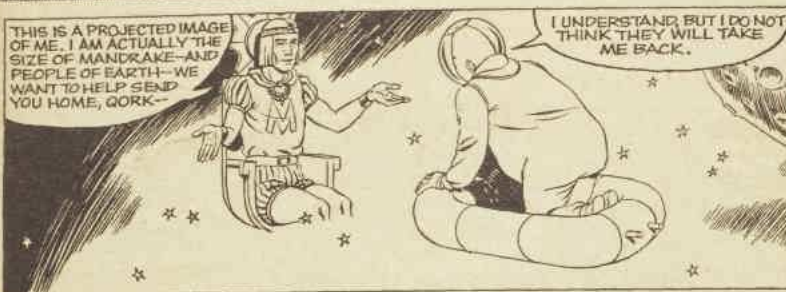
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY – November 4, 1964

WATTS & CO.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE tells Magnon how Qork saved Earth but cannot survive on tiny planets. Magnon has his image projected to where Qork drifts in space behind the moon. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Consanguinity kept with his Latin rope (12).
- Gas produced by a tame hen (7).
- To rue (anagr., 5).
- Weapon carried by balancers (5).
- True skin starting with the end (7).
- Passer when thinly scattered (6).
- Chaplet of flowers (6).
- Imprint made by a man's pet (7).
- It is certainly not correct English (5).
- Overturn (5).
- Composer of opera "William Tell" (7).
- Financial position fitting for stony home (5, 2, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- For these two a wolf's whistle must have been a pleasant sound (7, 5).
- This language is dead, but dig around and it will be enlarging (5).
- You must break your eggs to make it (6).
- Covering for the hair (5).
- Alter for mingy rats (12).
- Declares to be true (5).
- It turns to red and becomes fatigued (5).
- Accented syllable is at the end (5).
- Snug places (5).
- Portuguese city with drinkable centre (6).
- Change later (5).
- The air turns in this IVth century heretic (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Continued from page 35

"Here at Third National we like to think of ourselves as a bank with a heart—as your home away from home," continued the voice. "Let us be your friendly bank—a place where you can put the same old confidence you used to put in friendly Banker Brown back home, the man you used to have over for Sunday dinner."

"C'mon over 'n' see us, Mary, Jane, or whoever you are. Don't be lonely. Find a friend at Third National!" It was uncanny. He had even called her Mary. On the screen an attractive young girl with light brown hair, who looked uncannily like Mary, entered the bank and was immediately engulfed by friendly bankers. They smiled exuberantly, they wrung her hand, they guided her to a desk where Old Banker Brown leaned forward solicitously, anxious to discuss her gravest problems.

Mary's heart lifted from its abysmal gloom there in front of the set. Tomorrow at lunch-time she would find a friend—a New York friend!

Third National had a branch office only two blocks from where Mary worked, and at one minute after twelve the next day she opened its front door eagerly.

Somehow it didn't look much like a home away from home. That is, unless your home had ceilings sixty-five feet high and wall-to-wall Vermont marble. Mary looked about timorously.

Behind a chromium picket fence, three men sat at three desks. A discreet sign on the first desk read: "Mr. J. Lockwood, New Accounts." Mr. Lockwood didn't look at all like anybody's friendly old Banker Brown from back home. To begin with, he wasn't old, and to end with, he certainly didn't look friendly.

He was reading a printed pamphlet on his desk with furious concentration, scowling at its pages as though his very life depended on their message.

"Mr. Lockwood?" Mary said tentatively. "Mr. Lockwood, I'd like to open a cheque account."

Mr. Lockwood looked up, and hurriedly slid the pamphlet under his blotter. Then, suddenly and marvelously it all seemed just like the television commercial. Mr. Lockwood leaped to his feet and earnestly grasped Mary's hand.

"Hi, there!" he said, smiling magnificently. "It's great to see you! We're glad you want to come aboard the friendly old 'S.S. Third National.' But sit down, sit down. And let's lay off that Third we want to be friends, not misters. I would sure like it a lot better if you would call me John. And what can I call you?"

"Uh . . . Mary," said Mary, somewhat overwhelmed by Mr. Lockwood's apparent capacity for instant friendship. There was, Mary couldn't help noticing, a curious disparity between his brilliant smile, his warm words of welcome—and his eyes. John Lockwood's eyes—dark and handsome as they were—had not so far met her own.

Their glance hovered disconcertingly somewhere between her eyebrows and her hairline. And they were eyes that completely belied the smile. They had a hunted look—an almost guilty look. Glowing smile apart, John Lockwood looked miserable.

"And Mary's a grand old name," he said, through the smile. "Just put that grand old name at the bottom of this form, and that'll make

TO MARY, WITH LOVE . . .

Mary Bryant the newest depositor at friendly Third National—the bank that would rather have your friendship than your money," he added, staring wretchedly at Mary's forehead.

Mary signed the form. When she handed it back John Lockwood discovered it was the wrong form. It had to do with the Christmas Club. He laughed hollowly. "I haven't been here very long," he said. "I'm kind of new at Third National."

HE rummaged around in his desk drawer until he found the right form—smiling, smiling—and Mary signed again. Then she signed over her pay cheque as her first deposit.

"Well, you're one of us now . . . uh . . . Mary," John Lockwood said. He seemed to be having some difficulty in calling a total stranger by her first name. "In a few days the bank with a heart is going to send you a cheque book of your very own with your name printed on each and every cheque. Won't that be nice?"

"Awfully nice," said Mary, who found that she had taken to smiling compulsively all the time, too. Her cheeks ached. "Well, if that's everything . . . I guess I'd better get back to work . . ."

John Lockwood leaped up again and wrung Mary's hand. "That's you New York career girls all over—work, work, work," he said. "Drop in any

time. Don't be a stranger!" Mary had the distinct feeling that he was glad to see her go. At the door she turned back briefly and saw that John Lockwood had already taken the pamphlet out from under his blotter and had buried himself in it once more with terrible concentration.

Outside on the sidewalk again Mary stood for a moment wondering about John Lockwood and his bank with a heart. Did he or it really have a heart? Anyhow, hearts that had room in them to admit a lonely stranger in their city? No, it was plain enough. He was just another New Yorker like so many of the young men in her office— attractive, glib, superficially friendly, and with nothing on his mind except "what's in it for me?"

"Don't be a stranger," he had said. And yet Mary knew desperately that that's what she was and always would be in this great city she had come to conquer—a stranger.

True to John Lockwood's word, a week later Third National sent Mary her new cheque book. A form letter was enclosed. "Third National Bank wants you to be its Valentine!" said the letter. "February 14th is St. Valentine's Day."

"Won't you drop by the bank with a heart and let us tell you all about our new all-time high interest rates on

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"Best-looking tan under the sun!" says Diane Baker



COPPERTONE AUSTRALIA'S No. 1 RANGE OF SUNTAN PRODUCTS

OIL: For those who want deepest tan and require less protection. Ideal for brunettes.
SHADE: Especially recommended for all with sensitive skins—children, blondes and redheads.
QUICK-TANNING: Gives a lovely tan in 3-5 hours with or without the sun, non-oily.

LIPSCREEN: Prevents and corrects cracked, burned and sore lips.
LOTION: Favourite for "balcony" tanning and sunburn protection, non-oily.
NOSKOTE: Gives extra protection to nose, forehead and sensitive spots, invisible.



TAN—DON'T BURN.. USE COPPERTONE Don't be a paleface

There's no tan like a COPPERTONE Suntan Available at all chemists and selected department stores COPPERTONE—a product of PLOUGH (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

MEMPHIS—NEW YORK MELBOURNE—MIAMI—LONDON

TO MARY, WITH LOVE . . .

Continued from page 80

savings from the day of deposit? Sure, we wear our heart on our sleeve! We're not ashamed of it. We want to give it to you. Please be our Valentine."

Reading the letter, Mary was not convinced that she wanted Third National Bank to be her Valentine. Not, anyhow, if it was represented by John Lockwood, who smiled like a Valentine maybe, but wore no heart on his sleeve. Which was not at all the same as saying she didn't want somebody to be her Valentine.

Oh, she did, she did. At home in Ohio there had always been plenty of candidates for the role. But here on a dismal February Saturday afternoon, alone in the heart of the great city that seemed to have no heart, candidates were completely lacking.

Passing up the chance to watch a spine-tingling movie on television, Mary went out for a walk. It was an aimless walk, and eventually, on the way home again, it led her past a candy store.

Mary stopped in front of the store window, and the general bleakness of her life came home to her. The window was decorated with a gay display of heart-shaped boxes of candy—red satin, pink satin hearts of all sizes with glorious ribboned bows.

FROM THE BIBLE

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him."

—Lamentations 3:25.

Looking at them, Mary suddenly and mysteriously felt very brave. And she made a brave decision. Never mind if she was alone! Never mind if there was no one to care about her on the coming feast of St. Valentine! She had chosen independence and independence she would be! Mary swallowed, braced her shoulders, and marched into the candy store.

"I would like," she said, "to buy the biggest box of candy in the window—that one in the middle."

"You got it, lady," said the man behind the counter. "And I'd like it delivered on Valentine's Day to this address."

The man looked at Mary's address. It was only two blocks away. "We're in business, lady. That'll be five dollars 98 cents."

Mary opened her bag and found in it her pay cheque for the past week, which she had neglected to deposit in Third National the day before, and three dollars and twelve cents in cash.

Mary smiled in embarrassment. "Well, for heaven's sake," she said, "I guess I haven't got enough money; isn't that crazy? But here's my pay cheque."

The large dark eyes of the man behind the counter narrowed noticeably. "No cheques, lady."

"But it's a perfectly good cheque," Mary said. "Look, it's my pay cheque from where I work."

The man barely glanced at the cheque. "Lady," he said, not unkindly, "listen to me. We're a couple people living in New York City, right? We're not living in some little town where everybody knows everybody else, right? Now, you're a nice-looking lady and

I trust you like my own daughter, but do I know you? Do you know me?"

"But if you'd just look at the cheque," Mary said. "You can see it's from a well-known old insurance company . . ."

He looked at the cheque, and his right eyelid began to twitch. "Sixty-eight dollars and twenty-seven cents!" he said emotionally. "I'm supposed to cash a cheque for sixty-eight dollars and twenty-seven cents on a Saturday afternoon, and the banks all closed? Who am I—some kind of a Santa Claus or other?"

Mary's voice was shaky. "Please . . ." she began, "won't you please . . ." And then she remembered something. "Never mind that cheque," she said firmly. "I'll write you a new cheque. See? Here's my cheque book with my name printed right on every cheque. See, it says 'Mary Bryant' right there in the corner. That's me."

"So it says 'Mary Bryant' right in the corner," repeated the man, getting unaccountably more excited as he talked. "What does it say on the front window of my candy store? It says: 'Joe Martinelli—Fine Candies.' Does that make me Joe Martinelli? No! Martinelli is the fellow I bought the store from."

"I'm Joe Siracusa who can't afford the sign-painter to change the name, even if I don't have to pay for a new 'Joe.' So your cheque's got 'Mary Bryant' printed on it. So I can go out and get 'Rock Hudson' tattooed on my chest! That don't make me Rock Hudson . . ." The emotional Mr. Siracusa had to pause for breath.

Mary was fast coming up to Mr. Siracusa's pitch. "But I am Mary Bryant, I am!" she said wildly. "Look! Here's my driver's licence and my social-security card and a letter from my Uncle Norman . . ."

"So you're Mary Bryant!" interrupted Siracusa. "So who's Mary Bryant I'm giving a box of candy to? How do I know Mary Bryant's got 5.98 dollars in the bank?" "Because I say so! Don't you believe anything?" Possession of the beautiful heart-shaped scarlet candy box had become the most important thing in the world to Mary—the symbol by which she would stand or fall in her battle with New York City—even if she was giving it to herself from herself.

Her lower lip began to tremble alarmingly, and she hated the tears that were threatening just behind her eyes.

It was now Mr. Siracusa's turn to be alarmed. "All right!" he shouted. "Don't go crying on me! It don't look good. So if a box of candy means that much to you, you got it! So write a cheque! So when the cheque bounces back on me my wife's gonna say, 'Siracusa, you done it again!' Go ahead! O.K. . . ." Mr. Siracusa threw up his hands.

"Oh, thank you," said Mary, in a crazy flood of relief, "and the cheque will be all right, you'll see." Unsteadily, she began to fill out the first cheque in her new book.

"And while you're at it," said Siracusa, still shouting, "write out a card for the lucky person who gets the candy. Be my guest!" He flung a little card haphazardly in Mary's general direction. "Wait'll I hear my wife, 'Siracusa,' she's gonna say, 'you gotta solid-gold heart,' she's gonna say, 'but you gotta head full of bricks!'"

Mary Bryant was writing

To page 83

WIN £1,000

CASH!



YOU COULD WIN THE
£1,000 XMAS TREE
FROM NEW KOTEX*

have a carefree
Christmas with
£1,000 to spend

IT'S EASY! Below are three scrambled sentences. When the words are correctly arranged, they describe some reasons why New Kotex Napkins keep you comfortably safe. Find your clues at the right, rearrange the order of the words in the three sentences — and write them correctly in the spaces provided. Then write 25 words about the things which make Christmas enjoyable for you, in the space below. Mail your entry to: Carefree

Christmas Contest, Box 220, P.O., Crows Nest, N.S.W.
CLUES: "New Kotex has a polythene accident barrier to stop moisture coming through. It's right at the base of your napkin, protects you when you're sitting, standing — moving. Special layers of cellulocotton mean New Kotex has twice the absorbency, too. And you'll see New Kotex has a soft, strong cover. So you're comfortably safe in a way never possible before".

A barrier Kotex new accident has polythene

Twice the has Kotex new absorbency

Soft a cover Kotex new has strong

Complete the 25-word statement "To me, a carefree Christmas means

NAME:

ADDRESS:
(PRINT CLEARLY)

STATE:

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the word "Kotex" from the bottom of a Kotex pack (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law).
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Contest closes on December 7th. All entries must be postmarked not later than this date.

4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.
To qualify, entries must include the three scrambled sentences in their correct form. From the entries which qualify, the winner will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in completing the 25-word statement.

5. All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
7. Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

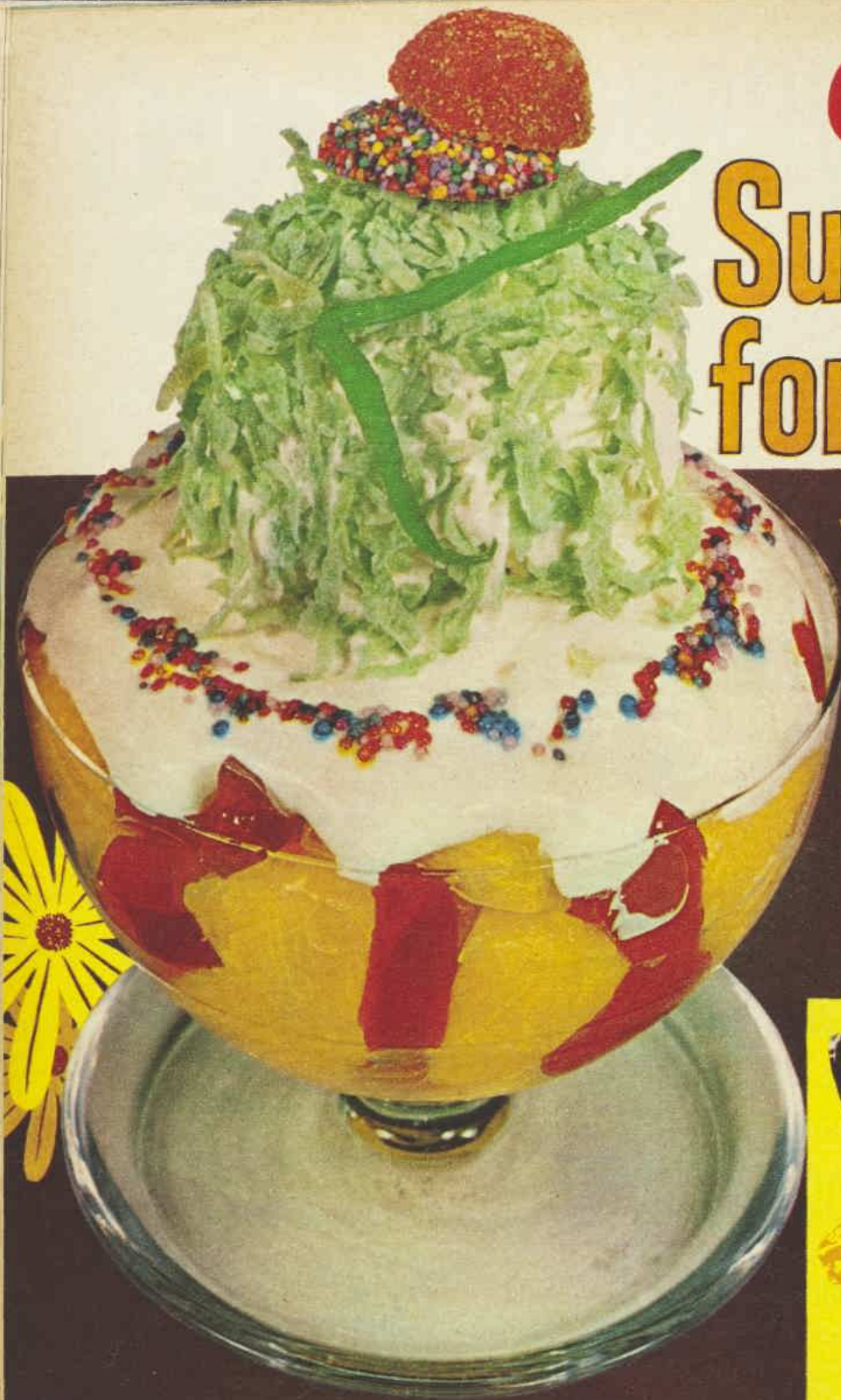


*Registered trade mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Golden Circle Sundae Special for November

"Sundae Cup"

enjoy a
summer
full of sundaes!



HOW TO MAKE "SUNDAE CUP"

Fill a sundae dish to rim with GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces. Pour over lightly beaten cream. Run a ring of hundreds and thousands just in from the edge. Top with a scoop of vanilla ice cream, thickly sprinkled with green coarse coconut. Make the jockey's cap from suitably shaped lollies, and add a whip cut from angelica.

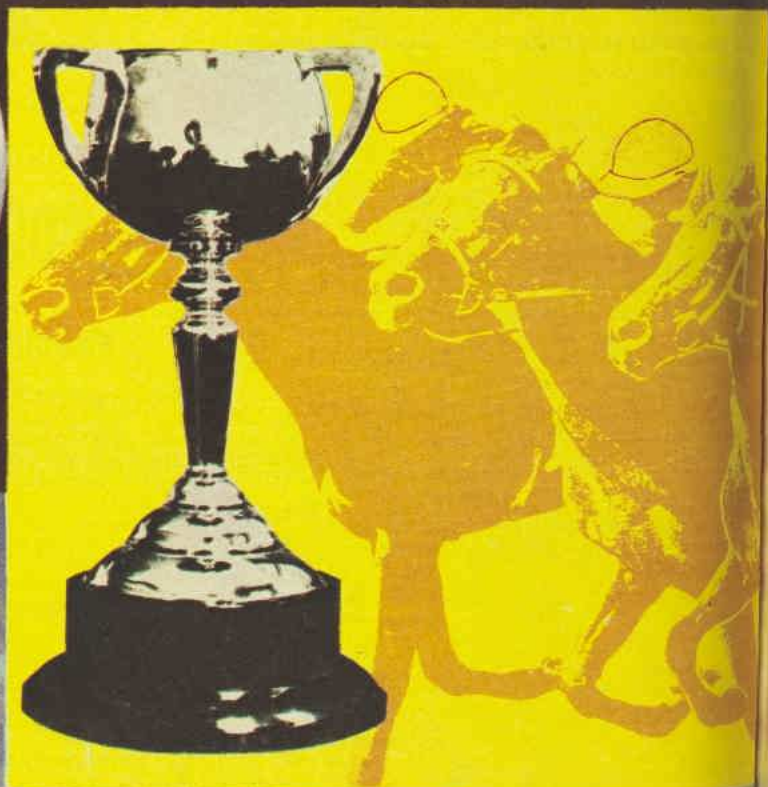
peel a can today



Golden Circle
TROPICAL

PINEAPPLE PIECES

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q



Our canned fruit recipe contest

ALREADY a large number of interesting new recipes have been received in this contest, in which big cash prizes will be awarded for recipes featuring canned peaches, canned apricots, and canned pears.

To enter the contest, all you have to do is select an occasion from the five listed below and, using canned peaches, canned pears, or canned apricots, send in a recipe for a main dish or a dessert which you consider suitable for such an occasion.

There is also a special section for a new classic recipe based on canned pears.

NAME THE OCCASION SECTIONS

1 Children's Party. 2 Teenagers' Party. 3 Sunday Night Family Meal. 4 Women's Luncheon Party. 5 Family Dinner.

Below is the first £5 progress prizewinner in our exciting new "Name the Occasion" Canned Fruit Recipe Contest for readers.

SPECIAL SECTION

Canned Pears Classic Recipe.

The big cash prizes include the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in any section of the contest (including classic pear recipe); first prizes of £50 each in the five Name the Occasion sections; and first prize of £100 in the Classic Pear Recipe Section.

Each recipe in the five Name the Occasion sections should feature canned peaches (halved or sliced), canned apricots, or canned pears, plus one or more of the following six ingredients in everyday use:

Breakfast flakes, cake mix, evaporated milk, gelatine, custard powder, pastry mix.

In the special Canned Pears Classic Recipe Section, competitors are free to use any ingredients they desire, in addition to the main ingredient — canned pears.

Closing date for entries is November 23.

Mark your entry with the name of the section in which it is entered and send it to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Here is the first £5 progress prizewinner.

SECTION 4: WOMEN'S LUNCHEON PARTY

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Fox, 52 Bute Street, Sherwood, Brisbane, for the following recipe:

PEACH CREAM DESSERT

Four eggs (separated), 1 cup sugar, 1 can peach slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brandy, 2 tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup whipped cream.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar until light and lemon-colored. Add canned peaches which have been forced through a sieve. Mix in lemon juice, wine, and brandy. Turn into top half of a double boiler and stir over simmering water until thickened. Soak gelatine in water and stir over boiling water until dissolved. Add to fruit mixture and turn into a bowl. Stir from time to time while cooling. When cool, and before beginning to thicken too much, fold in whipped cream and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into a pretty glass dish and chill until serving time. Serve with extra whipped cream.

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AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

To page 86

TO MARY, WITH LOVE...

Continued from page 81

frantically—both the cheque and the card to herself—with shaking fingers. But she had won! She had faced impetuous New York in the person of Mr. Siracusa and slightly penetrated it. "Thank you, Mr. Siracusa," she said. "You'll never be sorry."

"That's all you know," said Mr. Siracusa. "I'm sorry already!"

But sorry or not, on Valentine's Day the heart-shaped candy box arrived. Although it was a working Friday, Mary had defiantly taken the day off. If there wasn't anybody who cared about her on Valentine's Day, she would care about herself.

Mary took the lovely red satin heart from the delivery boy and recklessly tipped him 50 cents. Slipped under the pink bow on the box was a small white envelope, which Mary opened, and read the card inside. "Mary Bryant" it said. No more. Which struck Mary as curious, since it seemed to her that she'd written something more appropriate to the occasion—something more... well, more fitting, more romantic.

BUT considering the hysterical circumstances under which she'd written it, the fact was Mary didn't remember what she'd written. It didn't matter. The heart-shaped box was what mattered.

Tenderly, she took off the lid. Inside, it was all a candy box ought to be. Dark chocolates, beige chocolates, chocolates wrapped in silver and gold, shapes that told her, from home-town memory, which was a caramel, which was a nougat, which pink cream.

And then, all at once, without any warning—Mary was weeping. Emotion blasted her planned strategy as a typhoon raises havoc with a tidy weather report. She sat munching chocolate after chocolate like someone taking poison in despair, and the tears went on and on.

It didn't really work. It seemed, for a certain kind of girl to send herself heart-shaped boxes of candy on St. Valentine's Day. It didn't seem to work at all.

The telephone, which almost never rang, suddenly rang. Mary was astonished out of her tears. It was John Lockwood and his desperately hearty voice, telling her that the bank had discovered a certain irregularity in a cheque she had written and would like to talk to her about it.

Mary had an attack of the acute guilt feelings honest people have when they are questioned by financial institutions, and tax collectors.

What was the trouble? Well, it was a little hard to explain over the phone. Could she drop by the bank at her earliest convenience? Today, perhaps? Mary got there in an apprehensive eighteen minutes, hoping her eyes weren't still red from crying. "It's not terribly important," John Lockwood said, to Mary's hairline. "It's just that you signed a cheque in a—well, in sort of an unusual way and we couldn't help wondering why... I've got it right here."

Mary looked at the cheque he handed her, and at first glance it appeared to be all anybody could ask of a cheque. It was dated in the right month and year; it was made out to Joe Siracusa in the amount of five dollars ninety-eight cents... and it was signed: "To Mary—With Love."

Mary felt as though she were perceptibly shrinking in her chair. Her goof was obvious—at least to her. In her emotional encounter with Mr. Siracusa, she had simply signed her name on the card for her candy box and written her Valentine's Day sentiments to herself on Mr. Siracusa's cheque—but how did you go about explaining that to a sophisticated young New York banker like John Lockwood?

What you did, Mary decided in the first full flush of anguish, was—you bluffed it out.

First of all, you laughed. Mary laughed. "Isn't that ridiculous? You see, I have this friend named Mary who hasn't been in New York very long and I thought she might be kind of lonely on Valentine's Day—that's today, I mean—and so I sent her a box of candy to sort of cheer her up."

"One of those heart-shaped boxes, you know the kind I mean? So I paid for the candy with this cheque to a nice man named Mr. Siracusa. See? The main thing was my friend Mary might think nobody was thinking about her on Valentine's Day... Mary slowed down to see how she was going over."

She discovered that John Lockwood was looking at her in a very odd way indeed. But he was looking at her—not at her forehead any more, but straight into her eyes. It was unsettling.

"Uh... Mary?" he said.

"Yes?"

"It's against bank rules, but I was wondering if you'd mind

if I called you Miss Bryant. It seems more... I don't know... more intimate."

"Yes, please do," Mary said, "Mr. Lockwood."

And he was right—it was more intimate. It was as though two real people, for better or worse, were meeting for the first time.

Mary pressed on, determined that this new and altogether different John Lockwood had to be deceived at all costs. Something more than the embarrassment of looking like a corn-fed hick before a smart, young New York banker had suddenly been added.

"You see, my friend Mary," she went on, her voice rising, "doesn't know very many people in New York the way we naturally do, so that's why I wanted her to have the candy at least from somebody. Well, I wrote out the cheque and at the same time I wrote out a card to go with the candy, and I guess I got them mixed up. Ha-ha?" The last was more interrogation than hilarity.

John Lockwood continued to stare at her in steady-eyed fascination. Where before he hadn't even been able to look at her directly, now he couldn't seem to look away. "Yes, I see," he said at last, "but if you wrote 'To Mary—With Love' on the cheque, I can't help wondering what you wrote on the card to your friend... ah... Mary."

"Why, I just signed my name, of course—the way I should have on the cheque..."

"How do you know?"

"It was the first thing I noticed this morning when I... Suddenly Mary almost screamed to stop herself from talking. John Lockwood's motionless eyes were growing larger and rounder. "Mary happened to be at my—no, I mean I happened to be at Mary's place when the candy was delivered..."

But things were only getting worse. She would do well just to shut up and get out—now that she had firmly revealed herself as a poor thing in the big city who sent Valentine's candy boxes to herself. Dignity—if some small shred of it could be dredged up from somewhere—was all she had left now.

Tomorrow she could always find another bank, even without an advertised heart. Now she was the one who couldn't look him in the eye.

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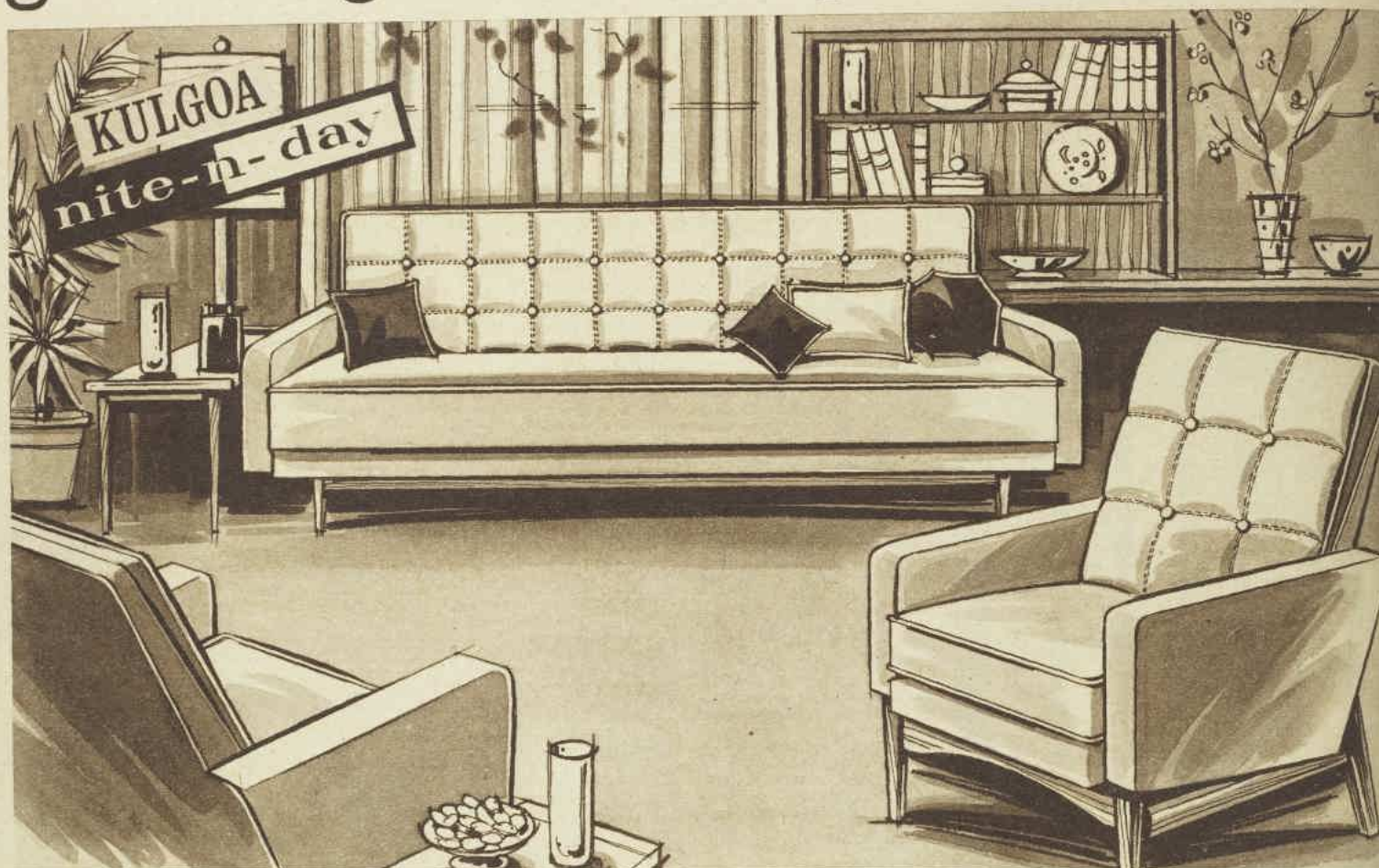
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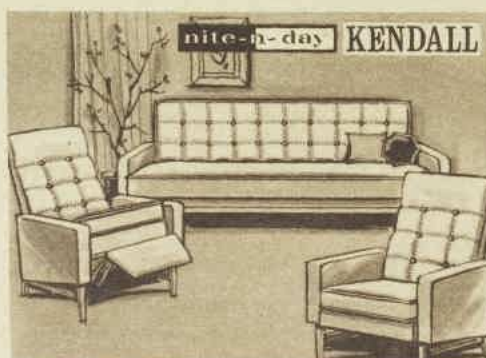
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Native orchids

ATTRACTIVE AND HARDY



Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 95

● Australia's native orchids are receiving more attention, both from the average gardener, who appreciates their hardiness and beauty, and the hobbyist, who finds pleasure in the growth and study of even the most humble forms.

EFFECTIVE method of presenting native orchids is that used by Mr. Roy Spearman on the patio of his home at Brookvale, N.S.W. A bough of paper-bark has *Dendrobium teretifolium*, *D. kingianum*, *D. falcatorostrum*, and other natives attached to it.

MOST of the attractive Australians are epiphytes; that is, they grow in nature with their root systems wholly or partly exposed, usually on trees or rocks.

These are in no way parasitic; they depend on their host for support only, and get their sustenance from the air and decayed organic matter which accumulates around the roots.

Water trickling down the tree stems and rock surfaces provides sufficient moisture. Although it seems a precarious existence, they flourish under a wide range of conditions, but in Australia they are found mainly along the moist eastern coast.

Epiphytic orchids can be grown on trees and rocks, in wooden baskets, and in perforated or slotted pots or pans, on slabs of wood with the bark on, or on rafts. Any container should admit air freely to the roots.

Baskets are made of any durable wood, using sticks half an inch to an inch thick and about three rows of sticks on each side, separated by small blocks.

Rafts are made from similar pieces of wood. Tree-fern blocks are good, but are difficult to obtain. Hardwood blocks should be well seasoned and the surface weathered.

Some growers use branches of the paper-bark tree cut into lengths and the ends tied tightly with copper wire to prevent the bark coming away.

Trees often make the best host, especially if the orchid is bedded down in the fork of a branch, but avoid trees that shed their bark periodically.

The plants should be tightly fastened

to the tree or blocks, using nylon fishing-line or copper wire. The roots can be covered with a single thickness of hessian or small pad of live moss to keep them moist until the new growth begins.

Once established, the plants will stand dryness, but watering during very dry spells is desirable. Occasional doses of liquid manure or fertiliser are beneficial.

Here are some of the native orchids most commonly cultivated. The species of *Dendrobium* and *Sarcophilus* are all epiphytes.

Dendrobium speciosum (rock lily) is the best known of the native dendrobiums in eastern Australia. It takes well to cultivation and can be grown in well-drained rockeries, on trees, stumps, rocks, or walls. Revels in full sun but will grow in partial shade.

Dendrobium kingianum (pink rock lily, or lily of the valley orchid) can have short stout stems or slender ones up to 12 in. long. Flowers vary from pink to deep mauve, occasionally white. Flowering between August and November, it is found on cliff edges in coastal and tableland areas in northern N.S.W. and in Queensland.

Dendrobium pugioniforme (dagger orchid) occurs in coastal areas of N.S.W. and Queensland, hanging from trees in large masses of intricately branching stems up to 6 ft. long. The pale green flowers are marked with bright purple or rosy red.

Dendrobium linguiforme (tongue orchid or button orchid) has prostrate branching stems and numerous very thick ribbed leaves. The white or, rarely, pale yellow flowers are marked with light purple; borne in rather dense spikes up to 5 in. long. Found on rocks and trees from coastal areas to the western slopes in N.S.W. and in Queensland.

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DENDROBIUM SPECIOSUM (rock lily), one of the best known of the native orchid family and also one of the most spectacular. It can be grown in various ways in the garden, and the method shown here — filling in a tree-stump — is ideal



Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 96

DENDROBIUM FALCATOROSTRUM is one of the prettiest. Native orchids can be fed at regular intervals with a complete soluble fertiliser, mainly between September and April, when plants benefit from a light application (one teaspoon to a bucket — two gallons — of water) fortnightly. These three pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Dendrobium aemulum (white feather orchid or ironbark orchid) is often found on ironbark trees in coastal districts from Tasmania to Queensland. The fragrant white flowers have small purple markings and often turn deep pink just before withering.

Dendrobium falcatorostrum (beech orchid), one of the most beautiful and easily grown of the native orchids, is found mainly in forests of negrohead beech on the highlands from Barrington Tops northwards. Flowers are white, many have purple markings; 1 in. or more across; very fragrant.

Dendrobium gracilicaule is found mainly on trees, occasionally on rocks, in coastal areas from Kiama to Queensland. Has numerous slender stems up to 5 ft., and small fragrant dull-yellow flowers, blotched outside with reddish-brown.

Dendrobium bigibbum (Cooktown orchid), adopted as the floral emblem of Queensland, is often grown in that State, where selections and hybrids are being made available. Flowers, usually deep lilac or mauve, appear from February to June, are long-lasting and sometimes have a geranium-like perfume. Sun-loving; can be grown on trees or in wooden baskets or pots.

Native species of *Sarcophilus* are attractive, but require some care when cultivated.

Sarcophilus falcatus (orange-blossom orchid) is a compact little plant with very short stems, usually less than 2 in. long, and white, rarely cream, strongly perfumed flowers. Occurs on coast and tableland from Queensland to Victoria; does not always take readily to cultivation. It prefers a moist, shady position, preferably backed on fern butts or slabs of wood with the bark on.

Sarcophilus fitzgeraldii (ravine orchid) is a fairly large plant found scrambling over rocks in shady gullies on the north coast of N.S.W. and southern Queensland, the stems sometimes reaching 40 in. Flowers are pink or white with crimson markings, or

sometimes the whole flower is crimson with darker blotches. Generally regarded as the most attractive of the genus.

Sarcophilus hartmannii is closely related, but is usually found in sunnier positions. A rare plant in nature, it is recorded from only a few places on the north coast of N.S.W. and in southern Queensland.

Two ground orchids which are cultivated are *Calanthe veratrifolia* and *Phaius tankervilleae*. The former is sometimes called the Christmas orchid, as it flowers in mid-summer, producing numerous pure white flowers at the tops of stalks 2 ft. to 4 ft. tall. The leaves are handsome and up to 3 ft. long. Occurs in coastal areas north of Sydney and in Queensland.

Phaius tankervilleae is one of the showiest native orchids, producing stalks up to 6 ft. bearing dense clusters of amber flowers, whitish on the outside. Occurs in swampy soils north of the Richmond River. Propagated from the bulbs or cuttings of the spent flower spike, and can be grown in large pots in a loose mixture of humus, leafmould, and soil, giving plenty of water during the growing period.

Thelymitra ixioides (sun orchid) is one of the most widely distributed ground orchids, being found in all Australian States and New Zealand. It is sometimes cultivated, although rarely stocked by nurserymen. Has a long solitary leaf and attractive bright blue flowers stippled with small spots in darker blue.

Before leaving our native orchids, mention could be made of *Galeola foliata*, a climbing orchid found on the north coast of N.S.W. and in Queensland. It is one of the tallest in the world, reaching a height of 44 ft., and produces large branching heads of brilliant yellow flowers up to 2 in. across. A magnificent sight in nature, it does not, unfortunately, respond to cultivation.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 98



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TO MARY, WITH LOVE . . .

Continued from page 83

more details, Mr. Lockwood," she said. "I'll just—"

"Oh, you're not boring me, Miss Bryant."

"I'll just write out a new cheque. Will that be satisfactory, Mr. Lockwood?"

"Perfectly, Miss Bryant."

Mary rummaged desperately in her bag for her cheque book, found it, and began to write like a nervous speed-writing champion. From the edge of her eye she could see John Lockwood watching her.

Finished at last, she ripped the cheque from the book, flung it on his desk, and ran for the door faster than is usual for anybody but bank robbers to exit from banks.

Back home again, Mary lay on her bed looking out the window at the grey towers of New York. She was dry-eyed now — she'd done her crying for the day. Being a sensible girl, she had moved past tears to reason, and reason told her she didn't belong in New York. It wasn't New York's fault. Lots of people had come from small towns to New York and gloriously, spectacularly had conquered it. She just didn't happen to be one of them.

Mary found herself thinking about a young man back in Ohio, named Addison Hewitt, who only a few months ago had asked her to marry him. At the time, Addison, though kind and attentive, had seemed to Mary to be subtly lacking in some indefinable romantic quality that she had imagined a husband ought to have. And she had gently turned him down.

Now, staring out at the bleak New York sky, Mary wondered dismally if she had perhaps been a trifle hasty — a trifle . . . well, unobservant of Addison's more solid qualities. She covered her face with her hands, and tears were close again, but then the doorbell rang.

At the door a messenger boy handed her a package, and vanished. Mary unwrapped it — and stared at the red satin, heart-shaped candy box as though it were some sort of hallucination. She fumbled open the little white envelope on top of the box, and read: "To Mary Bryant — With Hope. John Lockwood."

For a wonderful, exultant moment, Mary imagined that the card meant what it said. Then, suddenly furious, she got the picture. Oh, that friendly bank had trained its employees to exploit anything — even loneliness! That was New York for you! Send a lonely customer a box of candy on Valentine's Day and you've got a customer for ever. Well, not this customer!

The tears came rushing back, not tears of self-pity this time, but tears of stark, black outrage. "I . . . I don't need you," she suddenly shouted, "to feel sorry for me!" She ripped into John Lockwood's little note and tore it across twice and then again, but by that time it was no bigger than a postage stamp. As Mary hurled the pieces high into the air, the telephone rang.

"I'm not here!" Mary shouted into the phone.

"Miss Bryant?" said John Lockwood cautiously. "Did it come?"

"If you mean your touching box of candy — yes, it came," Mary said, in what she hoped was the coldest voice in the world. "You'll get it back the first thing in the morning!"

There was a pause, but John Lockwood pressed on gamely. "I'm sorry if I took too much for granted," he said. "After this morning, I'd hoped . . ."

"I know what you hoped!" Mary interrupted wildly. "And you can just stop hoping!"

Now it was John Lockwood's turn to do some hollering. "What's so terrible about sending a girl a friendly box of candy, for heaven's sake!" he hollered. It was not at all a Third National Bank voice.

"I don't want to be friends with your friendly old bank!"

"What's the bank got to do with it?"

"I don't like phony old banks feeling sorry for me!"

"Sorry for you?"

" . . . friendliness that doesn't mean anything! In fact . . ."

"Miss Bryant, I don't feel sorry . . ."

" . . . I hate your old bank!"

"So do I, but why do you have to take it out on me?"

MARY said, "You what?"

"Oh, it's easy enough for you to talk!" John Lockwood said with fierce intensity. "You don't have to sit there all day grinning like an idiot and calling strangers by their first names and pretending banking isn't banking. They make us study this pamphlet about how to be friendly. I know how to be friendly! Before I came here two months ago from the bank in Monrovia—"

"Monrovia?" Mary interrupted in a startlingly new voice. "Where's that?"

"Monrovia is a very nice town in Iowa," John Lockwood said belligerently. "And when I talked to you this morning I thought for a minute that maybe you might be like a lonely girl from Monrovia in New York—"

"Mr. Lockwood—"

"—who sent herself a box of candy on Valentine's Day. But I guess you're just like everybody else in this town. No matter what somebody does in an innocent way—"

"Mr. Lockwood—"

"—you're suspicious! All right. Do you want to know what I sent myself? I sent myself four neckties for Christmas, and on my birthday I sent myself a bathrobe with my initials on the pocket just so I could be sure who I was! I thought we might have something in common—"

"Mr. Lockwood—"

"—but I guess I was wrong. I thought we might have dinner together—"

"Mr. Lockwood!" It was a shriek. "I . . . I want to explain something to you," Mary said uncertainly. "I'd love to have dinner with you — if you still want me to." She swallowed hard. "Dutch?"

After a long pause, John Lockwood said, in a very different voice, "I'll be there in half an hour. Not Dutch."

Quickly changing into the dinner dress that had gone unworn since she came to New York, Mary let her eyes fall affectionately on the red satin candy box. Not the one she'd sent to herself — the other one. The one that had come to her as a gift on St. Valentine's Day from an attractive young man in the not so very lonely big city of New York.

However things worked out, Mary knew she would always have that box close at hand, perhaps on her dressing-table, where she could look at it whenever she liked. And she could keep useful things in it, too — things like bobby-pins and earrings and letters . . .

She sat down to wait for the doorbell to ring, smiling enigmatically at the scarlet candy box from the bank with a heart.

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2ND OF A SERIES OF

Best JUNKET RECIPES

Here are two delicious, easy-to-make recipes for you to cut out and paste in your recipe book.

"JUNKET Is Good For You"

RECIPE No. 3



JUNKET SUNDAE:

A party treat! Low in cost, delicious in flavour!

Ingredients: 2 Flavoured tablets (any flavour) 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, Topping: Whipped cream, chopped nuts, glace cherries.

Prepare the JUNKET according to basic directions. Set aside until firm and cool. Just before serving, whip 1 cup thick cream until stiff and place on top of each dish. Decorate with chopped nuts, and top with a glace cherry.

REMEMBER!
WARM MILK TO
BABY BOTTLE
TEMPERATURE

SERVE IN
INDIVIDUAL
GLASSES



RECIPE No. 4

JUNKET TRIFLE:

A delicious, nourishing dessert — and so simple to prepare!

Ingredients: 2 Strawberry tablets, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, sponge cake, jam, whipped cream.

Spread cake with jam and cut into pieces in bottom of 4-5 dessert glasses. Prepare JUNKET according to directions on pack and pour over cake while still liquid. Set aside till firm. Chill. Just before serving, top with whipped cream.



ASK FOR
**HANSEN'S
JUNKET**

AT ALL GOOD STORES

Teenagers

WEEKLY

GAY TRAVEL TOGS

● Dressing up the travel scene with great fashion dash, this collection of new season clothes photographed against ship-board backgrounds is for just about every occasion under the sun, from casual to glamorous. All clothes shown here from range of a main Sydney store.



SUN-LOVING deck playsuit links extra slim one-way stretch slacks with long-line jacket in nautical design of navy-and-white stripes and lime anchors. In other colors as well.



WHITE texture-look coat, pocket and button trimmed, is a perfect travel choice, looks wonderful all the time.

RIGHT: For going ashore, white pure linen tailored suit with reverse collar, two feature pockets, bracelet sleeves. Straight skirt is fully lined.



GALA evening coming up? Meet it in a swirl of white chiffon with crystal sequin jacket (far left) or an evening crepe with a high guipure lace bodice.



Pink ruffle-printed tetoron blouse (far left) worn with stretch pin-wail cotton shorts. Long blouse with stretch waist (left) tops slim check bri-nylon bermudas.

Letters

Letters must be signed, preference is given to writers who do not use pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 723, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/10 for each letter used.



ME? OLD-FASHIONED?

Yes, you!

You can wear the latest Paris hat or coat, the latest lipstick, the latest false eyelashes, but millions of girls your age insist you're old-fashioned if you don't use Tampax.

We read it in letters; we hear it by word of mouth. Tampax is the modern way because it's the better way. Modern is better; old-fashioned is just not good.

Of course, if you want to be tied to that belt-pin-pad harness... if you want problems of carrying 'spares', disposal problems... if you aren't in the least bit worried about odour... that's your affair.

But Tampax — because it's worn internally — could do away with every last one of those bugbears.

Ah, we have it! Perhaps you're afraid Tampax mightn't be comfortable. Why you can't even feel it once it's in place, because the applicator positions it correctly and hygienically.

But, as we said, go ahead! Be old-fashioned, if you want!

Just don't go around blaming someone else when you feel uncomfortable, ill-at-ease and out of sorts during that time-of-the-month. We could help you.

And we'd very much like to!

TAMPAX

Internal Sanitary Protection
If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Satisfying alternative to teaching

IF you want to be a school-teacher, but owing to lack of funds cannot, why not become a governess? Owing to the fact that I came from a family of 12, I couldn't afford to go to training college, so decided to become a teacher on a station.

I applied to the headmaster of the correspondence school, and within a few weeks was on my way to Broken Hill. The work is more rewarding than that of an ordinary teacher, as the progress of your pupil or pupils is more personal than in a big class.

Your horizons are greatly broadened, too, and you meet interesting people. Your holidays are the same as school holidays, so you can see your parents quite often. The qualifications are a sound secondary education, usually to Intermediate standard, an interest in your work, and an ability to live in the homes of others, to act as they would prefer you to act, and to be willing to help your pupil at all times.

I have been a governess for two years now and will be sorry to leave at the end of the year, as I will have to. So, instead of thinking that you will never be able to teach, think of becoming a governess. — Cynthia Pollard, Menindee, N.S.W.

So many cooks...

MY club not long ago put on a highly successful (fun and money wise) dinner party for 5/- per head. The catering? Very simple. It was a Speciality Dinner, with all 32 club members, male and female, concocting their favorite recipe.

One girl (whose scones are ghastly) made wonderful Pavlova cakes; another,

heavenly fruit and honey pies. One of the boys made the hottest, tastiest curry ever, and another, who refused to cook, brought great jars of fruit punch.

The menu was varied in the extreme! It ranged from vegetarian sandwiches, cheese and chilli jaffles, platters of intricate savory biscuits (from a girl who said she couldn't make anything else) to caramel tarts, nine different types of ice-cream, gingerbread, and coconut ice. An Italian member made a wonderful tomato and macaroni dish.

We invited our friends, keeping the limit to three per member, had a wonderful time, and made a profit. So do you wonder that I recommend this idea to other clubs for raising that extra money? — Pam Livingstone, West Ryde, N.S.W.

"Ugly creeps"

I AM a teenager of average capability who attends high school, does not go in for high-brow stuff, and accepts most pop groups. But — and I'm sure more than one person agrees with me — The Rolling Stones are going just a bit far in trying our intelligence.

The Beatles are completely different. At the moment I am an ardent Beatle fan and do not intend to sit down doing nothing while these dreadful Rolling Stones, who are ugly creeps, get great amounts of money from teenagers who do not know what's good for them.

The Beatles deserve all the money they get and are well within their rights in having as much fame as they have. If Australia is going to be taken in by The Rolling Stones, and go mad over them, I will be deeply ashamed.

The whole world has proved its intelligence by picking The Beatles as its favorite group, but if it drops them and turns to The Rolling Stones everyone will

MOD BOYS AND MAKE-UP

● In reply to recent letters, English and Australian readers say what they think about Mod boys and eye-shadow...

I MAKE a plea to all Australian boys. When the wave of "girlish" fashions from England reaches our shores, please don't buy them. Now I don't mean Mod clothes. Mod fashions are fabulous, tight slacks and well-cut jackets, but not boys wearing eye-shadow and lipstick, long "set" hair, high heels, and side bags.

I don't know any girl who relishes the idea of going out with a boy who looks "prettier" than she does. But I know plenty who would just love to go out with a boy in Mod clothes and with a Beatle haircut. — Judith O'Grady, Crafers, S.A.

SURELY such idiocy won't become the accepted fashion for boys. If it continues, the whole of our social system will be reversed, and we will have girls asking boys for dates, calling for them, and promising to have them

home at a specific time. I am certainly not ready for this, and should it ever eventuate I am certain that I will remain a spinster. — G. McMorris, Newcastle, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH I want to wear a long Mod dress, eye-shadow on Mod boys is really ridiculous. As for the long hair, high-heeled boots, and shoulder bag, they aren't really important. But the make-up that they wear is what I'm against. — "Mod Follower," Ramsgate, N.S.W.

I DON'T think that "Anti-Mod" knows what Mods are like. I've just come from England to Australia for a holiday, and I am a Mod.

I have never heard of Mods wearing eye-shadow and carrying shoulder-bags (girls might, but not boys), and can't think where "Anti-Mod" got the idea.

Also, all teenagers in England don't behave the way it seems they do. The ones you read about in Australia are just out to make the news. Ordinary teenagers in England follow fashion and trends, but are respectable.

Mod boys follow The Beatles and Mod girls follow Cilla Black. I hope this straightens everybody out. — "Mod Girl," East Ringwood, Vic.

AS an English teenager and a Mod (I arrived here recently), I should like to point out that Mod boys do not wear eye-shadow, though they do have longer hair than average. As for the high-heeled shoes, they're nothing out of the ordinary, and not particularly high at that.

Anyway, I always think that it's the person who counts, not the appearance. — Silvie Gillard, Cottesloe, W.A.

Scholarships

IN my opinion the new secondary scholarships are far too few. It would be wiser for the Government to award twice as many scholarships, each worth £100 per annum to the holder.

Everything depends upon two days' examinations, and so many "certainties" will be denied this financial help simply because they worried too much about eight crucial hours, which, my friends all agree, will be "murder."

Surely there would be a better chance of the really deserving students winning scholarships if there were more available. I feel certain there will be many astonished teachers when the fortunate winners' names are published. — "Leaving Student," Cheltenham, Vic.

Instant travel

MY sister and I have discovered an economical way of finding out about other countries. The idea could be useful to those who are saving for a trip or who merely wish to know a little general geography.

Simply buy a large project book and decide which countries you would like to learn more about. One or two pages of information on each country should be readily available at the local library, and by writing to the various consuls (addresses will be found in the telephone book) some attractive pictures could be obtained.

When you have filled the book an excellent source of information is at your fingertips for future reference. — Julie Walker, Sans Souci, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK

● Color pin-up and story of Gordon Waller and Peter Asher, two young English entertainers who were recently in Australia. Peter is the brother of Jane Asher, Beatle Paul McCartney's girlfriend.

● A color preview of an exciting new Hollywood movie about car racing. Jimmy Darren is the star of the film.

Mental clock

TO students who would like to begin work early in the day, I would like to pass on a trick of the subconscious. Simply by tapping out the number of hours at which you want to wake up, and/or repeating this time over and over again, you can set an "alarm clock" which will mysteriously wake you at that time. — "Sleeper," Ringwood, Vic.

Cars are girls

IN reply to Carol Ward I would like to say why a car is called a "she." It is because: She takes a lot of paint to look good. It's not the initial expense that breaks you — it's the upkeep. It takes a good man to handle her right. — David Lee, Bulleen, Vic.

Leaving school

ALL my friends who left school at 14 appear to be leading much fuller lives. Some are embarking on what appear to be promising careers — as estate agents and cosmeticians. Ironically, they can afford to buy books

Beatle hair

THE BEATLES hair suits them because it is kept reasonably tidy, and I, like most boys, like to wear it in this fashion. But if your mother (like mine) won't let you do this, don't comb it down flat in front when she isn't there — especially after a haircut. It looks hideous and unbalanced if your hair is long in front and not correspondingly long at back and sides.

I've seen plenty of boys like this and they look awful. You may not agree with me, but just look in a mirror! — Christopher Webb, South Plympton, S.A.

BEATNIK



"Man, forget it. With your luck you'd win, become famous, and before you know it you'd be working."

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FORD PILLS

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U.S. PRESIDENT Johnson presents a medallion to negro high-school student Frank Snowden, 17, and congratulates him on being chosen a Presidential Scholar.

U.S. HONORS 121 TOP STUDENTS

● To recognise the "most precious resource of the United States—the brain-power of its young people"—President Johnson has established the Presidential Scholars programme.

ALL in the first group of 121 high-school graduates recently were given medallions and were congratulated by President Johnson. He called them "exceptional members of an exceptional generation."

Of the "super-scholars" who met the President in the White House, 67 were boys and 54 girls, all 17 or 18.

The brainiest youngsters in the United States, most of them ranked first, scholastically, in their graduation classes.

They were screened through various academic tests and finally chosen by an independent seven-member commission.

President Johnson handed each of the Scholars a precious memento—a bronze medallion designed by the renowned sculptor Jacques Lipchitz.

The face of the medallion bears the likeness of the President. The reverse side shows Prometheus strangling the vulture of darkness and ignorance while holding aloft the light of learning.

In Greek mythology, Prometheus stole fire from

heaven and taught Man how to use it.

Designation as a Presidential Scholar does not bring a cash award.

The Presidential Scholars lean heavily toward careers in sciences; 31 plan to major in mathematics, 13 in physics, and seven in chemistry. One has chosen medicine.

Famous folksinger put on 'concert' in her kitchen

● With the current popularity of folk music, many new folk entertainers have emerged—among them sweet-voiced Tina Lawton, who is fast rising to fame.

TINA, of Adelaide, but well known interstate, is a final-year graphic-art student and combines as much professional folksinging with her studies as possible.

"I first became really interested in folk music when I heard it in a coffee house in Adelaide," Tina said.

Tina's older sister, who is

a missionary in New Guinea, plays piano and sings; her brother, a doctor, plays the violin; and her mother and younger sister sing. But Tina is the only member of the family to perform professionally.

Tina taught herself to play the guitar and collects folksongs as a hobby. "I keep songs in my head or on scraps of paper scattered around the house," she said.

Tina hasn't had any vocal training but has sung in choirs and youth groups. She also sang with friends who formed a trad jazz group, and she enjoys belting out a jazz number. But she is now recognised for sweetly singing the lyrical, womanly style of folksong.

She prefers the old English, Scottish, and American ballads, and goes thoroughly into the background of a song before she sings it.

"You have to know what you're singing about," she said simply. "To sing a song from a woman's point of view you have to understand the emotions behind it. Whether you've experienced them or not, this understanding helps your interpretation."

One of the highlights of

Tina's career was meeting Peter, Paul, and Mary during their Australian tour. When they were in Adelaide Tina became friendly with Peter Yarrow and after a concert he went home to Tina's and they roused the family with their singing in the kitchen.

"It was a beaut night," said Tina, "the rest of the family sat around in dressing-gowns eating toast while we all sang with Peter."

—Diane Roberts



TINA LAWTON

Make the sun your friend

WISE sunbathing is a tonic that can make you look and feel really fabulous if you chart your beauty strategy and follow the rules from start to finish.

Every type of skin needs special care on the beach; a slap of sun lotion just isn't enough, and a policy of trial and error usually leads to trouble.

Whether you tan or burn depends on your own good sense, the type of skin you have, and the kind of sun preparations you use.

Do you yearn for a deep, glowing suntan to keep you in the summer picture this year? Or would you be just as happy with a light and lovely touch of color on a hard-to-tan complexion? Both can be achieved only by exposing the skin in small doses to start with and keeping it pampered all along the line.

Ideally, your first sortie of the season into the sun should last no longer than eight minutes, divided up into two-minute spells each for back, front, right side, left side. Watch the clock closely if you don't really know how your skin will react and avoid midday sun.

Gradually lengthen exposure time as your skin becomes sun-conditioned. Be armed with enough sun lotion or cream to apply every hour or so, and renew each time you come out of the water.

Watch out particularly for sunburn danger areas—the lips, back of neck, shoulders, forearms, knees, calves, and, all too often, the first of all to catch the sun—the nose.

Sun preparations take the form of creams, lotions, oil, and even spray foams, and the question of choice is very much a personal one.

Don't believe that any oil will do. Anoint yourself with olive oil and, if your skin happens to be at all sensitive, you'll just fry like an egg.

No, you need an oil, lotion, or cream which contains one of the chemicals which absorb burning sun rays while your skin adjusts to exposure and begins to build its own tan.

—CAROLYN EARLE

● For the beach, play up a cool, creamy look that's very pretty and suitable if you don't tan easily.



ROUND ROBIN

BELLES OF THE (FOOT)BALL

● I see that an English girls' Soccer team is in strife.

THEY have been accused of playing too rough, and their male manager resigned.

With women doing so well in sport, particularly in the last decade, it's strange ladies haven't taken up football in a big way.

Perhaps some football expressions offend them. No lady, I am sure, would like to be told she had made a forward pass.

And, I suppose, Victorian ladies (even if they weren't mid-Victorian thinkers) would skip Aussie Rules because it often entails kicking behinds!

The custom of members of the same team wearing identical designs and colors probably would offend a girl's fashion sense.

And a team that allowed its forwards to wear strapless gowns would make a tactical error.

This is known in the game as leaving your backline exposed.

Despite their non-participation, women for years have shown interest in football.

As any husband or fiance knows, women are in League about a Union.

And when they've won that match, guess who Rules!

WHILE on the subject, I see that a Rumanian Soccer referee was divorced for whistling—at other girls.

It seems the ref. had several girlfriends—as well as his wife—and he dated them when he should have been umpiring floodlit night matches.

I suppose one could call the situation the decline and fall of the roamin' umpire!

—Robin Adair

THE CLASSICS

PUCCINI: La Boheme

NOT all operas are about gods or about lords and ladies living in far-off times. One of the most touching and beloved operas of all is about poor artists and working girls living in the Bohemian quarter of Paris in the middle of last century.

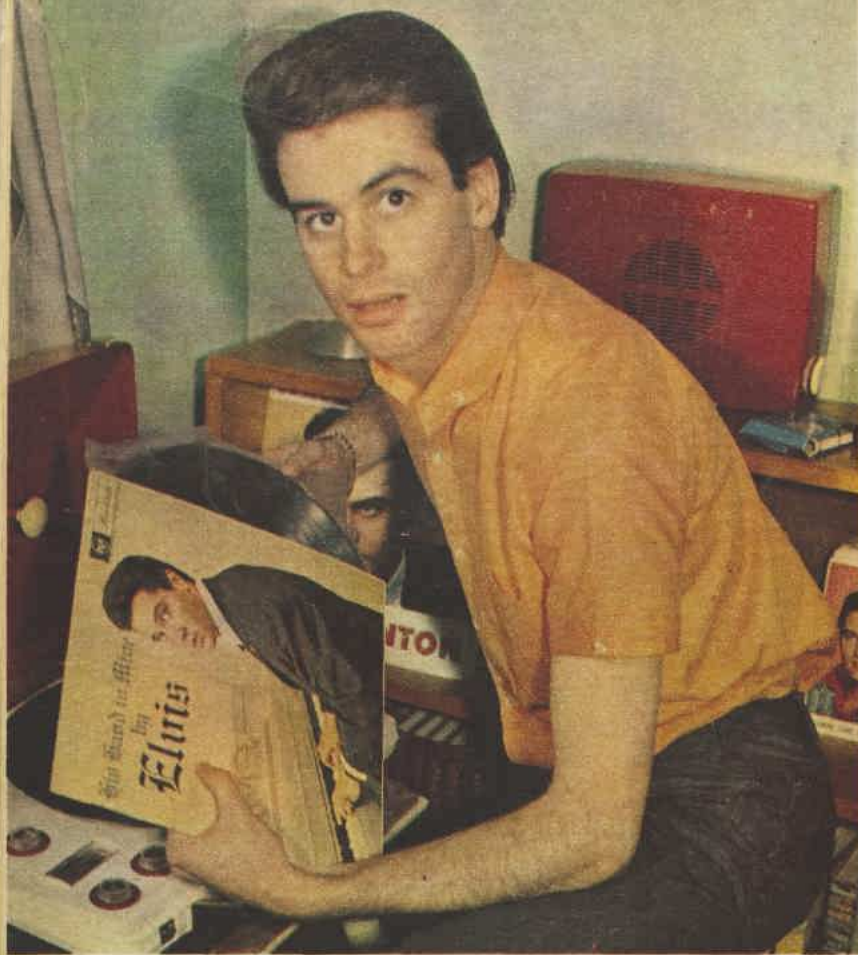
This opera is Puccini's La Boheme, which has come out in a beautiful new recording by the company of the Teatro dell'Opera di Rome, conducted by Thomas Schippers (HMV).

When La Boheme first appeared in 1896, it was part of a new trend in Italian opera—a trend to "realistic" opera about the lives and sorrows of ordinary people. (Cavalleria Rusticana, which is about Sicilian village life, and Pagliacci, about a band of strolling players, were also written about this time.)

La Boheme is without doubt the finest of these "realistic" operas: it is a wonderful example of the kind of art that conceals art, for although it all seems so simple and tuneful, every change of mood—from comedy to pathos and back again—comes at just the right time and in just the right way to make a maximum effect.

The conciseness that helps make the opera so absorbing in the theatre will also be welcome to the record collector with a limited pocket: the four short acts fit neatly on a two-disc set.

—MARTIN LONG



MERV BENTON is an Elvis fan, but wants to sing Sinatra-style.

Merv can 'bank on the wails'!

● Twenty-year-old teenage singing idol Merv Benton, of Melbourne, never sang in public until 18 months ago.

HE is now one of the most successful singers on the teenage scene in Australia.

An unassuming young man, he still works five days a week as a relieving bank clerk, generally confining his singing activities to after work hours.

Occasionally he takes time off for a trip to Sydney or a quick round-Australia tour like the one he recently completed with visiting English singer Billy J. Kramer.

Merv first hit the top of the pop music charts with "Baby, Let's Play House," recorded on the W and G label. His latest release, "Be Sweet," went straight to the top of parades.

Merv studies under Jack White, singing teacher for such well-established vocalists as Diana Trask, Dorothy Baker, and Terry Holden.

Merv's introduction to professional singing was accidental. Friends entered him in a talent quest, and he was off to a flying start when he won with his version of "Don't Leave Me This Way."

Merv's eventual ambition is to sing straight ballad numbers along the lines of Frank Sinatra. But, he says quickly, he doesn't know if he's capable of this, and he doesn't want to copy a style.

"I'm still very young," he said, "and for the moment I'm quite happy singing teenage music — I'm having a ball."

Merv often worked with The Strangers or The Chessmen, two well-known groups in Victoria, but recently he formed his own group.

"But there's no long hair and no gold suits in my band," he said with a smile.

Merv favors conventional dress for his

singing appearances, wearing dark, well-cut suits. He likes colorful and comfortable clothes for casual wear at home, though.

"Elvis is King" as far as Merv is concerned, and he has a big collection of Presley records at home that help him to relax, he says, between the tight schedules of working days and night singing engagements.

Educated at Preston High School, Merv began an impressive line-up of tennis trophies there, but since he began to sing seriously he has had to drop competitive tennis. He exercises now by driving golf balls down the long backyard of his parents' home.

His 17-year-old sister, Lexie, also has singing ambitions, and is now taking lessons. But Merv has yet to hear her, because, he says, she is too shy to sing in front of an audience.

He has appeared on "Sing, Sing, Sing" four times and on "In Melbourne Tonight" twice, but most of his singing experience has been gained at dances in Melbourne and Victorian country centres.

He plays guitar at home, but never accompanies himself at singing engagements.

Merv has made an EP called "Merv Benton Hits" (including "Be Sweet," "Nervous Breakdown," "You're The Dog," and "Baby, Let's Play House").

His LP, "Come On And Get Me," is selling very well, and his recording company say they are delighted with the tremendous response they have had for this locally produced record.

A tune, "Runaway Lover," written by an American and sung by Merv, will be released in the United States soon, and will be released here later.

—JAYNE STUART

TEENA by Linda Terry



DRUMMER, 15, MADE FIRST 'HIT' AT FOUR

● Adelaide drummer Roger Coventry, 15, has swooning girl fans even though he's made few public appearances.

ROGER plays with the Fourmations, a new group which has grown up around him following the gift of a set of drums from his brother, Chris, 19.

The Coventry family (his father is well-known caricaturist Lionel Coventry) says Roger's drumming success has been predictable since he was four.

That was when he began pounding a rubbish-bin lid with an old wooden spoon. He graduated to a small home-made drum and then to a side drum which he played in the Adelaide Drum and Fife Band.

The next step was the Royal Caledonian Band of South Australia, where he became a staff-sergeant.

A few months ago his brother, Chris, an Arts student, declared that Roger was too good for the small drum and arranged to buy him a set of drums.

Donald Calvert, 17, a friend, joined Roger in practice with his newly acquired bass guitar, and before long they had a third member, John Stoneham, 17, as lead guitar.

In July, after only a few weeks together, the boys

were asked to play for a church social committee's dance. They hesitated, but clinched the deal when the organisers offered them 75 per cent. of the profits.

The boys agreed, and divided between them the 75 per cent., which netted them £2/10/ each.

Roger handed his earnings straight over to his brother as a down payment on the drums, but Chris would accept only a token payment, saying

Roger could pay him back when he began earning regularly.

That won't be for some time yet, because Roger intends to finish his schooling and also to equip himself for a job.

In the meantime, the group, which has now grown to four with the addition of rhythm guitarist John Hall, 22, will play mainly for private family functions.

—RITA DUNSTAN



ROGER COVENTRY (15) . . . drums go bang, cymbals clang, and the girls they swoon away!

Love came cropper on skiing holiday

● "I have been going with a girl for just over 18 months. Recently I went to the snow for a holiday, and although I believe myself to be madly in love with my girlfriend I was very strongly attracted to another girl I met on holidays. I am now wondering whether I should continue to take out my first girlfriend, or drop her and go out with the girl I met in the snow."

"Unsure," Vic.

If you are even considering dropping your first girlfriend for a new one, then obviously you are not "madly in love."

But this is the way of youth, and while you are not engaged or married, there is nothing to stop your taking out other girls.

Tell your first girlfriend of your feelings and take out the second girl. But if you decide that the first girl is really the one for you, I wouldn't bank on her being around if you want to come back to her.

Life of the party

"I AM 15 years old, and although I am very shy and self-conscious, to cover this up I clown around all the time. I am popular with girls but boys don't take me seriously and never ask me out. Is this because of my clowning? I want to stop it, but I can't."

"Sad Clown," N.S.W.

Boys generally don't like girls who are exhibitionists, and while your clowning may just be to cover up your shyness, they probably only see it as a bid for attention.

Be your shy, unsure self for a change and curb your desire to clown. Most boys feel far more at ease with a girl they have to draw out a little rather than with the life-of-the-party type.

In love with love

"I AM a 17-year-old girl, and since I've been dating boys every boyfriend I have had has broken my heart. I fall in love with every boy after I have seen him a couple of times and I can't stop falling in love so easily. After a while, when he doesn't want to see me any more, I break down and cry my eyes out in front of the boy and demand an answer why. What can I do to stop being hurt so easily?"

"Depressed," N.S.W.

You seem as though you are falling in love with love.

Your anxiety in getting a boy of your own to cling to is obviously scaring your boyfriends away before they have a chance to get to know you better.

Not many boys like the clinging-vine type.

Try to make yourself a little more independent and get to like a boy for himself — not just because he represents a steady boyfriend of your very own.

Air hostesses

"WOULD you please give me some information about becoming an air hostess for one of the Australian companies?"

"Air Lover," Vic.

If you write to the air companies they will send you a list of qualifications required, together with some information about air hostessing.

Basically, girls should be between 19 and 30, not under 5ft. 2in. and not over 5ft. 7in., and should not weigh more than 9st. 7lb.

Educational qualifications are Intermediate Certificate or equivalent and a St. John Ambulance First Aid Certificate (and/or a minimum of six months' general nursing experience).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 4, 1964

Louise Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and private address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Poor rich girl

"I FEEL terribly guilty about being well-off. My family is quite wealthy and we can afford many things that most of my friends' parents cannot. I'm not spoiled and I am not the only child, but I do have nice clothes and other things. The thing is that I know I am very lucky to have these things, and I like having nice clothes, but I feel terrible when I am with friends whose parents can't afford to buy them as much as I can. Please don't think I am a snob, as I get along well with my friends, but I still get this sickening feeling sometimes that they mind my being rich and I feel I would give anything not to have so much."

"Worried," Vic.

I'm sure your friends don't worry too much about your being rich—but they might worry about YOUR worrying about it.

Try to accept your wealth as they are obviously doing.

If you really feel you only want as much as your friends (but I don't think you do), then you could ask your parents to give you a set allowance to buy your own clothes.

Marriage on her mind

"I AM 20 years of age and have been keeping company with a wonderful young man of 24 for just over a year. We are very much in love and have lots of things in common, but in all the time I have been seeing him not once has he mentioned anything about becoming engaged or anything about the future. Please, do not think I am trying to 'marry him off,' but I feel as if he is taking me out to fill in the time, and that he has had time enough, and is old enough, to mention the subject briefly. I don't want to marry him tomorrow, but how can I find out if he has any plans for marriage in a year or so?"

"Marrying Kind," N.S.W.

There is nothing you can say or do that won't make your boyfriend feel that you are trying to pin him down to a definite proposal.

As you have been going together for just over a year, I feel that there is plenty of time yet for him to think about marriage. Bide your time and don't be anxious.

If after another year he still has not mentioned the subject, then you may be justified (and perhaps wise) to start going out with other boys.

Sixteen too young

"I HAVE been going steady with a 22-year-old man (I am 16) since June this year. We are both very much in love with each other. If he proposes while I am 16, do you think I should accept? I feel ready to settle down to life now, but am wondering if I should be married at the tender age of 16. Please help me."

"Young Lover," S.A.

No, I don't think you should accept — IF he does propose, which he won't if he has any sense of responsibility. (You would need your parents' consent, of course.) Go on seeing him if you like each other, but do try to mix with lots of other people, too, for a few years.

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A WONDERLAND OF TASTE



RABBIT: Striped cream? Never heard of it. How do you spell it?

HATTER: Hmm, well, er srti . . . , schtrip . . . um . . .

ALICE: Silly, you don't spell it. You don't even make it, except in the Wonderland of Taste.

HATTER: Well, why make it there?

ALICE: Just to show the flavourites in Arnott's Cream biscuits. Like the jam and cream centre of Monte Carlo. And there's Lemon Crisp and Orange Slice and . . .

HATTER: And Custard stripe . . . I mean Cream.

QUEEN: And a nice cup of tea!



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